

THE
WORKS
OF
FRANCIS RABELAIS, M.D.

The FOURTH BOOK.

Formerly translated and explained by
Mr. MOTTEUX.

Since carefully revised, and compared throughout
with M. LE DU CHAT's edition,

By Mr. OZELL.

Who has likewise added, at the bottom of the pages,
a translation of the notes; historical, critical and explanatory,
of the said M. LE DU CHAT, and others: In which notes, the text is not only explained,
but, in multitudes of places, amended, and made conformable to the first and best editions of this learned and facetious AUTHOR.

A NEW EDITION, with improvements, and an intire
new set of CUTS.

L O N D O N,

Printed by JOHN HART,

For J. BRINDLEY, Bookseller to his Royal Highness the
Prince of WALES, at the Prince of WALES's arms in
New-Bond-Street; and C. CORBETT, at Addison's
head, against St. Dunstan's church, Fleet-Street.

M D C C L.

THE
WORKS

OF

FRANCIS RABELAIS, M.D.

THE FOURTH BOOK.



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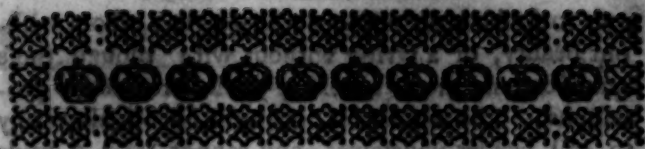
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THE



THE Translator's PREFACE,

TO THIS FOURTH BOOK.

READER,

I Don't know what kind of a preface I must write to find thee courteous, an epithet too often bestowed without a cause. The author of this work has been as sparing of what we call good nature, as most readers are now-a-days. So I am afraid his translator and commentator is not to expect much more than has been shewed them. What's worse, there are but two sorts of taking prefaces, as there are but two kinds of prologues to plays: for mr. Bay's was doubtless in the right, when he said, that if thunder and lightning could not fright an audience into complaisance, the sight of the poet with a rope about his neck, might work them into pity. Some indeed have bullied many of you into an applause, and railed at your faults, that you might think them without any; and others, more safely, have spoken kindly of you, that you might think, or at least speak as favourably of them, and be flattered into patience. Now, I fancy there's nothing less difficult to attempt than the first method: for, in this blessed age, 'tis as

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easy

easy to find a bully without courage, as a whore without beauty, or a writer without wit; though those qualifications are so necessary in their respective professions. The mischief is, that you seldom allow any to rail besides yourselves, and cannot bear a pride which shocks your own. As for wheedling you into a liking of a work, I must confess it seems the safest way: but though flattery pleases you well when 'tis particular, you hate it, as little concerning you, when 'tis general. Then we knights of the quill are a stiff-necked generation, who as seldom care to seem to doubt the worth of our writings, and their being liked, as we love to flatter more than one at a time; and had rather draw our pens, and stand up for the beauty of our works (as some arrant fools used to do for that of their mistresses) to the last drop of our ink. And truly this submission, which sometimes wheedles you into pity, as seldom decoys you into love, as the aukward cringing of an antiquated fop, as moneyless as he's ugly, affects an experienced fair one. Now we as little value your pity, as a lover his mistress's, well satisfied that 'tis only a less uncivil way of dismissing us. But what if neither of these two ways will work upon you, of which doleful truth some of our play-wrights stand so many living mopuments? Why, then truly I can think on no other way at present, but blending the two into one; and, from this marriage of huffing and cringing, there will result a new-kind of careless medley, which, perhaps, will work upon both sorts of readers, those who are to be hectored, and those whom we must creep to. At least, 'tis like to please by its novelty; and 'twill not be the first monster that has pleased you, when regular nature could not do it.

✓ If uncommon mirth, lively wit, and deep learning, wove into wholesome satire, a bold, good and vast design admirably pursued, truth set out in its true light, and a method how to arrive to its oracle, can recommend

The Translator's Preface.

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mend a work, I am sure this has enough to please any reasonable man. The three books published some time since, which are in a manner an intire work, were kindly received: yet, in the French they come far short of these two, which are also intire pieces; for the satire is all general here, much more obvious, and consequently more entertaining. Even my long explanatory preface was not thought improper. Tho' I was so far from being allowed time to make it methodical, that at first only a few pages were intended; yet as fast as they were printed I wrote on, till it proved at last like one of those towns built little at first, then enlarged, where you see promiscuously an odd variety of all sorts of irregular buildings. I hope the remarks I give now will not please less: for, as I have translated the work which they explain, I had more time to make them, though as little to write them. It would be needless to give here a large account of my performance: for, after all, you readers care no more for this or that apology, or pretence of mr. Translator, if the version does not please you, than we do for a blundering cook's excuse, after he has spoilt a good dish in the dressing. Nor can the first pretend to much praise, besides that of giving his author's sense in its full extent, and copying his style, if 'tis to be copied; since he has no share in the invention or disposition of what he translates. Yet there was no small difficulty in doing Rabelais justice: in that double respect: the obsolete words and turns of phrase, and dark subjects, often as darkly treated, make the sense hard to be understood even by a Frenchman, and it cannot be easy to give it the free easy air of an original: for even what seems most common talk in one language, is what's often the most difficult to be made so in another; and Horace's thoughts of comedy may well be applied to this:

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Creditur,

Creditur, ex medio quia res arceffit, habere
Sudoris minimum; sed habet comœdia tantum
Plus oneris, quantò veniæ minus.

Far be it from me, for all this, to value myself upon hitting the words of cant in which my drolling author is so luxuriant: for though such words have stood me in good stead, I scarce can forbear thinking myself unhappy in having insensibly hoarded up so much gibberish and Billingsgate trash in my memory; nor could I forbear asking of myself, as an Italian cardinal said on another account, D'onde hai tu pigliato tante coglionerie? Where the devil didst thou rake up all these fripperies?

It was not less difficult to come up to the author's sublime expressions. Nor would I have attempted such a task, but that I was ambitious of giving a view of the most valuable work of the greatest genius of his age, to the Mæcenas and best genius of this. For I am not over-fond of so ungrateful a task as translating, and would rejoice to see less versions, and more originals; so the latter were not as bad as many of the first are, through want of encouragement. Some indeed have deservedly gained esteem by translating; yet not many condescend to translate, but such as cannot invent: though, to do the first well, requires often as much genius, as to do the latter.

I wish, reader, thou mayst be as willing to do my author justice, as I have strove to do him right. Yet, if thou art a brother of the quill, 'tis ten to one thou art too much in love with thy own dear productions, to admire those of one of thy trade. However, I know three or four who have not such a mighty opinion of themselves; but I'll not name them, lest I should be obliged to place myself among them. If thou art one of those, who, though they never write, criticise every one that does; avaunt!---Thou'rt a professed enemy of mankind and of thyself, who wilt never be pleased,

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pleased, nor let any body be so, and knowest no better way to fame, than by striving to lessen that of others; though, wouldst thou write, thou mightest be soon known, even by the butter-women, and fly through the world in hand-boxes. If thou art of the dissembling tribe, 'tis thy office to rail at those books which thou huggest in a corner. If thou art one of those eve-droppers, who would have their moroseness be counted gravity, thou'lt condemn a mirth which thou'rt past relishing; and I know no other way to quit the score, than by writing (as like enough I may) something as dull, or duller than thyself, if possible. If thou art one of those criticks in dressing, those extempore's of fortune, who having lost a relation, and got an estate, in an instant, set up for wit and every extravagance, thou'lt either praise or discommend this book, according to the dictates of some less foolish than thyself, perhaps of one of those, who, being lodg'd at the sign of the box and dice, will know better things, than to recommend to thee a work which bids thee beware of his tricks. This book might teach thee to leave thy follies: but some will say, it does not signify much to some fools whether they are so or not; for when was there ever a fool that thought himself one? If thou art one of those who would put themselves upon us for learned men in Greek and Hebrew, yet are mere blockheads in English, and patch together old pieces of the ancients, to get themselves cloaths out of them, thou art too severely maul'd in this work to like it. Who then will? some will cry. Nay, besides these, many societies that make a great figure in the world are reflected on in this book; which caus'd Rabelais to study to be dark, and even bedaub it with many loose expressions, that he might not be thought to have any other design than to droll; in a manner bewraying his book, that his enemies might not bite it. Truly, though now the riddle is expounded, I would advise those who read

it, not to reflect on the author, lest he be thought to have been before-hand with them, and they be ranked among those who have nothing to shew for their honesty, but their money; nothing for their religion, but their dissembling, or a fat benefice; nothing for their wit, but their dressing; for their nobility, but their title; for their gentility, but their sword; for their courage, but their huffing; for their preferment, but their assurance; for their learning, but their degrees; or for their gravity, but their wrinkles or dulness. They had better laugh at one another here, as 'tis the custom of the world. Laughing is of all professions: the miser may hoard, the spend-thrift squander, the politician plot, the lawyer wrangle, and the gamester cheat; still their main design is, to be able to laugh at one another; and here they may do it at a cheap and easy rate. After all, should this work fail to please the greater number of readers, I am sure it cannot miss being liked by those who are for witty mirth, and a chirping bottle; tho' not by those solid sots, who seem to have drudged all their youth long, only that they might enjoy the sweet blessing of getting drunk every night in their old age. But those men of sense and honour, who love truth, and the good of mankind in general above all other things, will undoubtedly countenance this work. I'll not gravely insist upon its usefulness, having said enough of it in the preface to the first part. I'll only add, that as Homer in his *odysses* makes his hero wander ten years through most parts of the then known world, so Rabelais, in a three months voyage, makes Pantagruel take a view of almost all sorts of people and professions: with this difference, however, between the ancient mythologist and the modern, that while the *odysses* has been compared to a setting sun, in respect to the *iliads*, Rabelais's last work, which is this voyage to the oracle of the bottle (by which he means truth) is justly thought his masterpiece;

piece; being writ with more spirit, salt and flame, than the first part of his works. At near seventy years of age, his genius, far from being drained, seemed to have acquired fresh vigour, and new graces, the more it exerted itself; like those rivers which grow more deep, large, majestic and useful by their course. Those, who accuse the French of being as sparing of their wit, as lavish of their words, will find an Englishman in our author. I must confess indeed, that my countrymen, and other southern nations, temper the one with the other, in a manner, as they do their wine with water, often just dashing the latter with a little of the first. Now here men love to drink their wine pure; nay, sometimes it will not satisfy, unless in its very quintessence, as in brandies; though an excess of this betrays want of sobriety, as much as an excess of wit betrays a want of judgment. But I must conclude, lest I be justly taxed with wanting both. I will only add, that as every language has its peculiar graces, seldom or never to be acquired by a foreigner, I cannot think I have given my author those of the English in every place: but as none compelled me to write, I fear to ask a pardon, which yet the generous temper of this nation makes me hope to obtain. Albinus, a Roman, who had written in Greek, desired in his preface to be forgiven his faults of language: but Cato asked in derision, whether any had forced him to write in a tongue of which he was not an absolute master. Lucullus wrote an history in the same tongue, and said, he had scattered some false Greek in it, to let the world know it was the work of a Roman. I'll not say as much of my writings, in which I study to be as little incorrect as the hurry of business, and shortness of time will permit: but I may better say, as Tully did of the history of his consulship, which he also had written in Greek, that what errors may be found in the diction, are crept in against my intent. Indeed Livius

Andronicus, and Terence, the one a Greek, the other a Carthaginian, wrote successfully in Latin, and the latter is perhaps the most perfect model of the purity and urbanity of that tongue: but I ought not to hope for the success of those great men. Yet am I ambitious of being as subservient to the useful diversion of the ingenious of this nation as I can, which I have endeavoured in this work, with hopes to attempt some greater tasks, if ever I am happy enough to have more leisure. In the mean time it will not displease me, if 'tis known that this is given by one, who, though born and educated in France, has the love and veneration of a loyal subject for this nation; one who, by a fatality, which with many more made him say,

Nos patriam fugimus & dulcia linquimus arva,

is obliged to make the language of these happy regions as natural to him as he can, and thankfully say with the rest, under this protestant government,

Deus nobis hæc otia fecit.

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Explanatory



Explanatory Remarks

ON THE

PROLOGUE to the fourth book of
Rabelais, being the first of the voy-
age to the oracle of the bottle.

THE main design of this prologue is to teach us to be moderate in our wishes. The author brings several examples to prove what advantages arise from it; particularly he makes use of a fable, in which (after some long but most diverting excursions) the moderation of a poor country fellow, who had lost his hatchet, and wish'd only to have it again, was largely rewarded; and others, who lost theirs on purpose, to be thus made rich, were undone. This is thought by some, to mean a gentleman of Poictou, who came to Paris with his wife about some business, where Francis the first fell in love with her; and having bestowed large sums of money on the husband, who some time after returned into country, some of the neighbouring gentlemen, who had handsome wives or daughters, made their appearance with them at court, in hopes of the like fortune; but instead of it were forc'd to sneak into the country, after they had spent their estates, which was all they got for their pains.

Jupiter is brought in complaining of Ramus and Galland, who, surrounded with a swarm of their soulions, ragamuffins, sizers, vouchers, &c. set together by the ears the whole university of Paris. Petrus Ramus, or de la Ramée, was royal philosophy and oratory professor at that time; and Petrus Gallandus, or Galland, royal Greek professor: both were learned men, and Ramus particularly famous for rhetoric and oratory; he also wrote three books of dialectic institutions. But what divided the university, was his elegant, but too passionate animadversions on Aristotle's physics and metaphysics. Carpentarius, Schekius, and Riolanus, answer'd him, and particularly the first. I cannot find that Gallandus wrote against Ramus; yet, either he has done it, or oppos'd him *vivâ voce*. Priapus is of opinion, they ought to be turned into stone, and associated to their name-sake, master Peter du Coignet, formerly petrified for such a reason. This du Coignet can be no other than Peter de Coigneres, the king's advocate in his parliament, mentioned by * Pasquier. In 1329 he caus'd all the prelates of France to be summon'd before king Philip, who sat in his court of parliament attended by several princes and lords. There the advocate represented many abuses committed by the ecclesiastical court, which had encroached upon the parliament's rights, and us'd to take cognizance of all civil matters, under divers pretences of conscience, and unjustly favour'd those that appeal'd or remov'd their causes to the spiritual court. The archbishop of Sens, and the bishop of Autun, spoke in behalf of the church's right, grounded on custom, time out of mind, and of equal validity to the law; then proffer'd to rectify every thing; and in short, so cunningly work'd upon the king, that he told them he would make no innovations, nor would shew his

* Recherches de Pasquier, lib. III, chap. xxvii.

successors

successors a way to molest the church. This made the clergy triumph, as if they had gain'd their point; and to be revenged on Pierre de Coigneres, they got a monkey hew'd out of stone, and had it set up in a corner of Notre-dame at Paris: which figure, says Pasquier, by a kind of pun, was call'd • Maitre Pierre du Coignet. So Priapus advises Jupiter to petrify Ramus and Galland, saying, that Peter du Coignet had been turned into stone for the same cause, that is, for setting the learned at variance. Though after all, France is much obliged to that advocate, who seems to have laid the foundation of the liberties of the Gallican church.

In the same council of the gods, Jupiter says, Here are the Gascons cursing and damning, demanding the restitution of their bells. I find in du Tillet, that they had been taken from them in 1548. This is the sense of his words, which I give at length, because they seem to give light into several passages in the first three books. There was a tumult in Guienne, which began at Angoulesme by thirty men, but soon great numbers joined them; and as many at least rose towards Bourdeaux, in a rebellious manner, upon account of the tax on salt, from which the said country us'd to be exempted. To suppress this rebellion, &c.—after the ringleaders had been punish'd with death, the citizens of Bourdeaux, and other places of the same faction, were depriv'd of their rights and privileges, bells, arms, and artillery; the town-house was demolish'd; all the bells, little or great, were thrown down from the steeples, and laid by to be melted down and moulded into cannons. He says afterwards, in January 1550, the rights and privileges of those of Bourdeaux were restor'd, and they had leave to hang their bells up again, paying a certain sum of money.

• That is, the chief corner-stone.

It appears by this, that this prologue was written in 1548 or 1549; and I am apt to believe that these are the bells, for whose recovery master Janotus de Bragmardo made the comical speech in the 19th chapter of the first book; the rather, because Henry d'Albert, king of Navarre (Rabelais's Gargantua) was then governor of Guienne, and acted against the rebels.

The 21st of August, says du Tillet, in Xaintonge and Angoumois, the people took arms on account of the said tax on salt, and were so numerous, that they kill'd some collectors, and other officers, plunder'd houses, towns, and castles, and routed the forces that were sent against them by the king of Navarre, governor of Guienne.



Explanatory

Explanatory Remarks

ON THE

First CHAPTER of BOOK IV.

BY Pantagruel and his attendants, who embarked for the oracle of the holy bottle, we may understand Anthony duke of Vendosme, afterwards king of Navarre, setting out of the world of error, to search after truth; which Rabelais places in the bottle, because, drinking its wine, we are inspired with spirit and invention, and freely imparting our sentiments, discover those of others.

Tu lene tormentum ingenio admoves
Plerumque duro: tu sapientium
Curas & arcanum jocosum
Consilium retegis Lyæo.

Horat.

As much is imply'd by the Greek proverb, ἐν οἴνῳ ἀληθεία; by the Latin, in vino veritas; and as some have it among us, True philosophy lies in the bottle. Our author, like skilful dramatic writers, gives us a hint of his design in the first chapter, when just before Pantagruel set sail, he makes him and his men go to prayers, and sing the 114th psalm, When Israel went out of Egypt; which country all know is generally taken, in a mystical sense, for error, or being a slave to it.

The

The chief pilot and Xenomanes, an experient'd traveller (by whom we may understand that it is necessary to have good guides and counsellors to direct us in such a search) steer a shorter course than the Portuguese, by whom may be meant superstitious papists.

Bacbus is a bottle in Hebrew, and the ships have all bottles, cups, or wine vessels on their stern, to shew that the whole fleet are for wine: only one has a lantern, to confirm what is said, that the guidance of good lights, i. e. learned men, is requisite in such an attempt. If we had a mind to say that our author had a double meaning all along, as he has in many places, we might suppose one easily: for this was written at the time of the council of Trent, in which the restitution of the cup to the laity, and of marriage to the clergy, were debated. Panurge goes to the oracle of the bottle near Lanternland, where the lanterns, which may be the clergy, who think themselves the lights of the world, held then their provincial chapter. His business is with the bottle, to know whether he should marry or no; all his company there are made to drink water, which had the taste of wine; the word of the bottle is trinch, which is drink in High Dutch; and Panurge, having drunk, foretels that he shall be married; as indeed Montluc, bishop of Valence, whom I take to be Rabelais's Panurge, is own'd by all the historians of his age to have been: the application is easy.

On C H A P. II.

AS our author satirizes all conditions of men in this voyage, he thought he could not begin better than by reflecting on the follies and lies of travellers;

lers ; which he does in this chapter. The first place at which our travelling Pantagruelists touch, is the island of Medamothi. All the countries in this voyage are islands, and he call'd himself *Caloier des isles hieres*, in the edition of 1553. *Caloier* from *καλός* and *ἱερεύς*, *probis sacerdos*, a name given by those of the Greek church to their ecclesiastics ; and *des isles hieres*, of the sacred, or great islands, for *ἱερεῖς* stands often for *μύα*. These great islands may be the terraqueous part of the globe, which is wholly surrounded with the sea : thus every island here means the whole world, or at least a considerable part of it ; few places being wholly free from the persons and defects which are ridicul'd in this work.

The island Medamothi, *Μεδαμύθι*, *nusquam*, *nullo in loco*, means an island that is no where, and so cannot be found ; and indeed most travellers and sea-faring men are for going where no other went before, still bent on discoveries ; and accordingly our Pantagruelian journalist tells us, that till they came to that island, they saw nothing new. *Philophanes*, who is king of the country, signifies one who desires to be seen. He is made absent from home (as travellers are) on account of his brother *Philotheamon's* marriage with the infant of Engys ; that is, the neighbourhood. *Philotheamon* signifies one who desires to see things : thus many travel either to see, or be seen, or for both. Now as this kingdom of Medamothi is no where ; so those exotic rarities, which our travellers purchase there, are nothing but fictions and chimeras. As for example ; the voice of a man who brings in an appeal ; the picture of a servant who wants a master ; that of echo drawn to the life ; that of the ideas of Plato, and the atoms of Epicurus ; that copied from Philomela's needle-work ; Achilles's deeds in seventy eight pieces of tapestry, all of Phrygian silk imboss'd with gold and silver, some

24 foot long, and 20 broad: things which either are not, never were, or cannot be express'd with the pencil; as for example, the voice of the man who appeals, or who calls (for the French means both.)

The three unicorns were thought a fiction by most of the learned, as well as the chameleon-like tarand (which put me in mind of some courtiers) till the great Bochartus, of whom Rouen my native town is so justly proud, had prov'd that the unicorn is not a fabulous animal. Thus this island, and what is done there, are nothing but fictions and whimsies, with which travellers, often much guilty of them, and the learned puzzle their brains, and burthen their memories; unsatisfied, like some of the fair, with any thing that is not strange, far-fetch'd and dear-bought.



On CHAP. V, &c.

FROM Panurge's quarrel with Dindenaut the drover, whom I have call'd Dingdong, and that sheepmonger's misfortune, we may raise this moral; that the private broils of pastors prove often the ruin of their flocks; foolish, headstrong, and ready, right or wrong, one and all, to rise and fall with the bell-weather. Dingdong's quack-like canting stuff does not hinder him from selling the sheep by which he lives.

After all, this may be the relation of some of Montluc's adventures, burlesqu'd after our author's way. For, as we have observ'd in the preface to the first three books, that the bishop of Valence was a protestant, at least in his opinions: every body knew it, and the mareschal de Montluc, his brother, made no mystery of it in his memoirs: he was molested more than once about it, and particularly by the dean

dean of Valence, of whom we have spoke in the said preface, and for whom the bishop prov'd too hard, by his subtilty and credit, which inclin'd him to make use of all possible means to be reveng'd on one who had plagu'd him so long. Thus we find Panurge saying to friar John, after Dingdong and his sheep were all drowned; "Harkee me, my friend John, never did man do me a good turn, but I return'd it, or at least acknowledg'd it; no, I scorn to be ungrateful, I never was, nor ever will be: never did man do me an ill one, without rueing the day that he did it, either in this world, or the next. I am not yet such an afs as that comes to."

Our author, to ridicule a foolish relique that was in great repute in Poictou in his time, makes Dingdong swear by it in the seventh chapter. 'Twas call'd, the worthy yow of Charroux. The people gave that name to a large wooden statue, in the shape of a man, cover'd with plates of silver, which the monks kept in a corner of their monastery. They us'd to shew it but every seventh year, and then shoals of people throng'd to see it: but none of the female sex were suffer'd to come near to kiss it; this mighty blessing was wholly reserv'd for men or boys: but the women us'd to watch to catch the men who had kiss'd it at unawares, and clipt them about the neck and kiss'd them; by which means they were persuaded they drew to themselves, and suck'd in, the virtuous efficacy which they had got by touching the shrine. A tall lady was so very presumptuous as to dare kiss that blessed worthy yow, and, behold! the angry wooden saint in an instant grew five foot taller than he was before; at least the people said so, and the monks reported it for gospel-truth. Yet all its worth and virtue could not protect it against the sieur Bouganet, and other protestant gentlemen, who, in the year 1562, stript it of its silver robes, and
since

since that they were called, the valets de chambre of the worthy vow of Charroux.

In the same chapter we have another instance of the strange superstition of the popish vulgar, when Dingdong says, that corn grows wherever his sheep piss, as if the Lord had piss'd there. That expression is used throughout France by the common people, who think all those places thus particularly blest where our Saviour dropt his urine, &c. As for instance, his spittle; it being said in the ninth chapter of St. John, that he spat on the ground, and made clay of his spittle.

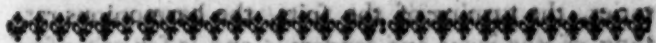
I find that matter crowds upon me, and I might be more voluminous than a Dutch commentator, should I undertake to explain every thing in this incomparable work: but I have neither room, time, nor inclination to enlarge much, and will leave the reader to find out the meaning of many things, that will easily be understood after the general idea I have given of this voyage, and the sample in the foregoing chapters. This made me say nothing of the third and fourth: nor will I speak of several others in the two books, which want little or no comment.



On C H A P. IX.

BY the island of Enasin, where such strange alliances are made, Rabelais at once exposes unequal matches, and the dull jests and stupidity of gross clowns: which, as the Latin hath it, have no nose, that is, no wit. Thus he tells us, that all the men, women, and children of the enas'd, or noseless island, are like your carrot-pated Poitevins, who are a boorish sort of people. I must own that the comments, which

which Pantagruell's companions make on their ridiculous manner of being akin, are little better than the text. Yet those wretched quibbles and conundrums, are what your country-fellows admire mightily; and all this chapter would be read (or to speak more properly) be heard read by such people with as much pleasure, as I translated most of it with pain. But in the main, the meaning is admirable: for what more deserves a reproof, than the foolish unequal marriages made every day, which are as odd jests, and as improper as some of those in that chapter? The match struck up between the pear (which seem'd right and firm, but was known by some to be flabby) and the soft cheese, is more natural, and made very often in our world; and bating its emblem, which is of the nature of the island, there is salt and nose in that conjunction: nor is there less in that of the old greasy boot, and the young pliable buskin; and the brogue and the slipper: which are in a manner a key to the rest.



On CHAP. X and XI.

THE island of Cheli, which comes after that of the enas'd alliancers, is as it were its antipodes; and the one is as courtly, as the other is clownish. The word Cheli is Greek, and signifies the lips, $\chi\epsilon\iota\lambda\alpha$, $\chi\epsilon\iota\lambda\eta$: yet those who, at the end of the last French editions of Rabelais, have explained some of his hard words, interpret it peaceful, deriving it from the Hebrew. The etymological dictionary indeed tells me, that shalem is peace and peaceful in Hebrew, and the French pronounce it as we do sh: yet, as the Greek hits better the word Cheli, and the sense of the chapter, I stick to it.

Thus

Thus it may be called the island of the lips, or of compliments. King St. Panigon, first of the name, reign'd in that large, well-peopled, fruitful kingdom, and being attended by the princes his sons, and the nobles of his court, comes as far as the port to receive Pantagruel, and conducts him to his palace; the queen, the princesses, the court-ladies receive him at the gate; Panigon makes them all salute Pantagruel and his men with a kiss, according to the civil custom of the country; all the compliments and entreaties imaginable are used to persuade Pantagruel to stay there a day or two; he excuses himself, but is not suffer'd to go till he and his men have drank with the king: all this is compliment. Friar John alone inveighs against this formal stuff, antic postures and nonsensical fiddle-faddle, cringes, grimaces, scrapes, embraces, leers, &c. and slinks into the kitchens, where there was something more substantial for a monk, who does not use to feed on empty talk. So, though the island was populous, fertile, and of large extent, he admires nothing but the culinary laboratories, the turning of the spits, the harmonious rattling of the jacks and fenders; and is for criticising on the position of the lard, the temperature of the potages, the preparation for the desert, and the order of the wine-service. All the eleventh chapter illustrates that monastical inclination to frequent kitchens.



On CHAP. XII, XIII, XIV, XV, and XVI.

ALL these chapters are occasioned by Pantagruel's passing by Pettifogging, and give us an account of the way of living of the apparitors, serjeants, and bailiffs

bailiffs, and such inferior ministers of the law. Nothing can seem dark in what our author has said of them, if we observe what he makes one of Pantagruel's interpreters, or droggermen, relate: "That at Rome a world of folk get an honest livelihood by poisoning, ribroasting, and stabbing; but the catchpoles earn theirs by being drubb'd: so that if they were long without a tight lambasting, the poor dogs with their wives and children would even be starv'd!" Our author says this, because in Francis the first's and Henry the second's reigns, that rascally tribe had no income so beneficial, as that which came to them from a beating. The nobility thought it so great an affront to be cited, or arrested by that vermin, that they stood too much on their punctilio, and for that reason they severely us'd those bailiffs or apparitors, who came to them to discharge their office, and who sometimes were sent out of malice. So when the man-catchers, who desir'd nothing more than to be bang'd, had been misus'd, they had swindging damages to make them amends. Rabelais exposes the folly, villany, and abuse of this practice on both sides; which has been since so well redress'd, that if the bailiffs had nothing to depend on but bastinadoes, those necessary evils would long since have all been starv'd.

Panurge relates a story of the lord of Basche, who found out a way to have those man-hounds beaten at small cost so furiously, that some of them dy'd of their bruises; by which means he rid his house of their visits: and that lord is here said to have encouraged his men with a story of Francis Villon, who reveng'd himself securely on friar Tappecoue or Tickletoby, who would not lend a cope to some of his players, who were to act the passion, which is acted still every year in some parts of Italy.

As the betrothing or nuptials of Basche grew into a proverb; so from that Villon, who was a famous poet

poet in the reign of Lewis the XIth, but more famous yet for his cheats and villanies than for his poetry, came the word villoner, which has been long us'd to signify to cheat, or play some rogues trick. I shall have occasion to take notice of him in my remarks on the last chapter of the fourth book.

Pantagruel's companions are told of two of the honestest men in all Catchpole-land, who were made to cut a caper on nothing, for stealing the tools of the mafs, and hiding them under the handle of the parish. This must be some sacrilegious theft of church plate in those times; and by the bye, we may see what esteem Rabelais had for the catchpoles, since he makes those rogues the honestest in all that country. Friar John says, that this was as mysterious a way of speaking as St. John's de la palisse. De la Palisse is the name of a family in France; but he means, de l'apocalypse. The handle of the parish, may mean the steeple of the church. To cut a caper on nothing, is to be hang'd.



On C H A P. XVII.

FROM Catchpole-land Pantagruel comes to two islands, which the author calls Tohu and Bohu, from two Hebrew words, which, I am told, are taken out of the first chapter of Genesis, where 'tis said, the earth was tohu va bohu, that is, void and in confusion, without form or beauty, and in short, a chaos. This may well be applied to a country that's ruin'd by the war; the fury of soldiers on one side, and exactions of chiefs, many times leaving little or nothing behind them. This makes Rabelais say, that the devil a bit they could find any thing there to fry with; which is an expression often used by the French,

French, when they would say, there is no subsisting in a place.

The giant Bringuenarilles, or Wide-nostrils, had taken away the means of frying there, by devouring every individual pan, skillet, kettle, frying-pan, dripping-pan, and brass and iron pot in the land, for want of wind-mills, which us'd to be his daily food. By this giant we may understand those gigantick bodies of men, vast armies, that bring terror and destruction with them wherever they come; and in particular, those roaring hectors, free-booters, desperadoes, and bullying-huff-snuffs, for the most part like those whom Tacitus styles *hospitibus tantum metuendi*, who at the beginning of the war or campaign, live profusely at the husbandman's cost; but when the poor boor has been ruin'd by those unwelcome guests, they even destroy, and in a manner devour the straw of the beds, and the pans, kettles, and in short, whatever comes in their way.

Rabelais tells us, that at last, gaffer Wide-nostrils was choak'd with eating a huge lump of fresh butter at the mouth of a hot oven, by the advice of physicians: which very well represents the destiny of those swaggering bravoes, who, when the war is over, too often either take to the highway, and other bad courses, for which they are choak'd sometimes for as inconsiderable matters as a lump of butter taken from a higher; or else, being reduc'd to live obscurely on a narrow fortune, waste and pine away by the chimney-corner, half-starved with their small pittance, and lead a lingering sorrowful life, worn out with their former excesses, the fatigues of war and old age; as little regarded as they were fear'd much, when by open violence they liv'd in riot and luxury at the expence of the unfortunate.

I am the more inclinable to believe this chapter is design'd to reflect upon warriors, by what our author says, that the Pantagruelists were told there, that the
king

king of Cullen in Bohu had routed the satrapes or grandees of king Mecloth, and made sad work with the fortresses of Belima.

Thence the fleet sail'd by the islands of Nargues and Zargues, which are words us'd by the vulgar in France, when they would give one a fillip on the nose: nazarder, which signifies as much, means also to give a public affront.

Enig and Euig, of which our satyrift makes two islands, on whose account formerly the Landgrave of Hesse was swindg'd off with a vengeance, in High-Dutch mean with and without. There is but little difference between these two words, some Germans forming their n like an u; so 'tis easy to mistake one for the other: and this happened at the treaty betwixt the landgrave of Hesse, and the emperor Charles V; for instead of enig, without detention of the landgrave's person, as was expected, there was found euig, with detention of his person. As much is owned by the emperor's agents in the nineteenth book of Sleidan's commentaries; and if you will believe them, for want of understanding the tongue rightly, those who mediated the agreement were led into that mistake. However, that landgrave was forced to beg Charles V's pardon on his knees, when, with the duke of Saxony, he was routed by that emperor's forces, and the Germans were humbled and made contemptible; as our author has hinted in the prologue to this book, when he makes Jupiter say, In yonder corner are the Saxons, Easterlings, Ostrogoths, and Germans, nations formerly invincible; but now aber keids, bridled, curb'd, and brought under by a paulty, diminutive, crippled fellow. He calls him a cripple, because he was much troubled with the gout, and had some nodosities in the joints of his hands and feet.

Geleniabin, in Arabic, is honey of roses, and teleniabin, liquid manna; as the author of the French alphabet

alphabet of Rabelais's hard words tells us : both these ingredients were us'd formerly in clysters, which makes our Rabelais say, that the fleet sailed by two islands of that name, very fine and fruitful in such pharmacopean implements.

On CHAP. XVIII, and the six following.

THESE chapters contain a description of a dreadful storm, which Pantagruel's fleet met with. It began immediately after they came up with nine sail laden with all sorts of monks, who were going to the council of Chesil, to sift and garble some articles of faith against the new heretics.

This council can be no other but that of Trent, then sitting, in which such sorts of articles were framed. The word chesil, by the transposition of a single letter, makes the Hebrew word chelis, three; whence comes chelism, thirty, which is trente in French: and, if you will keep to the number chelis or three, the name of that town, which is Tridentum in Latin, is partly made up of it; so there is no doubt but in one of those senses the author had a mind to let us know his meaning.

Besides this way of explaining the word chesil, which, with several other material observations, I owe to a learned and ingenious countryman of mine, who will not give me leave to name him, the alphabet in the French Rabelais gives us another, which keeps to the name chesil, but seems to me somewhat far-fetch'd. That word, he says, is us'd by the Hebrews to denote the star which the Greek and all our astronomers call orion. Chesil comes from chafal, to be unconstant.

----- Aquosus orion. Propert. l. ii. el. 13.

----- Nimbusus orion. Virgil 1. Æneid.

* *Ἀνὰ τοῦ ὀρίωνος*, commovere, concitare, to stir up and trouble. This the ancient poets, astrologers, and historians, say is done by orion; and Pliny, lib. xviii, cap. 28, places it among the dreadful stars, which stir up hail, storms, and excessive rains: so, that commentator on words thinks that Rabelais has call'd the council of Trent, the council of Chesil, to denote that it was a stormy, unconstant, troublesome meeting. Perhaps so.

The storm in these chapters, is undoubtedly the cruel persecution that was rais'd in France in the reign of Henry II. It began in 1548, by a kind of inquisition to prosecute the Lutherans. These are du Tillet's words about it: *Il fut ordonné qu'une seance extraordinaire se feroit des juges à Paris, pour connoistre particulièrement du faict des heretiques. En icelle quelques miserables furent pupis de cruels supplices à toute rigueur.* * It was ordered that the judges should meet in an extraordinary manner at Paris, to take particular cognizance of the case of heretics. Some wretches suffered cruel punishments, inflicted by that assembly with the utmost rigour.

During that storm, Pantagruel shews an heroic stedfastness and constancy of mind; friar John an undaunted courage, and a great activity; all Pantagruel's household do their best to save the ship, and help one another: Panurge alone sits on his tail upon deck, weeping and howling, and says a thousand ridiculous things suggested to him by his fear; sometimes he wishes himself with the blessed fathers, whom they met steering their course for the council of Chesil; presently he proves as great a milk-sop as most of his brother deists do on such occasions, and

* Du Tillet, cron. abreg. des rois de France, 1548.

is most mightily godly; then he is for making his will. In short, nothing can be more unaccountable than the vows, wishes and moans of that maudling coward, till the storm abates, and the fleet comes in sight of the island of the Macreons. Then he plays the good fellow, and is as busy as any six, seeming as resolute and active as he was fearful and unmanly before.

The storm begins just as soon as they have been met by monks: mention is made in it of the thunder's falling on a part of the ship; which may mean the ecclesiastical censures, and the pope's thunderbolts: then, when the storm abates, friar John says, Our devils begin to scamper. I will shew that by devils Rabelais has meant the monks, and persecuting tempters of the church of Rome. As for Panturge's seeming a papist in the midst of the storm, it gives us exactly his character: for he was doubtless ready enough to make all the grimaces of a rank papist in the midst of the persecution; though, as soon as it was past, he laugh'd at St. Nicholas the water faint, to whom he had promis'd a chapel, if he escap'd, between Cande and Monforeau, where neither cow nor calf should feed. The word chapel is equivocal in French, signifying a limbeck: so he says he will throw one in the river, doubtless, that which drowns up all the ground between those two towns, and thus he means to fulfil his vow. Perhaps this is also designed to ridicule the vows and behaviour of seamen in a storm.

Pantagruel's holding the mast of the ship tight with both his hands all the while, by the skipper's advice, implies, that as the family of Navarre, and particularly Anthony of Bourbon, was best able to protect the great ones, who were imbarc'd together for a reformation, it was fit he should do it with all his power; and accordingly du Tillet tells us, that none but mis-
ferables (poor wretches) suffer'd. If any one will

say, that perhaps Rabelais did not in this voyage mean any particular persons, I hope at least they'll grant he has admirably describ'd the different behaviour of most men in danger, and chiefly in persecuting times.



On CHAP. XXV, XXVI, XXVII, and XXVIII.

THE island of the Macreons, where the fleet went into harbour after the storm, signifies the island where men are long-liv'd. Its eldest elderman is nam'd Macrobius, or Long-liv'd. We are told in the 26th chapter, that it was in the dominions of the ruler of Britain: consequently it was a safe port against the tempest of persecution, the reformation being openly profess'd at that time in England under king Edward VI. This causes Rabelais to make his persecuted fleet take shelter there, and to say that men liv'd long in that island; because none were put to death on account of their religion.

The ruins of temples, obelisks, pyramids, ancient tombs and monuments, which they see there, denote the decay, downfal and ruin of popery, unfrequented, and left in a dismal solitude. The souls of the heroes, who are lodg'd in those ruin'd mansions, are the true christians who had cast off the yoke of popery, and of the blind worship of saints, many of them fabulous, to which the superstition of the papists had made them raise temples, obelisks and monuments, as formerly the heathens did to their false gods.

The old Macrobius says, that the death of one of those heroes had occasion'd the storm. By which our author gives us to understand, that troubles and commotions are often rais'd in kingdoms at the death

of

of those eminent persons who have govern'd them under their kings; and probably, he may have had a mind to mark the death of Margaret de Valois, queen of Navarre, sister to king Francis I, which happen'd towards the latter end of the year 1549, about a year after the lady Jane d'Albret, princess of Navarre, had been married to Anthony de Bourbon, duke of Vendosme, Rabelais's Pantagruel. That princess, who had always protected the reformers and the reform'd, as has been observ'd in the preface to the first three books, was not less eminent for her piety, wit, learning, and virtue, than for her royal extraction. Valentine d'Alfinois, a French lady, made the following epitaph on her.

Musarum decima & charitum quarta, inclyta regum
Et soror & conjux, Margaris illa jacet.



On CHAP. XXIX, XXX, XXXI,
and XXXII.

THE Sneaking island, which Pantagruel sail'd by when he left that of the Macreons, is the dwelling of Shrovetide; by which we must understand lent: for the ecclesiastics of the church of Rome begin their lent before the laity; shrove-tuesday is to them a day of humiliation, and is properly the time when men are shriven: our author calls it quaresme-prenant, that is, the beginning of quadragesima; in opposition to mardigras, shrove-tuesday. The cardinal de Lorraine, says a book called l'Heraclite François, made three clergymen in a manner titular bishops of Metz, Toul and Verdun, reserving the whole income of those bishopricks to himself, and leaving them little of them besides the title of bishops. For

this reason they were called *les evesques de careme-prenant* ; because they look'd as meager and starv'd as if it had been lent with them all the year : but I cannot think that our author reflects here on that cardinal. His design seems rather to expose the superstition of the papists about lent, and how much the practice of it, their way, shock'd good sense : this made him run on for two or three chapters with an odd description of that ridiculous monster ; and probably also to secure himself from the informations of his prying enemies, by that mixture of comical seeming nonsense. For, as in the time of lent, the superstition, grimaces and hypocrisy of the papists are most observable, and they look on it in a manner as the basis of the christian religion, 'twould have been dangerous to have attack'd them openly in point.

We find that the wise Xenomanes, one of Pantagruel's most experienc'd companions, advises him not to go where Shrovetide reign'd, and says it would be much out of their way [to the oracle of truth] ; that there is very lean cheer at his court ; that he is a double shaveling, banner-bearer to the fish-eating tribe, a flogger of little children, because papists do penance, and whip themselves then ; a calciner of ashes, because of ash-wednesday ; that he swarms with pardons, indulgences and stations : which makes the author say, in the 31st chapter, that Shrovetide being married to Mid-lent, only begot a good number of local adverbs ; that is, the stations, the churches and chapels, whither the gull'd mob must go, whence they come, and through which they must pass to gain the indulgences. We are told besides, that he never assists at weddings, but, give the devil his due, is the most industrious larding stick and sc sewer-maker in forty kingdoms ; because the butchers have then little else to do but to make some. Lent is an enemy to sausages and chitterlings, because, as well as all other
flesh

flesh (I mean dead flesh) the people are forbid to taste of any then.

Friar John, always daring and hasty, is for destroying lent; but Panurge, still fearful and wary, is not of his mind. Rabelais calls that island Tapinois: that word in French is generally us'd adverbially, with the preposition *en*, to signify an underhand way of acting. Some derive it from the Greek verb *ταπεινω*, *humilem reddo*; and so it suits with the true design of lent, to humble man, and make him look sneakingly. Besides, lent, sneaking in some years sooner, and others later, may also for that reason well be said to dwell in Tapinois. The ingenious fable of nature and her counterpart, is brought in to shew that those who enjoin things that shock nature, as is the church of Rome's way of keeping lent, have the confidence to make laws contrary to those of God, and the impudence to pretend to justify them by reason: so Rabelais tells us, that Antiphysis [the mother of lent] begot also the eves-dropping dissemblers, superstitious pope-mongers and priest-ridden bigots, scrapers of benefices, mad herb-stinking hermits, gulli-gutted dunces of the cowl, church-vermin, devourers of the substance of men, and other deform'd and ill-favour'd monsters, made in spite of nature.



On CHAP. XXXIII, and XXXIV.

THE monstrous physeter, or whirlpool, a huge fish which dies of the wounds given him by Pantagruel near the wild island, where liv'd the Chitterlings, Shrovetide's mortal foes, seems to have a relation to the expiration of lent; about which time in France they have conquer'd all their stores of salt fish, and after which flesh rules on the tables;

and many are so wild for chitterlings, and other meat, that they get flesh drest on Easter-eve late at night, and fall to like mad, as soon as the clock strikes twelve: for that reason he makes the fish die near a flesh country.

On CHAP. XXXV. and the six following.

Pantagrue lands in the wild island to refresh his men, whom the fish had disordered. He would not come where Shrovetide liv'd, but goes ashore at the dwelling of the chitterlings, because he did not love lent. There they pitch their tents, fix their kitchen-batteries; the cloth is immediately laid, supper brought in, and all eat chearfully, as is usual after lent. What happens in that island, and the fight in which the chitterliggs, sausages and pasty-pans are maul'd by Pantagrue and his men, and particularly by the friar at the head of the cooks, partly seems a comical allegory, which denotes the good cheer at Easter, after the lent-keepers have mastered that time of mortification. Sausages, chitterlings, &c. which are preserved with salt, help then to appease hunger, at the same time that they create and heighten thirst.

'Tis obvious that the 37th chapter ridicules the method used by some of the ancients, and to this day, of foretelling things by the names of persons. We find that the chitterlingonians, knowing at last that Pantagrue is Shrovetide's foe, and a friend to Carnival their old confederate, pay him their homage, and send, under the conduct of young Niphle-feth, seventy-eight thousand royal chitterlings to Gargantua, who made a present of them to the great king

king of Paris: but most of them died, and were buried in heaps in a part of Paris, call'd to this day the street pay'd with chitterlings: yet, at the request of the court-ladies, young Niphleseth was preserv'd, honourably us'd, and since that married to heart's content. We need not understand Hebrew to find out what our joking author means by that young chitterling [mentula] Niphleseth, of whom the charitable, or rather selfish, ladies took such mighty care.

After all, the description of a misunderstanding between the French, and the Switzers and Germans that had reform'd, may be couch'd under those notions of chitterlings. In the 35th chapter we find a treaty on foot to reconcile them to Shrovetide; and as the council was then sitting, some concessions were made by the pope's party in case of a likelihood of an accommodation. Besides, Rabelais mentions, that Shrovetide (by which may be meant here the Switzers, or Germans of the Roman communion) was threatened with being declar'd bewray'd (i. e. excommunicated) in case he made any league or agreement with the chitterlings: since which they were grown wonderfully inveterate and obstinate against one another. He also tells us, that they desired the expulsion of I don't know what stinking villains, murtherers and robbers, that held the castle of Salloir (which means a powdering-tub). These might be monks and friars. What's more, in the 37th chapter, Rabelais, enumerating the power and antiquity of chitterling-like people, says, Who can tell but that the Switzers, now so bold and resolute, were formerly chitterlings? For my part, I would not take my oath to the contrary. Some of the Switzers are now, and were then a wild sort of people, as our author calls his chitterlings, whom he brings in marching up boldly in battalia. By the queen may be meant the republic, which word is feminine in

Latin, and in French. The chitterlings sent by the queen, are the soldiers which Switzerland sent then, as it does still, to the French; many of which died by change of air, for want of mustard (i. e. pay) and other accidents. And what Xenomanes said, that chitterlings were double-hearted and treacherous, suits also very well with their taking side now with the emperor, then with the French, and vice versa, in that age. In the 41st chapter, Gymnast, having lugg'd out his sword with both his fists, cut a huge wild squab sausage in two. Bless me, says our historian, how fat the foul thief was! It puts me in mind of the huge bull of Berne, that was slain at Marignan, when the drunken Switzers were so maul'd there: believe me, it had little less than four inches lard on its paunch! By this great bull of Berne is meant Pontiner, a famous gigantic fat captain of the Switzers, who being killed at the battle of Marignan, some of the Germans who sided with the French, to shew they were fully revenged on the Switzers, who had been too hard for them in several other engagements, run the points of their pikes and lances in that monstrous officer's fat paunch, as Paulus Jovius observes in the account he gives of that battle. I have not leisure to get and peruse some books, which probably would enable me to give here the particulars to which this allegory relates: but I believe that any one, that will examine this narrowly, may find it much as I have said: and perhaps something more than the expiration of lent may also be meant by the killing of the great fish by Pantagruel.

On CHAP. XLIII. and XLIV.

THE island of Ruach, where people live on nothing but wind, according to the sense of the Hebrew word, is the island of wind, or the vain island.

'Tis an emblem of the court, where men feed themselves, and are fed by others, with wind, compliments, flattery, promises and empty vain hopes, more than any where else. The weathercocks, which are the only houses in that island, imply the uncertain and variable state of courtiers: first, because the court is still where the prince is: and as the weathercock is always in motion, now to the east, and then presently to the west, yet is still fixed in one place, and only moves round its centre; so the courtier is still at home when at court, yet the court is sometimes in one place, and sometimes in another. Besides, as the warm south sometimes gently blows on a weathercock, and soon the cold north rudely whirls it about; so the courtier's house is either cherish'd, or roughly blown upon, according to the prince's breath.

The wind-flowers, rue, and such carminative herbs, which are the only things sow'd there, which scour them off in that island, denote the attendance, craft and pains, which are the seeds by which we hope to rise and reap favour at court: but when the time of harvest comes, we find ourselves only rid (by a thorough knowledge of the place, and chiefly by baulks and disappointments) of a great deal of wind, vain, empty hopes, that swell'd and puff'd us up.

The common sort of people, who, to feed themselves,

selves, make use of feather, paper, or linen fans, according to their abilities, put me in mind of a poor fellow, who fed himself a long time with hopes of obtaining a place worth at least 50 l. a year, only because he knew sir J. F-----'s coachman, with whom he spent some 20 or 30 l. that were his all, in hopes of a recommendation to his master, which his patron even wanted for himself while he fool'd him out of his money. Thus the poor, as well as the rich, aim at something generally above their reach. The wind-mills, by the means of which the rich live, may be designed to denote the kings and princes of those days: mills with mighty sails, which gave that nourishing wind plentifully, according to the dispositions in which they were with respect to the courtiers that continually surrounded them. It also signifies that the latter sometimes get nothing but words or favours, merely honorary, and void of substance and solidity. Some of those royal wind-mills have been used to wheel round, with every wind, as readily as weathercocks; turning their backs, in an unaccountable manner, to those on whom they looked most favourably but a moment before.

The age during which our doctor flourished, has given many instances of this sad truth; as Jacques de Baune, lord of Semblançay, admiral Chabot, and the constable de Bourbon, who, having all three possessed king Francis I's favour, became the objects and the victims of his hatred. The first, hang'd at Montfaucon, (the tyburn of Paris) for a crime of which Louise de Savoy, the king's mother, alone was guilty. The second, condemn'd without reason to lose his head on a scaffold, and then declar'd not guilty; the sense of which usage work'd so strongly on his mind, that it effected what the executioner was to have done. And the third, a prince of the blood, and by his great merit high constable of
France,

France, (a trust thought too great there now-a-days) first depriv'd of his government of the Milanese, his master being grown jealous of his glory; then of the profits and exercise of his great office; and, finally, of the vast estate of the house of Bourbon, which was his right of inheritance, as eldest of that branch of the royal family.

I need not explain what our author means by the rousing fart, which the king of the island of Ruach pretended had been stolen from him, with which, as with another sangreal, he used to perform a world of wonderful cures in many dangerous diseases, distributing to the patient only as much of it as would frame a virgin's fart: a less application than that of those who cure a certain evil with a wet finger, as many people in France, and a kingdom near it fanfy. Our author did not forget to place these among the courtiers, and in a manner tells them, that the pretended cure does not signify the thousandth part of a f---t. What he says of the sangreal, is to blame the credulity of some superstitious bigots, who have a groundless notion of a relief thus nam'd, which they say is part of our Saviour's blood wandering about the world, invisible to all but chaste eyes, and working many miraculous cures. The best authority for such a belief, says Cotgrave, is the foolish fabulous history of king Arthur.

On CHAP. XLV.

BY the island of the pope-figs, is meant those who follow'd Luther or Calvin's reformation, and chiefly the Germans and the French. They were called the Gaillardes at first; principally, because

cause they were at first brisk and merry, or gaillard : as when the landknechts, generally protestants, plundered Rome in 1527, they led several bishops and cardinals, in their proper accoutrements, thro' the streets on mules and asses, with their faces turned towards the tail ; threw the host, relicks and images of saints about the streets, and forced the pope to buy a peace with 400,000 ducats, and remain a prisoner till it was paid, after he had been almost starv'd in Castel St. Angelo ; where he invited the cardinals to a treat of ass's flesh, as if it had been the greatest dainties imaginable. This our author calls faire la figue, to revile and seague, or say, a fig for the pope ; and he has ingeniously brought in the story of the citizens of Milan, who used an empress just as the landknechts serv'd the cardinals, which also is somewhat like the practice of the inquisition, who serve protestants so. Now when the emperor, Charles V, had been too hard for the protestants in Germany, and the kings Francis I, and Henry II, had persecuted them in France, they were in a dismal condition, and under the yoke of the papimanes, and got the name of pope-figs ; not only because they had revil'd the pope, but because they were forc'd to creep to him, and lay under his lash. The hail, storms and famine that plague them continually, mean the persecutions ; the hobgoblins and devils that haunt them, are the monks ; as the author insinuates at the latter end of chapter 46.

By the country-fellow, who runs into the holy water-stock, and is immers'd in that blessed pickle all but the tip of the snout, for fear of being claw'd off by the devil, we must understand the constraint in which the protestants liv'd, while, to deliver themselves from the persecutions of the popish hobgoblins, they were forc'd to be plung'd over head and ears in the superstitious worship of the church
of

of Rome; took holy-water by handfuls, and hid themselves under stoles, which are the badge of priesthood: that is to say, they profess'd popery, as they are now forc'd to do in France; and some even enter'd into orders, and were priests, monks, bishops, and even cardinals, though they were far from being papists in their hearts.

Brissonet, bishop of Meaux, was one of these: for, having silenc'd the preaching Franciscans throughout his diocese, and appointed James Faber, alias la Fevre of Estaple, Girard Ruffi, Michael Arande, and Martial, to preach against the errors of the church of Rome, he recanted, through fear, as soon as he was call'd to an account about it. Ruffi himself did the same, and, from a Lutheran preacher, became a Roman bishop; and so did Martial, who, being at first Brissonet's disciple, was afterwards penitentiary, or head-confessor at Paris. The bishop of Valence, our Panurge, was one of those dissembles; and even the great admiral Chatillon's brother, Odet, the cardinal to whom this book is dedicated by Rabelais, who himself did like the rest.

On C H A P. XLVI.

THE stubble and the leaves of the radishes, which are all that falls to the young devil's share, while the countryman reaps the profit of the corn and fruit he had sow'd in his field, shew that the pretended papists only gave the outside and insignificant forms to the church of Rome, and that their hearts and minds were not inclinable to follow its doctrine. Our author's honest boldness is very remarkable, both in this chapter, and many of the next. He makes the young devil say, that at Lucifer's

cifer's first course, hobgoblins (alias imps in cowls) are a standing dish. He willingly, says the imp, used to breakfast on students: but alas, I don't know by what ill luck they have of late joined the holy bible to their studies; so the devil a one we can get down among us: and I verily believe, that unless the casars (i. e. the hypocrites of the tribe of Levi) help us in it, taking from the enlightened bookmongers their St. Paul, either by threats, revilings, force, violence, or fire and faggot, we shall not be able to hook in any more of them to nibble at below.

The foresters, futtlers, charcoalmen, and boiling-cooks of hell, that were maul'd and pepper'd off in the northern countries, are the monks and priests, who were routed there, particularly in England.

By the students of Trebisonde, he means those of the popish universities, where, as he says, they are tempted by the devils (by which he means monks and priests, professors, and their tutors) to leave father and mother, forego for ever the established and common rule of living, free themselves from obeying their lawful sovereign's edicts, live in absolute liberty, and taking the fine jovial little cap of poetic licence, become so many pretty hobgoblins. The cap of licence, means their degrees, or the cowl; and poetic, is only added to blind the thing: so the monks leave father and mother, and disclaim all authority but the pope's.

On C H A P. XLVII.

BY the old woman of Pope-figland, who frights the devil, and puts him to flight, the author means that the monks and priests of the church of Rome

Rome were so ignorant, and their tenets so groundless, that the very women could make fools of them even at demonstrative arguments.



On C H A P. XLVIII, and five following.

THE island of Papimany, is those whose love and zeal for the pope is so excessive, that it may be counted madness. The word is made of papa, pope, and mania, madness, from *μαίνωμαι*, insanio. Thus in Plutarch, the Andromanes were women, whose love for men was most blind and furious: that name being given to those Lacedæmonian women, who used to fight before the people with bare thighs, whence they were called Phenomerides. This blind zeal for popery is drawn in most lively colours, by our satirical painter, in all those chapters; and particularly appears by the discourse of the four estates of the country, the gentleman, the lawyer, the monk, and the clown, who all give the pope those epithets which only belong to God, calling that bishop of Rome, He that is, and God on earth. All know that the pope's flatterers have been very prodigal of such epithets; principally in Rabelais's time; as to Paul III, who, as Alstedius and others write, was stil'd Optimus maximus in terris Deus; and the following distich was also made to compliment a pope, and prove that he was justly call'd, God on earth.

Ense potens gemino, mundi moderaris habenas,
Et meritò in terris diceris esse Deus.

The four estates are brought in to shew that the pope's missionaries are of all sorts of conditions.

Their

Their frantic zeal does not only make them adore the pope, but prostrate themselves at the feet of those who have seen him. Says Panurge to them, when they ask'd him whether he had been blest with the sight of that God on earth; Yea, verily gentlemen, I have seen three of them, whose sight has not much better'd me. O thrice and four times happy people! cry'd the Papimanes; you are welcome, and more than double welcome: and they would have kiss'd Panurge's feet; saying, they would even kiss the pope's a---, if ever he came among them. As soon as our travellers are landed, the people throng to see those blessed men, who had seen his holiness's face. Homenas, bishop of the place, hastens to them in pontificalibus, with his train of church-players, bearing crosses, banners, standards, holy water-pots, and canopies, such as the pope and the host use to be under, when they are carried in procession. The mob conducts and attends the strangers to the church, where there is not one word mention'd of God, nor Jesus Christ, or the gospel; but much of the most holy decretals, or pope's decrees written with the hand of an angel. Our author admirably ridicules the credulity of those bigotted papists. Then Homenas mumbles over a mass; after which, from the church he leads them to the tavern, where he feasts the strangers with the money that was gather'd during the mass; yet not till he had shew'd them the pope's picture, which Epistemon said was not like the late popes: For, saith he, I have seen them, not thus with their pallium, aumusse, and rochet on, but with helmets on their heads, more like the top of a Persian turbant; and, while the christian commonwealth was in peace, they alone were furiously and cruelly making war. Homenas zealously takes their part, and replies, that then it was against those who transgressed against their decretals, and that whether they were emperors,

rors, kings, or commonwealths, he was immediately to pursue them with fire and sword, strip them of their kingdoms, anathematize them, and not only destroy their bodies, those of their children and adherents, but also damn their souls to the pit of hell. Nothing can be finer than the feast, and the discourse of Homenas and his guests. Young buxom ladies wait on them, principally Homenas's favourite, whom our author calls Clerica. Friar John, who leer'd on them sideways, like a cur that steals a capon, lik'd them better than some of the bon christian pears: so does Homenas, who is very lavish of that fruit, like Horace's Calaber :

----- *Hæc porcis hodiè comedenda relinques.*

But he will by no means be persuaded to part with one of the doxies. The most holy and heavenly decretals are celebrated with swindging bumpers of good wine, just as Belshazzar extoll'd his gods of gold and silver. In short, this feast is a triumph, in which our author has describ'd the voluptuous life of those effeminate papimanes, their superstitions, which are the foundation of their idleness and luxury, and their impious doctrine, that encourages subjects to kill their lawful sovereign, and massacre all those who will not blindly submit to the pope, and the blind idolatrous worship which he has invented; by means whereof, saith our author, gold is subtilly drawn out of France to Rome, above four hundred thousand ducats every year. England was much more fleec'd, till it had shaken off the papal yoke; and we must own, that as doctor Rabelais was very well inform'd of all these abuses, no man ever describ'd them more to the life; and the best protestant writers have not equalled him in this, though they did it out of interest, and made it their particular business. Neither can I tell, whether Rabelais's boldness be more to be wonder'd at in publishing

liffing fuch a work while fires were kindled, in every part of France to burn the Lutherans, than his good fortune in having fcap'd thofe flames, to which many were condemn'd for lefs every day where he wrote.



On CHAP. LV. and LVI.

BY the unfrozen or thaw'd words, which Pantagruel and his company heard at fea in open air, juft after they had left the papimanes, our author ingenioufly describes the freedom which our navigators took to fpeak their true fentiments of the grofs ignorance, blind zeal, loofe lives, and worfe principles of thofe fuperftitious papifts, as foon as they were out of their reach. For among them the pantagruelifts did not dare difcover their minds; fo that their words were in a manner frozen within their mouths, which fear and intereft kept fhut. But when they were out of danger, they could no longer thus contain their words, and then every one diftinctly heard them; murmuring words againft thofe bigots, very fharp words, bloody words, terrible words, angry words, occafioned by reflections made on thofe idolatrous perfecutors; and to thofe words our jolly company add fome words of gueules, that is, merry words, jefts, pleafant talk, probably about the young wenches fo ready to wait on the ftrangers at table, and on the good bifhop a-bed.

Thefe frozen words that thaw'd, and then were heard, may alfo mean the books published at that time at Geneva, and elfewhere, againft popery and the perfecution. Thofe who fled from it to places of fafety, with a great deal of freedom, fill'd their writings

writings with such truths as were not to be spoken among the bigotted Romanists: and many of those unfortunate men, having been used very cruelly in their slavery, and having nothing to defend their cause but their pens, while their adversaries were arm'd with fire and sword, their words could not but be very sharp. The words which Rabelais says were mere gibberish, which they could not understand, may be the books that were dark, ill written, and without judgment; and the words of gueules, or jests, may be pleasant books, such as were some of Marot's epigrams, and other pieces of that nature.

On C H A P. LVII, and the five following.

THE dwelling of master Gaster, whose entrance is rugged, craggy, barren and unpleasant to the eye, is found at last to be very fertile, healthful, and delightful, when with much toil the difficult ways on its borders have been passed. This Gaster, the first master of arts in the world, is the belly in Greek.

Magister artis, ingenique largitor
Venter-----

Persius.

Yet our author tells us that the muses are the offspring of Penia, that is to say, poverty. I will not pretend to contradict him; neither will any contradict me, if I say, that at least poverty is the most common reward which their unhappy favourites reap for all their toilsome study. The description of the empire of Gaster is very curious; and the author displays there at once much learning, fancy and wit.

The

The gastrolaters are those whose god is their belly: the engastrimythes are parasites, and all those whom their hungry bellies cause to say many things against their consciences; so that they may be said to speak from the belly: the word engastrimythe also means one who by use and practice can speak as it were out of his belly, not moving his lips; and finally, one who has an evil spirit speaking out of his belly.

Rabelais tells us a very remarkable story of an Italian woman, called *Jacoba Rodogyna*, one of those engastrimythes, whom he had seen at Ferrara in 1513. She was said to be possessed by an evil spirit, who lov'd to be call'd *Cinnatulo*, and reveal'd things past, to the amazement of those who asked her questions; but us'd to lie like a devil when she pretended to foretel any thing: yet the people of quality of the Cisalpine Gaul us'd to consult her very much.

Father Mabillon, in his *Musæum Italicum*, speaks of a magician woman who had been thus famous at Milan, where he saw her tomb. He calls her *Guilhelmina*; saying, that after her death three holidays were instituted to her memory; and that those of her sect had declar'd she was the holy ghost, that had appear'd to the world in the shape of a woman; but that at last it was known she was a witch, and she was unfainted. Many saints would have the same fate, if their titles were canonically examined.

The Idol *Manduce* is the figure of gluttony, whose eyes are bigger than its belly, and its wide jaws arm'd with dreadful teeth: 'tis an imitation of the *Manducus* of the ancients.

The great number of dishes of all sorts, that are sacrificed to Gaster, shew that gluttony reigns among all sorts of people, the poor offering their gross food, as well as the rich their dainties; and that coarse fare will go down with belly-gods, and with

all men in general, for want of better. What is offer'd him on interlarded fish-days, shews that this noble messer Gaster, as he is call'd in the French, is a true papimane, and agrees pretty well with the mass, messe in French, which wants but an r of the word messer, used in those times for monsieur.



On CHAP. LXIII. and LXIV.

CHaneph is hypocrisy in Hebrew; so the island of Chaneph is the island of the hypocrites. Accordingly our author says it was wholly inhabited by sham-saints, spiritual comedians, forms of holiness, tumblers of beads, dissembling mumblers of avemaries, and so forth; poor sorry rogues, who wholly liv'd on the alms that were given them by passengers, like the hermit of Lormont, between Blaye and Bourdeaux. Thus he chiefly places the orders of mendicant friars among the hypocrites, because their convents have no revenue but mumping; and so they are oblig'd to affect a greater devotion than those religious orders who do not make a vow of poverty, as these do.

Our author tells us, that the pantagruelian fleet was becalm'd when it came in sight of that island, and was forc'd to tack from larboard to starboard, and from starboard to larboard; yet could not get a-head, though they had added drablers to their sails. By this he insinuates, that this inferior crew of hypocrites did put a stop to the progress of the reformation, and the discovery of truth in general; as when he himself was misus'd by some of them in the convent of cordeliers at Fontenay le Comte, merely because he studied Greek. These beggarly tribes had not the power to raise a storm, like the

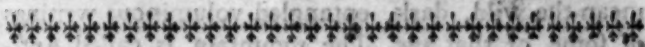
nine sail of fathers who were going to the council of Chefil; they could do little more than hinder the advancement of those who searched after truth. Thus we find, not only that the fleet could not proceed, but that every ship's company in a manner fell asleep, doz'd, and were out of forts, and off the hinges. At last this is remedied by sending to those poor hypocrites seventy-eight thousand little half-crowns, and by eating and drinking: which perhaps may mean, that provided those poor hungry curs have meat and drink, or money to get food, which is all they beg, they cease to bark, and will suffer you to go on without any further impediment. This has been, and is still observable in France, and other parts, among some of those begging friars; whereas your jesuits, dominicans, austins, bernardins, celestins, theatins, and others, such as were in the nine sail, are not to be brib'd or pacified so easily. One of these, whose poetry and criticisms are deservedly esteemed among us, has reflected on our author's admirable satire too severely for a man of his sense, though not for one of his order; I mean father Rapin: but who could expect less from a jesuit, and a jesuit too, whose sodality is satiriz'd in this work? Yet, after all, that able critic durst not but own that * it is a most ingenious satire.

Panurge asks whether there be not something of the feminine gender among them, and whether they would not take a small hypocritical touch by the by? To which answer is made by Xenomenes, that were there not some pretty, kind-hearted hypocritesses, hermitesses, and spiritual actresses, who beget a race of young hypocritillons and sham-sanctitoes, the island of Chaneph had long since been without inhabitants.

* Rapin's reflect. on poetry.

This

This is true in more than one sense; for did not hypocrites beget others, some parts of the world would be very thin of people: then those sham sanctitoes and hermitillons, whom our author means, are chiefly the young bastardly monastic fry, the only fruit many nuns bear, by the means of the father confessor's kind applications: for such of those by-blows as escape abortion, or an untimely death, are rear'd up for a while as the pious father's or sister's poor relations; and then caged with father or mother to sing mattins and vespers, and increase the larger tribe of hypocrites world without end.



On C H A P. LXVI.

THE Island of Ganabin is the island of thieves; from gannab, a thief in Hebrew. Xenomanes says, that the people of that island are all such, and commends Pantagruel for not going ashore there. Friar John advises Pantagruel to cause a gun to be fir'd, as it were to salute the muses of that Antiparnassus. By this, perhaps, our author may have a mind to reflect on most of the authors of that age, who, as well as some of this, were very great plagiaries. The fair fountain on that hill may mean the great number of subjects, which might employ their pens more to the purpose than in translating many foolish romances, as the best hands of France did at that time. That spring may also signify the French tongue, which our author commends so much in the prologue to the fifth book, and inveighs against such sorts of plagiaries, whom he calls brokers and retailers of ancient rhapsodies, and such mouldy trash; botchers of old thread-

bare stuff, a hundred and a hundred times clouted up and piec'd together; wretched bunglers, that can do nothing but new-vamp old-rusty saws; beggarly scavengers, that rake the muddiest canals of antiquity, &c. By which he would encourage his countrymen to follow his example, study it, and write something that might chiefly spring from their fancies, without being wholly indebted to foreign nations for what they published: yet not disdaining to make improvements from the thoughts of the Greek and Latin authors, as he himself has done, and enrich the moderns with translations of the best works of the ancients.

The large forest, that is round the fountain, may mean the wild, dark, entangled voluminous writings of some of that age. The mountain is called Antiparnassus, in opposition to that where the true muses were said to dwell; and is plac'd in the island of thieves properly enough, because poets, as well as they, are the children of penia, or poverty, according to our author.

Panurge, who was afraid Pantagruel would land in the island of Ganabin, uses all the arguments which fear could suggest to a coward, to persuade him not to do it; and among other things says, Do not go among 'em, I beseech you; 'twere safer to take a journey to hell. Hark! by cod's body, I hear 'em ring the alarum bell most dreadfully, as the Gascons about Bourdeaux us'd formerly to do against the commissaries and officers for the tax on salt, or my ears tingle. This refers to what has been said in the remarks on the prologue, concerning the rebellion at Angoulesme and Bourdeaux.

Rabelais seems to have describ'd part of this war in his second book, when he makes Pantagruel leave Paris to repulse the Dipfodes, who had besieged the great city of the Amaurotes. For, though I have prov'd out of history that what is said of the Dip-

fodes,

fodes, may reasonably be adapted to the war of Picardy; yet I hope I have shew'd that our ingenious author sometimes describes two things by one, and so this may relate to two different actions of the same person.

This rebellion of Augoumois and Bourdeaux happened about the time when Anthony of Bourbon (our Pantagruel) was married to the queen of Navarre's daughter. Now Francis I, that Queen's brother, and their father, had been earls of Angoulesme; which makes our author say, in his second book, that Gargantua's queen was the daughter of the king of the Amaurots. And indeed, as there were no more earls of Angoulesme, that name, which signifies being vanish'd, was not altogether improper then. Thus Pantagruel comes from Paris to relieve that country, and has a bark full of salt tied to his girdle, with which he fills the mouths of the Dipodes; which may imply the heat and combustion in which the people were there about the tax on salt: and, because several of those mutineers were hang'd at Bourdeaux, where they were most outrageous and stubborn, Rabelais makes Pantagruel the inventor of the use of pantagruelion, which is hemp, probably because he advis'd to have many of them put to death. Indeed I have not yet found that Anthony de Bourbon came thither, to assist the king of Navarre his father-in law, governor of that country for Henry the second of France: but, as the constable of Montmorency, who, with that duke of Vendosme, had commanded in Picardy that year, came into Xaintonge to punish the rebels, 'tis very likely the duke came thither also; and perhaps historians are silent in the matter, because he only came as a volunteer; and the case did not seem worth employing at once a king of Navarre, a high constable of France, and a prince of the royal family. And this may be the reason why our satirical historian has chus'd to burlesque that expedition: for doubtless

there could be no honour to the duke in being concern'd in it, principally under others; though it were but in complaisance to the prince of Navarre, his new wife, and her royal parents, the honeymoon being then hardly past.



On CHAP. LXVII.

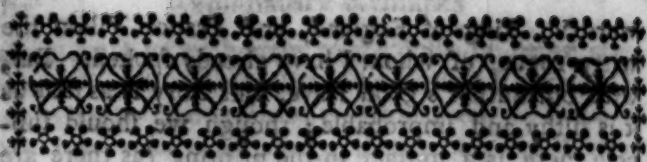
PAnurge's fear, encreas'd by the noise of the guns, makes him run mad for a while, and lay hold of the huge cat Rodilardus, by which he was scratch'd. He saith, he took it to be a young soft-chin'd devil, and thought he had snatch'd it up in the great hutch of hell, as thievishly as any sizer of Montague college could have done. Rodilardus stands for Croquelardon, lick-sauce, a parasitical smell-feast. This passage, doubtless, refers to some of Montluc's adventures, hardly to be discover'd in our age; yet known in that during which he liv'd. Panurge's cowardice and impudence suit pretty well with that bishop of Valence's character; as appears by what I said of his daring to preach before queen Catherine of Medicis, with a hat and cloke on, like a Geneva divine, and then not having the courage to go on, but leaving off in the midst of his sermon (though the queen abetted him, and her presence secur'd him) as soon as the constable of Montmorency spoke two words against his way of preaching.

Here Rabelais takes an opportunity to bring in a story, which, as well as some other things of as odious a nature, I would have omitted, did not many learned men despise a maim'd or imperfect book, as much as some selfish women hate a male in those circumstances. That story is what is said of Edward

ward V, King of England, and Francis Villon the witty rogue, of whom I have already spoken. But, with our author's good leave, this story is as false as it is filthy and improbable; though we should suppose there is a mistake in the printing (as there are thousands even in the best editions of this work, I have seen yet). For none can imagine that Rabelais was so little vers'd in history, as not to know that Edward V died a child, and can neither have been co-tive in his old age, nor familiar with Villon; who, according to Pasquier, must have been hang'd before the reign of that unfortunate prince, and, perhaps, before his birth. And should any say that Rabelais means Edward the fourth; I answer, that he neither died old, nor could be droll'd upon at that rate, by a buffooning inmate; since, though he was not one of the wisest heads, yet he was one of the bravest warriors of his time, having fought nine pitch'd battles, generally on foot, and at last gloriously overcome all his enemies: so that the witty jester would hardly have offer'd to have told him, that the sight of Lewis the eleventh's oriflame, or royal standard, would have scar'd him into a looseness. The verses which Rabelais makes Villon speak, are mention'd as his by Pasquier, somewhat otherwise than in this chapter:

Je suis François, dont ce me poise,
Né de Paris, prez de Pontoise;
Où, d'une corde d'une toise,
Saura mon col, que mon cul poise,

The end of the Remarks on Book IV.



THE
AUTHOR'S

Epistle Dedicatory

OF THIS

FOURTH BOOK,

To the most Illustrious

PRINCE,

AND MOST

Reverend Lord, ODET,

Cardinal de Chastillon.

YOU are not unacquainted, most illustrious prince, how often I have been, and am daily press'd and required, by great numbers of eminent persons, to proceed in the pantagruelian fables: they tell me that many languishing, sick, and disconsolate persons perusing them, have deceived their

their griefs, pass'd their time merrily, and been inspired with new joy and comfort. I commonly answer, that I aim'd not at glory and applause, when I diverted myself with writing; but only design'd to give by my pen, to the absent who labour under affliction, that little help which at all times I willingly strive to give to the present that stand in need of my art and service. Sometimes I at large relate to them, how Hippocrates in several places, and particularly in lib. 6. epidem. describing the institution of the physician his disciple, and also Soranus of Ephesus, Oribasius, Galen, Hali Abbas, and other authors, have descended to particulars, in the prescription of his motions, deportment, looks, countenance, gracefulness, civility, cleanliness of face, cloaths, beard, hair, hands, mouth, even his very nails; as if he were to play the part of a lover in some comedy, or enter the lists to fight some potent enemy. And indeed the practice of physick is properly enough compar'd by Hippocrates to a fight, and also to a farce acted between three persons, the patient, the physician, and the disease. Which passage has sometimes put me in mind of Julia's saying to Augustus her father. (1) One day she came before him in a very gorgeous, loose, lascivious dress, which very much displeas'd him, though he did not much discover his discontent. The next day she put on another, and in a modest garb, such as the chaste Roman ladies wore, came into his presence. The kind father could not then forbear expressing the pleasure which he took to see her so much alter'd, and said to her: Oh! how much more this garb becomes, and is commendable in the daughter of Augustus. But she, having her excuse ready, answered: This day, sir, I dress'd myself to please my father's eye; yesterday, to gra-

(1) One day, &c.] See Macrobius, l. 2, c. 5, of his Saturnalia,

The epistle dedicatory.

tify that of my husband. Thus, disguis'd in looks and garb, nay even, as formerly was the fashion, with a rich and pleasant gown with four sleeves, which was called philonium, according to Petrus Alexandrinus in 6. Epidem. a physician might answer to such as might find the metamorphosis indecent: Thus have I accoutred myself, not that I am proud of appearing in such a dress; but for the sake of my patient, whom alone I wholly design to please, and no ways offend or dissatisfy. There is also a passage in our father Hippocrates, in the book I have nam'd, which causes some to sweat, dispute, and labour: not indeed to know whether the physician's frowning, discontented, and morose catonian look render the patient sad, and his joyful, serene, and pleasing countenance rejoice him; for experience teaches us that this is most certain: but whether such sensations of grief, or pleasure, are produc'd by the apprehension of the patient observing his motions and qualities in his physician, and drawing from thence conjectures of the end and catastrophe of his disease; as, by his pleasing look, joyful and desirable events, and by his sorrowful and unpleasing air, sad and dismal consequences; and whether those sensations be produced by a transfusion of the serene or gloomy, aerial or terrestrial, joyful or melancholic spirits of the physician, into the person of the patient, as is the opinion of Plato and Averroes.

Above all things, the fore-cited authors have given particular directions to physicians about the words, discourse, and converse, which they ought to have with their patients; every one aiming at one point, that is, to rejoice them without offending God, and in no ways whatsoever to vex or displease them. Which causes (2) Herophilus much to blame the physician

(2) Herophilus] Rabelais forgets himself. It was not

The epistle dedicatory.

lvii

sician Callianax, who being asked by a patient of his,
Shall I die? impudently made him this answer:

Patroclus dy'd, whom all allow,
By much a better man than you.

Another, who had a mind to know the state of his distemper, asking him, after our merry Patelin's way; Well, doctor, does not my water tell you I shall die? He foolishly answer'd, No; if Latona, the mother of those lovely twins, Phœbus and Diana, begot thee. Galen, lib. 4. comment. 6. epidem. blames much also Quintus his tutor, who, a certain nobleman of Rome, his patient, saying to him, You have been at breakfast, my master, your breath smells of wine; answer'd arrogantly, Yours smells of fever: which is the better smell of the two, wine, or a putrid fever? But the calumny of certain cannibals, misanthropes, perpetual (3) eaves-droppers, has been so foul and excessive against me, that it had conquered my patience, and I had resolved not to write one jot more. For the least of their detractions were, that my books are all stuffed with various heresies, of which, nevertheless, they could not shew one single instance: much indeed of comical and facetious fooleries, neither offending God nor the king; (and truly I own they are the only subject, and only theme of these books) but of heresy, not a word, unless they interpreted wrong, and against all use of reason, and common language, what I had rather suffer a

not Herophilus that blam'd Callianax, but another. Callianax, in the place from whence this is quoted, is only said to be an Herophilian. See Galen on lib. 6 of Hippocrates de epidem.

(3) Eaves-droppers] Agelastes; i. e. one that never laughs; a Greek word, as well as misanthrope, a man-hater.

thousand deaths, if it were possible, than have thought: as who should make bread to be stone, a fish to be a serpent, and an egg to be a scorpion. This, my lord, emboldened me once to tell you, as I was complaining of it in your presence, that if I did not esteem myself a better christian, than they shew themselves towards me, and if my life, writings, words, nay thoughts, betray'd to me one single spark of heresy, or I should in a detestable manner fall into the snares of the spirit of detraction, Διαβολο, who, by their means, raises such crimes against me; I would then, like the phoenix, gather dry wood, kindle a fire, and burn myself in the midst of it. You were then pleased to say to me, that king Francis, of eternal memory, had been made sensible of those false accusations; and that having caused my books (mine, I say, because several false and infamous have been wickedly laid to me) to be carefully and distinctly read to him by the most learned and faithful anagnost in this kingdom, he had not found any passage suspicious; and that he abhorr'd a (4) certain envious, ignorant, hypocritical informer, who grounded a mortal heresy on an (5) n put instead of an m by the (6) carelessness of the printers.

(4) A certain envious, &c.] The original has it only a snake-eater, by which word Rabelais designs the monks; whom, in chap. 46, he compares to the Troglodytes, who, Pliny tells us, lib. 5. cap. 8, liv'd in caverns, and fed on snakes.

(5) An n for an m] As there are instances enough that formerly they wrote asme with an s, for ame, the soul; this might be an impious allusion of asme to asne, an ass, which so often is mentioned, l. 3. c. 22 and 23, in the old editions. Those of Lyons, and that of 1626, corrected, as is said in the title, according to the censure pass'd in 1552, has removed the scandal.

(6) Carelessness of the printers] The author had before complained of them in prol. to l. 3, printed even in 1546.

As much was done by his son, our most gracious, virtuous, and blessed sovereign, Henry, whom heaven long preserve: so that he granted you his royal privilege, and particular protection for me, against my slanderous adversaries.

You kindly condescended since, to confirm me these happy news at Paris; and also lately, when you visited my lord cardinal du Bellay, who, for the benefit of his health, after a lingering distemper, was retired to St. Maur, that place (or rather paradise) of salubrity, serenity, conveniency, and all desirable country pleasures.

Thus, my lord, under so glorious a patronage, I am emboldened once more to draw my pen, undaunted now and secure; with hopes that you will still prove to me, against the power of detraction, a second Gallic Hercules in learning, prudence, and eloquence; an Alexicacos in virtue, power, and authority: you, of whom I may truly say what the wise monarch Solomon saith of Moses, that great prophet and captain of Israel, Ecclesiast. 45. A man fearing and loving God, who found favour in the sight of all flesh, well-beloved both of God and man; whose memorial is blessed. God made him like to the glorious saints, and magnified him so, that his enemies stood in fear of him; and for him made wonders; made him glorious in the sight of kings, gave him a commandment for his people, and by him shew'd his light: he sanctified him in his faithfulness, and meekness, and chose him out of all men. By him he made us to hear his voice, and caused by him the law of life and knowledge to be given.

Accordingly, if I shall be so happy as to hear any one commend those merry composures, they shall be adjur'd by me to be oblig'd, and pay their thanks to you alone, as also to offer their prayers to heaven, for the continuance and increase of your greatness; and to attribute no more to me, than my humble and

ready obedience to your commands : for by your most honourable encouragement, you at once have inspir'd me with spirit, and with invention; and without you my heart had fail'd me, and the fountain-head of my animal spirits had been dry. May the lord keep you in his blessed mercy.

My LORD,

Your most humble, and

most devoted servant,

Paris, this 28th of
January, MDLII.

FRANCIS RABELAIS, *Physician*.

THE



THE
AUTHOR'S
PROLOGUE
TO THE
FOURTH BOOK.

- (1) **G**OOD people, God save and keep you!
Where are you? I can't see you: stay---I'll
saddle my nose with spectacles-----Oh, oh!
(2) 'twill be fair anon, (3) I see you. Well, you
have had a good vintage, they say: this is no bad

(1) Good people—I can't see you] He can't see good
people, they are so scarce. So Aristophanes, in his *Plutus*,
makes *Cremylus* speak.

(3) 'Twill be fair anon] It shou'd be english'd, soft
and fair, lent is drawing to an end: I see you. *Bien &
beau, s'en va quaresme: je vous vois.*

(3) I see you] Rabelais, who but a moment before
saw none of these good people, to whom he addresses his
prologue (or preface) sees numbers of 'em all of a sudden;
which he ascribes to lent drawing to a conclusion. And,
indeed, as soon as Easter approaches, in obedience to the
church's command, every body is forward to receive the
communion, in order to seem at least to be good people.

news

news to Frank, you may swear. You have got an infallible cure against thirst: rarely perform'd of you, my friends! You, your wives, children, friends, and families are in as good case as hearts can wish; 'tis well, 'tis as I'd have it; God be praised for it, and if such be his will, may you long be so. For my part, I am thereabouts, thanks to his blessed goodness; and by the means of a little pantagruelism, (which you know is a certain jollity of mind, pickled in the scorn of fortune) you see me now hale and cheery, as sound as a bell, and ready to drink, if you will. Wou'd you know why I'm thus, good people? I'll e'en give you a positive answer---Such is the Lord's will, which I obey and revere; it being said in his word, in great derision to the physician, neglectful of his own health, Physician, heal thyself.

Galen had some knowledge of the bible, and had convers'd with the christians of his time, as appears lib. 11. de usu partium; lib. 2. de differentiis pulsuum, cap. 3, and ibid. lib. 3. cap. 2, and lib. de rerum affectibus (if it be Galen's). Yet 'twas not for any such veneration of holy-writ that he took care of his own health. No, 'twas for fear of being twitted with the saying so well known among physicians.

Ιατρὸς ἄλλων, αὐτὸς ἔλκεσι (4) βρύων.

He boasts of healing poor and rich,
Yet is himself all over itch.

This made him boldly say, that he did not desire to be esteemed a physician, if from his twenty-eighth year to his old age he had not liv'd in perfect health, except some (5) ephemerous fevers, of which he soon

(4) *βρύων*] A sentence ascrib'd by Plutarch to a certain tragic poet. See his discourse against Clotes the Epicurean.

(5) *Ephemerous fevers*] Fevers that last but a day, and are cured with rest.

rid himself: yet he was not naturally of the soundest temper, his stomach being evidently bad. Indeed, as he saith, lib. 5. de sanitate tuenda, that physician will hardly be thought very careful of the health of others, who neglects his own. (6) Asclepiades boasted yet more than this: for he said that he had articked with fortune not to be reputed a physician, if he could be said to have been sick, since he began to practise physic, to his latter age, which he reach'd, lusty in all his members, and victorious over fortune; till at last the old gentleman unluckily tumbled down from the top of a certain ill-propt and (7) rotten staircase, and so there was an end of him.

If by some disaster health is fled from your worships to the right or to the left, above or below, before or behind, within or without, far or near, on this side or t'other side, wheresoever it be, may you presently, with the help of the Lord, meet with it. Having found it, may you immediately claim it, seize it and secure it. The law allows it: the king would have it so: nay, you have my advice for it. Neither more nor less than the law-makers of old did fully impower a master to claim and seize his run-a-way servant, wherever he might be found. Ods-bodikins, is it not written and warranted by the ancient customs of this so noble, so rich, so flourishing realm of France, (8) that the dead seizes the quick? See what has been declar'd very lately in that point by that learned, wise, (9) courteous, humane, and just civilian,

(6) Asclepiades, &c.] See Pliny, l. 26, c. 3.

(7) Rotten stairs] See Pliny, l. 7, c. 27.

(8) The dead, &c.] That is, the death of a person gives a right to his heir to seize what he has left, i. e. to give him as it were livery and seisin of it, as I suppose that's meant by the word seize.

(9) Courteous, &c.] When Tiraqueau was lieutenant general of the bailywick of Fontenay-le-Comte, he released

vilian, Andrew Tiraqueau, (10) counsellor of the great, victorious and triumphant Henry II, in the most honourable court of parliament at Paris. Health is our life, as (11) Ariphron the Sicyonian wisely has it: without health life is no life, 'tis not living life: (12) 'ΑΒΙ'ΟΣ ΒΙ'ΟΣ, ΒΙ'ΟΣ ΑΒΙ'ΩΤΟΣ. Without health life is only a languishment, and an image of death. Therefore, you that want your health, that is to say, that are dead, seize the quick; secure life to yourselves, that is to say, health.

I have this hope in the Lord, that he will hear our supplications, considering with what faith and zeal we pray, and that he will grant this our wish, because 'tis moderate and mean. Mediocrity was held by the ancient sages to be golden, that is to say, precious, prais'd by all men, and pleasing in all places. Read the sacred bible, you'll find, the prayers of those who asked moderately were never unanswer'd. For example, little dapper Zaccheus, whose body and re-

leas'd Rabelais out of prison, into which the cordeliers of the place had cast him. Rabelais here testifies his gratitude to him.

(10) Great, victorious and triumphant] M. du Chat says, the author having publish'd this his fourth book before Henry II had seiz'd the three bishopricks (Metz, Toul and Verdun, I suppose he means) the elogium we see here of that monarch, was inserted after the first edition, and only out of regard to that conquest.

(11) Ariphron] See Athenæus, l. 15, c. ultim.

(12) 'ΑΒΙ'ΟΣ ΒΙ'ΟΣ, ΒΙ'ΟΣ ΑΒΙ'ΩΤΟΣ] To these Greek words should be added, *χωρίς υγιείας*, and then the sentence is complete, otherwise not. Here it may not be amiss to observe, that the great Pyrrhus king of Epirus (now Albania Inferior) never pray'd the gods to give him any thing but health: and Menage used to say, *Sanitas sanitatum, omnia sanitas*.

liques

liques the monks of (13) St. Garlick near Orleans boast of having, and nick-nam'd him St. (14) Sylvanus; he only wish'd to see our blessed Saviour near Jerusalem. 'Twas but a small request, and no more than any body then might pretend to. But alas! he was but low built; and one of so diminutive a size, among the crowd, could not so much as get a glimpse of him. Well then he struts, stands on tip-toes, bustles and bestirs his stumps; shoves and makes way, and with much ado clammers up a sycamore. Upon this, the Lord, who knew his sincere affection, presented himself to his sight, and was not only seen by him, but heard also: nay, what's more, he came to his house, and blest his family.

One of the sons of the prophets in Israel felling wood near the river Jordan, his hatchet forsook the helve, and fell to the bottom of the river: so he pray'd to have it again ('twas but a small request, mark ye me) and having a strong faith, he did not throw the hatchet after the helve, as some spirits of contradiction say by way of scandalous blunder, but the helve after the hatchet, as you all properly have it. Presently two great miracles were seen: up springs the hatchet from the bottom of the water, and fixes itself to its old acquaintance the helve. Now had he wish'd to coach it to heaven in a fiery chariot like Elias, to multiply in seed like Abraham, be as rich as Job, strong as Sampson, and beautiful as Absalom, would he

(13) Monks of St. Garlick] Or rather St. Onion; for Rabelais, who was a dear lover of puns (and the worse the pun the better, as mr. Dryden used to say) quibbles upon the similitude between aianan and onion: for near Orleans there is an abbey called St. Aignan, or Anian, as 'tis pronounced, and so sounds just like Oignon.

(14) Sylvanus] From sylva a wood. Zaccheus might be so call'd from his climbing up a tree, the better to behold the Messias as he pass'd by.

have

have obtain'd it, d'ye think? I'troth, my friends, I question it very much.

Now I talk of moderate wishes in point of hatchet (but hark'e me, be sure you don't forget when we ought to drink) I'll tell you what's written among the apologues of wise *Æsop* the Frenchman, I mean the Phrygian and Trojan, as *Max. Planudes* makes him; from which people, according to the most faithful chroniciers, the noble French are descended. *Ælian* writes that he was of Thrace; and *Agathias*, after *Herodotus*, that he was of Samos: tis all one to Frank.

In his time liv'd a (15) poor honest country fellow of Gravot, Tom Wellhung by name, a wood-cleaver by trade, who in that low drudgery made shift so to pick up a sorry livelihood. It happen'd that he lost his hatchet. Now tell me who ever had more cause to be vex'd than poor Tom? Alas, his whole estate and life depended on his hatchet: by his hatchet he earn'd many a fair penny of the best wood-mongers or log merchants, among whom he went a jobbing: for want of his hatchet he was like to starve; and had death but met him six days after without a hatchet, the grim fiend would have mow'd him down in the twinkling of a bed-staff. In this sad case he began to be in a heavy taking, and call'd upon Jupiter with the most eloquent prayers (for you know, necessity was the mother of eloquence.) With the whites of his eyes turn'd up towards heaven, down on his marrowbones, his arms rear'd high, his fingers stretched wide, and his head bare, the poor wretch without ceasing was roaring out, by way of litany, at every repetition of his supplications, My hatchet, lord Jupi-

(15) A poor honest country fellow] A story very like this we have among the *Diverforum authorum joculariter dicta*, printed at the end of *Poggius's* jests and merry tales, edition of 1541. It begins, *Imperator Adrianus*,

ter,

ter, my hatchet, my hatchet! only my hatchet, O Jupiter, or money to buy another, and nothing else! alas, my poor hatchet!

Jupiter happen'd then to be holding a grand council about certain urgent affairs, and old gammer Cybele was just giving her opinion, or, if you had rather have it so, it was young Phoebus the beau; but in short, Tom's outcries and lamentations were so loud, that they were heard with no small amazement at the council-board, by the whole consistory of the gods. What a devil have we below, quoth Jupiter, that howls so horridly? By the mud of Styx, have'nt we had all along, and have'nt we here still enough to do, to set to rights a world of damn'd puzzling businesses of consequence? We made an end of the fray between Presthan king of Persia, and Soliman the Turkish emperor: we have stopp'd up the passages between the Tartars and the Muscovites; answer'd the Xeriff's petition; done the same to that of (16) Golgots Rays: the state of Parma's dispatch'd; so is that of Maydemburg, that of Mirandola, and that of Africa, that town on the Mediterranean which we call (17) Aphrodisium: Tripoli by carelessness has got a new master, her hour was come.

Here are the Gascons cursing and damning, demanding (18) the restitution of their bells.

In

(16) Golgots Rays] The famous corsair Dragut.

(17) Aphrodisium] A town of Africa in Barbary.

(18) Restitution of their bells] King Francis Ist had introduced the tax on salt throughout the country of Guienne. The people, especially the peasants, who could not brook this new imposition, took their opportunity, and when the new king, Henry II, was in Piedmont with most of his forces, rose in arms and crowded into Bourdeaux, where they massacred the king's lieutenant of the province, Tristan de Monnins, a kinsman
of

○ In yonder corner are the Saxons, Easterlings, Of-
trogoths, and Germans, nations formerly invincible,
but now (19) aberkeids, bridled, curbed, and
brought

of the high constable's. This rebellion too much con-
cern'd the first (military) officer of the crown, for him
to sit still, and not take immediate measures to punish it
with severity. He hastened towards Bourdeaux with
some troops, and a good train of artillery, in 1549, and
the gates being thrown open, on the bare terror of his
name, among other disgraceful penalties which he in-
flicted on the people of Bourdeaux, he took away all
their bells; nor were they restored to them again till
three months afterwards, together with their privileges.
See Mezeray in the year above-mentioned.

(19) Aberkeids] It was the emperor Charles Vth,
who, tho' he had for many years been crippled with the
gout, yet held the German noses to the grindstone, and
had so done even from the time he obtain'd the victory
over the protestants at Mulberg in 1547. The notes on
the fourth book of Rabelais, ascrib'd to Rabelais him-
self, gives us for High Dutch the word aberkeids, which
is read in this place in all the editions I have seen; and
they explain it by reviled, snub'd. But this is no Ger-
man word, much less ought to have the signification
those notes put upon it. Which may raise a just suspi-
cion that Rabelais was not the author of those notes.
Aber-geifs, for so it ought to be spelt, is compounded
of geifs, a goat, and haber, oats, (and so say we too, in
the north of north of England, an haver-cake, i. e. an
oat-cake. Do ye ken the steg a-gobbling up the haver
at the leer deur, in some parts of Yorkshire, i. e. Do
ye see the goose eating up the oats at the barn-door.)
Now this word Aber-geifs means a particular sort of
top or gigg, which the children divert themselves with
in Germany, especially at Strasburg, where Rabelais in
his travels, no doubt, tarry'd some time. This top has
a head and a tail, about which a packthread is wound,
and then it is thrown with violence to the ground,
where

brought under by a paultry diminutive crippled fellow: they ask us revenge, relief, restitution of their former good sense and ancient liberty.

But what shall we do with this same (20) Ramus and this Galland, with a pox to 'em, who, surrounded with a swarm of their scullions, black-guard ragamuffins, sizers, vouchers and stipulators, set together by the ears the whole university of Paris? I am in a sad quandary about it, and for the heart's blood of me can't tell yet with whom of the two to side.

Both seem to me notable fellows, and as true cods as ever pifs'd. The one has (21) rose-nobles, I say fine and weighty ones; (22) the other would gladly have some too. The one knows something; the other's no dunce. The one loves the better sort of men; the other's beloved by 'em. The one is an old cunning fox; the other with tongue and pen,

where for a time it makes a noise, enough to frighten one that knows nothing of the matter. It is this childish sport that Rabelais here compares the Germans to, whom in his time Charles V made to go like so many tops; but they soon found means to recover their liberty.

(20) Ramus, &c.] Ramus oppos'd Aristotle's philosophy: Gallandus defended it. Tho' Ramus never writ against any of his adversaries, yet Gallandus fell foul on him, and by the by calls Rabelais a ridiculous writer: his words are, vernaculos ridiculi Pantagruelis libros, &c. Here Rabelais revenges himself, but not severely. See Ramus's life by Tho. Freigius, p. 34.

(21) The one has Rose-nobles] Ramus, who was rich.

(22) The other wou'd gladly have some too] Rabelais seems here to tax Peter Gallandus with having no other view in writing against Ramus, in behalf of the old philosophy, but only to get patrons that might make him rich too.

tooth and nail, falls foul on the ancient (23) orators and philosophers, and barks at them like a cur. wol

What think'st thou of it, say, thou bawdy Priapus? I have found thy council just before now, et habet tua mentula mentem. draw bands side bus

King Jupiter (answer'd Priapus, standing up and taking off his cowl, his snout upcas'd and rear'd up, fiercely and stifiy propt) since you compare the one to a yelping snarling cur, and the other to sly Reynard the fox, my advice is, with submission, that without fretting or puzzling your brains any farther about 'em, without any more ado e'en serve 'em both as in the days of yore you did the dog and the fox. How? ask'd Jupiter; when? who were they? where was it? You have a rare memory, for ought I see, return'd Priapus! This right worshipful father Bacchus, whom we have here nodding with his crimson phyz, to be revenged, on the Thebans, had got a fairy fox, who, whatever mischief he did, was never to be caught or wrong'd by any beast that wore a head.

The noble Vulcan here present had fram'd a dog of Monecian brass, and with long puffing and blowing put the spirits of life into him; he gave it you, you gave it your miss Europa, miss Europa gave it Minos, Minos gave it Procris, Procris gave it Cephalus. He was also of the fairy kind; so that, like the lawyers of our age, he was too hard for all other sorts of creatures; nothing could scape the dog. Now who should happen to meet but these two? What do you think they did? Dog by his destiny was to take fox, and fox by his fate was not to be taken.

The case was brought before your council: you protested that you would not act against the fates; and

(23) Ancient orators and philosophers] Aristotle and Cicero.

the fates were contradictory. In short, the end and result of the matter was, that to reconcile two contradictions was an impossibility in nature. The very pang put you into (24) a sweat; some drops of which happening to light on the earth, produced what the mortals call cabbage. All our noble confistory, for want of a categorical resolution, were seiz'd with such a horrid thirst, that above seventy-eight hogheads of nectar were swill'd down at that sitting. At last you took my advice, and transmogrify'd 'em into stones; and immediately got rid of your perplexity, and a truce with thirst was proclaim'd thro' this vast Olympus. This was the year of flabby cods, near (25) Teumessus, between Thebes and Chalcis.

After this manner, 'tis my opinion, that you should petrify this dog and this fox. The metamorphosis will not be (26) incongruous: for they both bear the name of (27) Peter. And because, according to the Limosin proverb, to make an oven's mouth there must be three stones, you may associate them with master (28) Peter du Coignet, whom you formerly
petri-

(24) A sweat] Nothing is so brackish to the taste as sweat, and nothing causes drought like cabbage, particularly that call'd cole-cabbage, whether dress'd with beef-marrow for flesh-days, or with oil for fish-days. The white cabbage-heads, being of themselves insipid, must be well pepper'd and salted, especially consisting of so many very thick leaves, that neither the salt nor pepper can penetrate, unless there's abundance of both.

(25) Teumessus] Pausanias, in his *Bœotica*, relates this fable, and after him Cælius Rhodiginus.

(26) Incongruous] Read, instead of not incongruous, not unprecedented, there having been one before. It is in the best editions *incogneue*, not *incongrue*.

(27) Peter] *Pierre*, in French, signifies both Peter and a stone.

(28) Peter du Coignet] Or *de Coigneres*, a knight,
and

petrified for the same cause. Then those three dead pieces shall be put in an equilateral trigone, somewhere in the great temple at Paris; in the middle of the porch, if you will; there to perform the office of extinguishers, and with their noses put out the lighted candles, torches, tapers and flambeaux; since, while they liv'd, they still lighted ballock-like the fire of faction, division, (22) ballock sects, and wrangling among

and advocate-general of the parliament of Paris, in the reign of Philip de Valois, did with great vigour, and some success, oppose the incroachments made by the clergy of his time on the king's authority. The ecclesiasticks labour'd hard to ruin this honest man, but in vain. So they fell foul on his memory, and as soon as ever he was dead, they caus'd to be made, in most of the churches which were chiefly resorted to, several odd kind of grotesque monkey-like figures in stone, and gave them the name of Pierre du Coignet, from their being placed in corners (coins in French). These impertinent statues, they would have to represent the impious Pierre de Cugnieres, as they call'd him. He being thus mark'd, before he dy'd, for an enemy of the church, and a reprobate, people made a merit of abusing his statues any how. Thus at Notre Dame at Paris, under a shew of offering candles to the statue of Peter du Coignet, as is usually done to the images of the saints, they run the candles in his face when they wanted to extinguish them. And it being impossible but that this ridiculous figure, being put to such a use, must be extremely dawb'd and begrimed, thence it came about, that in order to exaggerate the ugliness of any body, it has been a common saying for above two hundred years, uglier than Pierre du Coignet.

(22) Ballock sects] If because it is Priapus that speaks here, we should take this word couilloniques in an obscene sense, we should fall into the very snare Rabelais had a mind to catch his less judicious readers in. These couillonick sects are not properly any other thing than the different orders of monks, or cucullated, i. e. hooded gentry: for the word may come from the Latin cucullus, a hood,

among those idle bearded boys, the students. And this will be an everlasting monument to shew, that those puny self-conceited pedants, ballock-framers, were rather condemn'd than condemn'd by you. Dixi, I have said my say.

You deal too kindly by them, said Jupiter, for ought I see, monsieur Priapus. You don't use to be so kind to every body, let me tell you: for as they seek to eternize their names, it would be much better for them to be thus chang'd into hard stones, than to return to earth and putrefaction. But now to other matters. Yonder behind us, towards the Tuscan sea, and the neighbourhood of Mount Appennin, do you see what (30) tragedies are stirr'd up by certain topping (31) ecclesiastical bullies? This hot fit will last its time, like the Limosins ovens, and then will be cool'd, but not so fast.

We shall have sport enough with it; but I foresee one inconveniency: for methinks we have but little store of thunder-ammunition, since the time that you, my fellow gods, for your pastime, lavish'd them away to bombard new (32) Antioch, by my particular per-

a hood, as well as from couillon; the cod. Among these monks there are generally subsisting, divisions and factions, about things of much the same weight as those which then divided the university of Paris.

(30) Tragedies] The commotions of Pope Julius III, about the affair of Parma, which ceased not till 1552. See Sleidan, l. 22, &c.

(31) Ecclesiastical bullies] Pastophores in the original, i. e. sacred priests, reverend prelates, among the ancient Egyptians. The Cambridge dictionary says priests of Isis and Osiris. Πασοφόροι, qui ferunt τὸν πασόν, i. e. thalamum, puta Ifidis.

(32) Antioch] New Antioch must be the city of Rome. The word Antioch means nothing but posterous venery, ἀντί, contra, & οἶσις, concubitus.

permission; as since, after your example, the stout champions, who had undertaken to hold the fortress of (33) Dindenarois against all comers, fairly wasted their powder with shooting at sparrows; and then, not having wherewith to defend themselves in time of need, valiantly surrender'd to the enemy, who were already packing up their awls, full of madness and despair, and thought on nothing but a shameful retreat. Take care this be remedied, son Vulcan; rouse up your drowsy cyclops, Asteropes, Brontes, Arges, Polyphemus, Steropes, Pyracmon, and so-forth; set them at work, and make them drink as they ought.

Never spare liquor to such as are at hot work. Now let us dispatch this bawling fellow below. You Mercury, go see who it is, and know what he wants. Mercury look'd out at heaven's trap-door, through which, as I am told, they hear what's said here below. By the way, one might well enough mistake it for the scuttle of a ship; tho' Icaromenippus said it was like the (34) mouth of a well. The light-heel'd deity saw that it was honest Tom, who ask'd for his

The thunder darted against this Antioch, may be the sacking of it in 1527, as also the considerable diminutions of the extent of her church by the introduction of the protestant religion; misfortunes which befel her when Rabelais wrote.

(33) Dindenarois] The German dinten-narr signifies one possess'd with the dæmon of scribbling. I fancy, Rabelais, by this, means certain scholastics, who being furiously bent on debating with one another upon questions of no moment, were mute when they should have strenuously defended the doctrine and worship of the Romish church against the Lutherans, whose party, humanly speaking, could never have subsisted, if at the beginning it had been attack'd by some preachers of the

mouth of a well] See Lucian's Icaromenippus. lost

lost hatchet ; and accordingly he made his report to the synod. Marry, said Jupiter, we are finely help'd up ; as if we had now nothing else to do here but to restore lost hatchets. Well, he must have it then for all this, for so 'tis written in the book of fate, (do you hear ?) as well as if it was worth the whole dutchy of Milan. The truth is, the fellow's hatchet is as much to him as a kingdom to a king. Come, come, let no more words be scatter'd about it, let him have his hatchet again.

Now, let us make an end of the difference betwixt the levites and [35] molecatchers of Landerouffe.

E 2

Where-

(35) Molecatchers of Landerouffe] I think it should rather be translated, their mole-ships the monks of Landerouffe : for Rabelais elsewhere, more than once, calls the monks, moles (not molecatchers) from their living as it were under ground. The original runs, *Resolvons la difference du clergé & de la taulpetiere de Landerouffe*. This difference between these two bodies of ecclesiastics, m. du. C. says, may have been the famous law-suit between the chapter of St. Gatien of Tours, and the chapter of St. Martin of the same city, about the dirt (or pus) of St. Martin. The last were in possession of this pretended relick ; but the property of it had been claim'd by the former, for the space of between three-score and fourscore years, and it was not till ten years after Rabelais's death, that the Huguenots cut this Gordian-knot. See Beza's ecclesiast. hist. on the year 1563, and m. du Thou. l. 30. [I have look'd into Thuanus, and find nothing of the matter in that year ; but only the huguenots rising at Tours, and destroying all the relicks, which is what I suppose m. le du. C. means by cutting the Gordian-knot. As for Beza's eccl. hist. I can't learn where I may find it, tho' I have search'd several very considerable public libraries. I want to know whether the relick above-mention'd (in French *les boues*) signifies dirt. The grand Trevoux dictionary says, the Parisians are tax'd to *les boues*, the scavenger, I take it
I neve

Whereabouts were we? Priapus was standing in the chimney-corner, and having heard what Mercury had reported, said in a most courteous and (36) jovial manner: King Jupiter, while by your order and particular favour, I was garden-keeper-general on earth, I observed that this word hatchet is equivocal to many things: for it signifies a certain instrument, by the means of which men fell and cleave timber. It also signifies (at least I am sure it did formerly) a female soundly and frequently thumpthumpriggletickletwiddletoby'd. Thus I perceiv'd that every cock of the game us'd to call his doxy, his hatchet; for with that same tool (this he said lugging out and exhibiting his nine inch knocker) they so strongly and resolutely shove and drive in their helves, that the females remain free from a fear epidemical amongst their sex, viz. that from the bottom of the male's belly the instrument should dangle at his heel for want of such feminine progs. And I remember, (for I have a memory, and a memory too, ay, and a fine memory, large enough to fill a butter-firkin :) I remember, I say, that one day of (37) tubilustre [horn-fair] at the

I never before met with les boues in the plural.] But m. le du. C. goes on: I am not ignorant that the registers of the church of St. Martin de Tours, from Louis XIth's time to Charles IX, make not the least mention of this law-suit; but as the success of it was pretty singular, and the whole affair divulged by Beza, in such a manner as to do the contending parties no honour, it is possible that since the annihilating the relic, which occasioned the suit, so much of the record as concern'd this affair may be secreted, thereby to create a suspicion of the huguenot historian's veracity.

*(36) Jovial manner] Priapus was reckon'd to be Jupiter's son: wherefore Rabelais somewhere calls him John Thursday.

(37) Tubilustre] From tuba, a trumpet, and lustrum, a fa-

The author's prologue. lxxvii

the festivals of good-man Vulcan in May, I heard (38) Josquin Des prez, Olkegan, Hobreths, Agricola, Brumel, Camelin, Vigoris, de la Fage, Bruyor, Prioris, Seguin, de la Rue, Midy, Moulu, Mouton, Gascoigne, Loiset, Compere, Penet, Fevin, Roufée, Richard Fort, Rousseau, Confilion, Constantio Festi, Jacquet Bercan, melodiously singing the following catch on a pleasant green.

Long John to bed went to his bride,
And laid a mallet by his side:
What means this mallet, John, saith she?
Why! 'tis to wedge thee home, quoth he.
Alas! cry'd she, the man's a fool:
What need you use a wooden tool?
When lusty John does to me come,
He never shoves but with his bum.

Nine olympiads, and an intercalary year after (I have a rare member, I wou'd say memory; but I often make blunders in the symbolization and colligance of those two words) I heard Adrian Villard, Gombert, Janequin, Arcadet, Claudin, Certon, Manchicourt, Auxerre, Villiers, Sandrin, Sobier, Hesdin, Morales, Passereau, Maille, Maillart, Jacotin, Hurteur, Verdolor, Carpentras, l'Heritier, Cadeac, Doublet, Vermont, Bouteiller, Lupi, Pagnier, Millet,

a sacrifice. The Cambridge dictionary gives a somewhat different account of this feast from what Cotgrave does, who says, it was the day whereon the trumpets dedicated to sacrifices were hollow'd (I suppose he means hallow'd) and the trumpeters with water purged. M. Motteux, in his merry way, calls it horn-fair.

38) Josquin Des prez] Ten of those many musicians nam'd here, were the disciples of this excellent musician, who was of Cambray. There are several books of songs of his composing, printed with the music-notes at Paris, Lyons, Antwerp, &c.

lxxviii The author's prologue.

du Moulin, Alaire, Maraut, Morpin, Gendre, and other merry lovers of musick, in (39) a private garden, under some fine shady trees, round about a bulwark of flaggons, gammons, pasties, with several coated quails, and lac'd mutton, waggishly singing :

Since tools without their hafts are usefess lumber,
And hatchets without helves are of that number;
That one may go in t'other, and may match it,
I'll be the helve, and thou shalt be the hatchet.

Now would I know what kind of hatchet this bawling Tom wants? This threw all the venerable gods and goddesfes into a fit of laughter, like any microcosm of flies; and even fet limping Vulcan a hopping and jumping (40) smoothly three or four times for the sake of his dear. Come, come, said Jupiter to Mercury, run down immediately, and cast at the poor fellow's feet three hatchets; his own, another of gold, and a third of maffy silver, all of one size: then having left it to his will to take his choice, if he take his own, and be satisfied with it, give him t'other two: if he take another, chop his head off with his own: and henceforth serve me all those losers of hatchets after that manner. Having said this, Jupiter, with an aukward turn of his head, like a jackanapes swallowing of pills, made so dreadful a phyz, that all the vast Olympus quak'd again. Heaven's foot-messenger, thanks to his low-crown'd narrow-brimm'd hat, his plume of feathers, heel-

(39) A private garden] Belon, l. 4, c. 26, of his *Ornithologia*, seems to speak of this adventure, and dates it in 1552.

(40) Smoothly] He danced the trihori of Bretagne. This, says Cotgrave, is a kind of Bretish, and peasantly or boorish dance, consisting of three steps, and perform'd by those hobling youths, commonly in a round.

pieces,

pieces, and running stick with pidgeon wings, flings himself out at heaven's wicket, thro' the empty deserts of the air, and in a trice nimbly alights on the earth, and throws at friend Tom's feet the three hatchets, saying to him; Thou hast bawl'd long enough to be a-dry: thy prayers and request are granted by Jupiter: see which of these three is thy hatchet, and take it away with thee. Wellhung lifts up the golden hatchet, peeps upon it, and finds it very heavy: then staring on Mercury, cries, Cods-zouks this is none of mine; I won't ha't: the same he did with the silver one, and said, 'Tis not this neither, you may e'en take them again. At last, he takes up his own hatchet, examines the end of the helve, and finds his mark there: then, ravish'd with joy, like a fox that meets some straggling poultry, and sneering from the tip of the nose, he cry'd, By the mass, this is my hatchet, master god; if you will leave it me, I will sacrifice to you a very good and huge pot of milk, brim full, cover'd with fine straw-berries, next ides, i. e. the 15th of May.

Honest fellow, said Mercury, I leave it thee; take it; and because thou hast wish'd and chosen moderately, in point of hatchet, by Jupiter's command, I give thee these two others: thou hast now wherewith to make thyself rich: be honest. Honest Tom gave Mercury a whole cartload of thanks, and rever'd the most great Jupiter. His old hatchet he fastens close to his leathern girdle, and girds it above his breech like (41) Martin of Cambray: the two others,

(41) Martin of Cambray] Martin & Martine are the names which are given to two figures, who each with a (marteau) hammer, strike the hours on the clock at Cambray. And Martin being represented as a peasant in a jacket, girded about the waist very tight; thence comes it that when a man is ridiculously girt with his belt over his cloaths, people say proverbially, he's girt like Martin of Cambray.

being more heavy, he lays on his shoulder. Thus he plods on trudging over the fields, keeping a good countenance amongst his neighbours and fellow-parishioners, with one merry saying or other after Pate-lin's way. The next day, having put on a clean white jacket, he takes on his back the two precious hatchets, and comes to Chinon the famous city, noble city, ancient city, yea the first city in the world, according to the judgment and assertion of the most learned massoreths. At Chinon he turned his silver hatchet into fine testons, crown-pièces, and other white cash; his golden hatchet into fine angels, curious ducats, substantial ridders, spankers, and rose nobles: then with them purchases a good number of farms, barns, houses, out-houses, thatch'd-houses, stables, meadows, orchards, fields, vineyards, woods, arable lands, pastures, ponds, mills, gardens, nurseries, oxen, cows, sheep, goats, swine, hogs, asses, horses, hens, cocks, capons, chickens, geese, ganders, ducks, drakes, and a world of all other necessities, and in a short time became the richest man in the country, nay even richer than that limping scrape-good Maulevrier. (42) His brother bumkins, and the other yeomen and country-puts thereabouts, perceiving his

(42) His brother bumpkins] Rabelais's words are *Ley francs gontiers & jaques bons hommes*. *Franc-gontier* is one of the better sort of peasants, and such whose circumstances enable 'em to help their poor neighbours, such as our Tom was before his good fortune. *Gunter* is a High-Dutch word made by contraction, from *gunstiger* (deriv'd originally from the verb *gonnon*): it signifies properly a man able to do others a service. See *Becman*, p. 903, of his *de originibus linguæ Latinæ*, ann. 1613. *Franc-gontier* is a word of long standing in France. As for *jaques bons-hommes*, they are the next step below the other: a good sort of country folks, to whom our romances give the name of *jaques*, from their wear-a cotton sleeveless waistcoat called *jaques*.

good

good fortune, were not a little amaz'd, insomuch that their former pity of Tom was soon chang'd into an envy of his so great and unexpected rise: and as they could not for their souls devise how this came about, they made it their business to pry up and down, and lay their heads together, to enquire, seek, and inform themselves by what means, in what place, on what day, what hour, how, why and wherefore, he had come by this great treasure.

At last, hearing it was by losing his hatchet, Ha, ha! said they, was there no more to do, but to lose a hatchet, to make us rich? Mum for that; 'tis as easy as pissing a bed, and will cost but little. Are then at this time the revolutions of the heavens, the constellations of the firmament, and aspects of the planets such, that whosoever shall lose a hatchet, shall immediately grow rich? Ha, ha, ha! by Jove, you shall e'en be lost, an't please you, my dear hatchet. With this they all fairly lost their hatchets out of hand. The devil of one that had a hatchet left: he was not his mother's son, that did not lose his hatchet. No more was wood fell'd or cleav'd in that country, through want of hatchets. Nay, the æsopian apologue even saith, that certain petty country (43) gents, of the lower class, who had sold Wellhung their little mill and little field, to have wherewithal to make a figure at the next muster, having been told that this treasure was come to him by this only means, sold the only badge of their gentility, their swords, to purchase hatchets to go to lose them, as the silly clodpates did, in hopes to gain store of chink by that loss.

You would have truly sworn they had been a parcel of your petty spiritual usurers, Rome-bound, selling their all, and borrowing of others to buy store of mandates, a penny-worth of a new-made pope.

(43) Gents] Janspill' hommes, 'a sort of small gentry, a little given to pillage; thence the word.

Now they cry'd out and bray'd, and pray'd, and bawl'd, and invok'd Jupiter: My hatchet! my hatchet! Jupiter, my hatchet! on this side, my hatchet! on that side, my hatchet! ho, ho, ho, ho, Jupiter, my hatchet! The air round about rung again with the cries and howlings of these rascally losers of hatchets.

Mercury was nimble in bringing them hatchets; to each offering that which he had lost, as also another of gold, and a third of silver.

Every he still was for that of gold, giving thanks in abundance to the great giver Jupiter: but in the very nick of time, that they bow'd and stoop'd to take it from the ground, whip, in a trice, Mercury lop'd off their heads, as Jupiter had commanded; and of heads, thus cut off, the number was just equal to that of the lost hatchets.

You see how it is now; you see how it goes with those, who in the simplicity of their hearts wish and desire with moderation. Take warning by this, all you greedy, fresh-water shirks, who scorn to wish for any thing under ten thousand pounds: and do not for the future run on impudently, as I have sometimes heard you wishing, Would to God, I had now one hundred seventy-eight millions of gold! Oh! how I should tickle it off! The dewse on you, what more might a king, an emperor, or a pope wish for? For that reason, indeed, you see that after you have made such hopeful wishes, all the good that comes to you of it is the itch or the scab, and not a cross in your breeches to scare the devil that tempts you to make these wishes: no more than those two mumpers, wishers (44) after the custom of Paris; one of whom

(44) After the custom of Paris] At Paris every thing goes by grandeur: divine service lasts longer there than it does any where else, and the ell there exceeds in measure the ell of other places.

only

only wish'd to have in good old gold as much as hath been spent, bought and sold in Paris, since its first foundations were laid, to this hour; all of it valued at the price, sale, and rate of the dearest year in all that space of time. Do you think the fellow was bashful? Had he eaten four plums unpeel'd? Were his teeth on edge, I pray you? The other wish'd our lady's church brim-full of steel needles, from the floor to the top of the roof, and to have as many ducats as might be cram'd into as many bags as might be sow'd with each and every one of these needles, till they were all either broke at the point or eye. This is to wish with a vengeance! What think you of it? What did they get by't, in your opinion? Why, at night both my gentlemen had kyb'd-heels, a tetter in the chin, a church-yard cough in the lungs, a catarrh in the throat, a swindging boyl at the rump, and the devil of one musty crust of a brown george the poor dogs had to scour their grinders with. Wish therefore for mediocrity, and it shall be given unto you, and over and above yet; that is to say, provided you bestir yourselves manfully, and do your best in the mean time.

Ay, but, say you, God might as soon have given me seventy-eight thousand as the thirteenth part of one half: for he is omnipotent, and a million of gold is no more to him than one farthing. Oh, oh! pray tell me who taught you to talk at this rate of the power and predestination of God, poor silly people? Peace, tush, ft, ft, ft! fall down before his sacred face, and own the nothingness of your nothing.

Upon this, O ye that labour under the affliction of the gout, I ground my hopes; firmly believing, that if so it pleases the divine goodness, you shall obtain health; since you wish and ask for nothing else, at least for the present. Well, stay yet a little longer with half an ounce of patience.

The Genouese do not use, like you, to be satisfied with wishing health alone, when after they have all the live-long morning been in a brown-study, talk'd, ponder'd, ruminated, and resolv'd in the counting-houses, of whom and how they may squeeze the ready, and who by their craft must be hook'd in, wheedled, bubbled, sharp'd, over-reach'd and chous'd; they go to the exchange, and greet one another with a (45) Sanità & guadagno, messer; health and gain to you, sir. Health alone will not go down with the greedy curmudgeons: they over and above must wish for gain, with a pox to 'em; ay, and for the fine crowns or scudi di (46) Guadaigne: whence, heaven be praised, it happens many a time, that the silly wishers and woulders are baulk'd, and get neither.

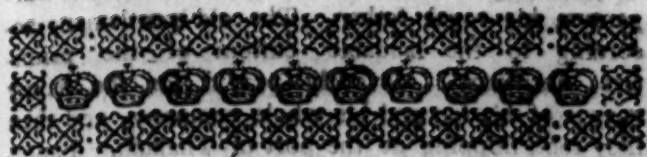
Now, my lads, as you hope for good health, cough once aloud with lungs of leather; take me off three swindging bumpers; prick up your ears; and you shall hear me tell wonders of the noble and good Pantagruel.

(45) Sanità & guadagno, messer] At Florence, and throughout Italy, the midling sort of people scarce ever salute one another any otherwise.

(46) Guadaigne] Thomas de Guadaigne, who is said to have lent Francis the 1st fifty thousand crowns, when he was first imprison'd. See *Morery* at the word Guadaigne.

17 JY 60

THE



The FOURTH BOOK of
RABELAIS's
WORKS.



CHAP. I.

How Pantagruel went to sea, to visit the
oracle of Bacbuc, aliàs the holy bottle.

IN the month of June, (1) on Vesta's holiday,
the very numerical day on which Brutus, con-
quering Spain, taught its strutting dons to
truckle under him, and that niggardly miser Crassus
was routed and knock'd on the head by the Parthi-

(1) On Vesta's holiday] The 9th of June, Ovid, l.
6. of the Fasti.

Aspicit instantes mediis sex lucibus idus
Illa dies, qua sunt vota soluta deæ.
Vesta fave : tibi nunc operata resolvimus ora :
Ad tua si nobis sacra venire licet,

ans,

ans, Pantagruel took his leave of the good Gargantua, his royal father. The old gentleman, according to the laudable custom of the primitive christians, devoutly pray'd for the happy voyage of his son and his whole company, and then they took shipping at the port of Thalassa. Pantagruel had with him Panurge, (2) friar John des Entomeures, alias, of the funnels, (3) Epistemon, Gymnast, (4) Eusthenes, (5) Rhizotomus, (6) Carpalim, cum multis aliis, his ancient servants and domestics: also Xenomanes, the great traveller, who had cross'd

(2) Friar John des Entomeures, alias friar John of the funnels] I shou'd rather translate it friar John of the chopping-knives, that being the true meaning of entomeures, as the anonymous Dutch scholiast rightly says on the words entomeur, and entomer: instead of the modern French word entamer, which signifies to have the first cut of a loaf or a joint of meat, or any thing else, from the Greek ἐντομή, ἐντέμνειν, to cut, slice, sliver; all very agreeable and suitable virtues to friar John des Entomeures, who lov'd to be perpetually running his nose into every kitchen, and playing at snicker-snee with any edible that came in his way; as the author describes him in chap. 10. and 11. of lib. 4, and lib. 1. chap. 27.

(3) Epistemon] With the accent on the last syllable but one: Ἐπιστήμων, scientiâ præditus; a man of learning.

(4) Eusthenes] Robust, strong, well-proportion'd; or a brave man. Ευσθενής, validus.

(5) Rhizotomus] Was a young page that serv'd Gargantua as an apothecary, lib. 1. c. 23. It comes from the Greek ῥιζότομος, root-cutter, as apothecaries and druggists are.

(6) Carpalim] Pantagruel's lackey: thus nam'd from the Greek καρπαλιμώς, i. e. suddenly, swiftly, the properties of a lackey, l. 2. c. 9. Carpalim's swiftnefs has already appeared.

so many dangerous roads, dikes, ponds, seas, and so forth, and was come some time before, having been sent for by Panurge.

For certain good causes and considerations him thereunto moving, he had left with Gargantua, and mark'd out, in his great and universal hydrographical chart, the course which they were to steer to visit the oracle of the holy bottle (7) Bacbuc. The number of ships were such as I described in the third book, convoyed by a like number of (8) triremes, (9) men of war, gallions and feluccas well rigg'd, caulk'd, and stor'd with a good quantity of pantagruelion.

All the officers, droggersmen, (interpreters) pilots, captains, mates, boatswains, mid-shipmen, quartermasters and sailors, met in the Thalemege, Pantagruel's principal flag-ship, which had in her stern, for her ensign, a huge large bottle, half silver,

(7) Bacbuc) Hebrew for a bottle; called so from the sound it makes when emptying.

(8) Triremes] A galley with three banks of oars, one above another; or with three oars, (tres remi) on each side or bank.

(9) Men of war] Remberges in the original. Both by its name and make, it shou'd be but a sort of row-
barge, not man of war. Howell's Cotgrave says, 'tis a long ship-or sea-vessel, narrower than a gally, but swift and easy to be govern'd. That this is a true description of it, and also that it is an English-Latin word, hear what du Bellai says, l. 10. of his memoirs, on the year 1545. Il y a une espece de navires particulieres, dont usoient nos ennemis (les Anglois) en forme plus longue que ronde, & plus estroite de beaucoup que les galeres, pour mieux se regir, & commander aux courantes qui sont ordinairement en cette mer (de la manche) a quoy les hommes sont si duits, qu'avec ces vaisseaux, ils contendent de vitesse avec les galeres, & les nomment remberges (á remo & barca.)

well

well polish'd, the other half gold, enamel'd with carnation; whereby it was easy to guess that white and red were the colours of the noble travellers, and that they went for the word of the bottle.

On the stern of the second was a lantern, like those of the ancients, industriously made with diaphanous stone, implying that they were to pass by Lanternland. The third ship had for her device a fine deep china ewer. The fourth, a double-handed jar, of gold, much like an ancient urn. The fifth, a famous can made (10) of sperm of emerald. The sixth, a monk's mumping bottle made of the four metals together. The seventh, an ebony funnel, all imboss'd and wrought with gold after the tauchic manner. The eighth an ivy goblet very precious, inlaid with gold. The ninth, a cup of fine obriz gold. The tenth, a tumbler of aromatic agoloch (you call it lignum aloes) edg'd with cyprian gold, after the (11) azemine make. The eleventh, a golden vine-tub of mosaic work. The twelfth, a runlet of unpolish'd gold, cover'd with a small vine of large Indian pearl of topiarian work. Inasmuch that there was no man, however in the dumps, musty, sour-look'd, or melancholic he were, not even excepting that blubbering whiner Heraclitus, had he been there, but, seeing this noble convoy of ships and their devices, must have been seized with present gladness of heart, and smiling at the conceit, have said, that the travellers were all honest toppers, true pitcher-men; and have judged by a most sure

(10) Sperm of Emerald] The Prasius lapis of Pliny, l. 37. c. 8. a sort of bastard emerald.

(11) Azemine make] Persian make or work. From Agem, the name by which the Arabians call Persia. Horace, *carm.* l. 2. *od.* 12, speaks of the first king of Persia, Achémenes; from whom, according to Herodotus, the Persians were called Achemenians.

prog-

prognostication, that their voyage, both outward and homeward-bound, would be performed in mirth and perfect health.

In the Thalamege, where was the general meeting, Pantagruel made a short but sweet exhortation; wholly back'd with authorities from scripture upon navigation; which being ended, with an audible voice prayers were said in the presence and hearing of all the burghers of Thalassa, who had flock'd to the mole to see them take shipping. After the prayers, was melodiously sung a psalm of the holy king David, which begins, (1) When Israel went out of Egypt; and that being ended, tables were plac'd upon deck, and a feast speedily serv'd up. The Thalassians, who had also born a chorus in the psalm, caus'd store of belly-timber and vinegar to be brought out of their houses. All drank to them: they drank to all: which was the cause that none of the whole company gave up what they had eaten, nor were sea-sick, with a pain at the head and stomach; which inconveniency they could not so easily have prevented by drinking, for some time before, salt water, either alone or mix'd with wine; using quinces, citron-peel, juice of pomegranates, fourish sweetweats, fasting a long time, covering their stomachs with paper, or following such other idle remedies, as foolish physicians prescribe to those that go to sea.

Having often renewed their tiplings, each mother's son retired on board his own ship, and let sail all so fast with a merry gale at south east; to which point of the compass the chief pilot, James Brayer by name, had shap'd his course; and fix'd all things accordingly. For feeling that the oracle of

(12) When Israel, &c.] In Rabelais's time, the psalms of David were sung publicly at court, being newly put into rhyme by Marot.

the

the holy bottle lay near Catay, in the Upper India, his advice, and that of Xenomanes also, was not to steer the course which the Portuguese use, while sailing through the torrid zone, and cape Bona speranza at the south point of Afric, beyond the equinoctial line, and losing sight of the northern pole, their guide, they make a prodigious long voyage; but rather to keep as near the parallel of the said India as possible, and to tack to the westward of the said pole, so that winding under the north, they might find themselves in the latitude of the port of Olone, without coming nearer it for fear of being shut up in the frozen sea; whereas following this canonical turn, by the said parallel, they must have that on the right to the eastward, which at their departure was on their left.

This prov'd a much shorter cut: for without shipwreck, danger, or loss of men, with uninterrupted good weather, except one day near the island of the Macreons, they perform'd in less than four months the voyage of Upper India; which the Portuguese, with a thousand inconveniences and innumerable dangers, can hardly compleat in three years. And it is my opinion, with submission to better judgments, that this course was perhaps steered by those Indians who sail'd to Germany, and were honourably receiv'd by the (13) king of the Swedes, while

Quintus

(13) King of the Swedes, &c.] Of the three passages concerning this piece of history, in as many ancient authors, the first in date is lost, namely that of Corn. Nepos, whom Pomp. Mela has but copied, l. 3. c. 5. de situ orbis. Nay, even he, if his commentator Vossius may be credited, did not write Suevorum, as the ancient editions of Pomp. Mela have it. It was Hermolaus Barbarus, who, not taking sufficient heed to Pliny's usual practice of substituting other names in the room of such as don't suit his humour, having found in
some

Quintus Metellus Celer was proconsul of the Gauls; as Corn. Nepos, Pomponius Mela, and Pliny after them tell us.



CHAP. II.

How Pantagruel bought many rarities in the island of Medamothy.

THAT day and the two following, they neither discovered land nor any thing new; for they had formerly sailed that way: but on the fourth

some manuscripts Botorum [I suppose m. du Chat means Boiorum] did of his own head change this word into Suevorum, which he had found in Pliny's copy of this place of Pomp. Mela. Vossius therefore asserts, that Corn. Nepos neither said Suevorum nor Boiorum; and builds this his assertion upon his finding the word to be Bætorum in all the ancient MSS. of Pomp. Mela, which he had consulted. Now, he proves by an ancient inscription, that these Bæti were the Bataves or Hollanders, call'd, says he, by historians as well as old monuments, sometimes Bati, Bæti, Batai, and sometimes Badai and Batavi, from their cantons call'd Bettua and Battua. But, since according to Vossius, it were still as ridiculous to affirm that real Indians could come by sea from their country either into Bavaria or into Holland, he takes these Indians of Corn. Nepos, for people who had only the teint and colour of Indians, and, in his opinion, were the islanders of and from Great Britain, who, as reported by Cæsar, l. 5, and Pliny, l. 22. c. 1, being accustomed in those days to paint their whole body with woad, were taken for Indians by such as knew nothing of the said custom. Rabelais, seeing the manuscripts to vary so much about the names of the nations among whom these pretended Indians landed, thought it more adviseable to write Swedes than Sweves.

they

they made an island called Medamothy, of a fine and delightful prospect, by reason of the vast number of light-houses, and high marble towers in its circuit, which is not less than that of Canada. Pantagruel, enquiring who govern'd there, heard that it was king Philophanes, absent at that time upon account of the marriage of his brother Philotheamon with the infanta of the kingdom of Engys.

Hearing this, he went ashore in the harbour, and while every ship's crew water'd, pass'd his time in viewing divers pictures, pieces of tapestry, animals, fishes, birds, and other exotic and foreign merchandises, which were along the walks of the mole, and in the markets of the port. For it was the third day of the great and famous fair of the place, to which the chief merchants of Africa and Asia resorted. Out of these friar John bought him two rare pictures; in one of which, the face of a man that brings in an appeal, (or that calls out to another) was drawn to the life; and in the other a servant that wants a master, with every needful particular, action, countenance, look, gait, feature and deportment, being an original, by master Charles Charmois, principal painter to (1) king Megistus; and he paid for them in the court fashion, (2) with *congé* and grimace. Panurge bought a large picture, copied and done from the needle-work formerly wrought by Philomela, shewing to her sister Progne how her brother-in-law Tereus had by force han-

(1) King Megistus] The king of France, whom in chap. 35. of lib. 3, Rabelais calls the great king, and whom he here represents under the idea of the greatest king in Christendom.

(2) With *congé*, &c.] *En monnoye de singe*, that is, in mumbling over (like a chattering monkey) some prayers on behalf of the merchant, who was satisfied with that sort of cash.

led her copy-hold, and then cut out her tongue, that she might not (as women will) tell tales. I vow and swear by the handle of my paper lantern, that it was (3) a gallant, a mirific, nay, a most admirable piece. Nor do you think, I pray you, that in it was the picture of a man playing the beast with two backs with a female; this had been too silly and gross: no, no; it was another-guise thing, and much plainer. You may, if you please, see it at Thelème, on the left hand, as you go into the high gallery. Epistemon bought another, wherein were painted to the life, the ideas of Plato and the atoms of Epicurus. Rizotomus purchased another, wherein echo was drawn to the life. Pantagruel caused to be bought by Gymnast, the life and deeds of Achilles, in seventy-eight pieces of tapestry four fathom long and three fathom broad, all of phrygian silk imboss'd with gold and silver; the work beginning at the nuptials of Peleus and Thetis, continuing to the birth of Achilles: his youth, described by Statius Papinius; his warlike achievements, celebrated by Homer; his death and exequies, written by Ovid and Quintus Calabar; and ending at the appearance of his ghost, and Polyxena's sacrifice, rehearsed by Euripides.

He also caused to be bought three fine young unicorns; one of them a male of a chefnut colour, and two grey dappled females; also a tarand, whom he bought of a Scythian of the Gelone's country.

(4) A tarand is an animal as big as a bullock, having a head like a stag, or a little bigger, two

(3) A gallant, &c.] This puts one in mind of that other picture in Tiberius's closet, not unlike it both for the subject and artifice, mentioned by Suetonius and Martial.

(5) Tarand] See Pliny, l. 8. c. 34.

stately

stately horns with large branches, cloven feet, hair long like that of a fur'd Muscovite, I mean a bear, and a skin almost as hard as steel armor. The Scythian said that there are but few tarands to be found in Scythia, (5) because it varieth its colour according to the diversity of the places where it grazes and abides, and represents the colour of the grafs, plants, trees, shrubs, flowers, meadows, rocks, and generally of all things near which it comes. It hath this common with the sea-pulp, or (6) polypus, with the thoes, with the (7) wolves of India, and with the chamælion; which is a kind of a lizard so wonderful, that Democritus hath written (8) a whole book of its figure, and anatomy, as also of its virtue and propriety in magick. This I can affirm, that I have seen it change its colour not only at the approach of things that have a colour, but by its own voluntary impulse, according to its fear or other affections: as for example, upon a great carpet, I have seen it certainly become green; but having remain'd there some time, it turn'd yellow, blue, tan'd, and purple in course, in the same manner as you see a turky-cock's comb change colour according to its passions. But what we find most surprising in this tarand is, that not only its face and skin, but also its hair could take whatever colour was about it. Near Panurge, with his kerfy coat, its hair used to turn grey; near Pantagruel, with his scarlet mantle, its hair and skin grew red; near the pilot, dress'd after the fashion of the isiacs of Anubis in Ægypt, its

(5) Because, &c.] I don't understand the reasonableness of this reason; but 'tis a Scythian that speaks.

(6) Polypus] See Pliny, l. 9. c. 29.

(7) Wolves] See Pliny, l. 8. c. 34.

(8) A whole book, &c.] See Pliny, l. 22. c. 8.

hair

hair seem'd all white; which two last colours the
(9) chamælion can't borrow.

When the creature was free from any fear or affection, the colour of its hair was just such as you see that of the asses of Meung.



C H A P. III.

How Pantagruel received a letter from his father Gargantua, and of the strange way to have speedy news from far distant places.

WHILE Pantagruel was taken up with the purchase of those foreign animals, the noise of ten guns and culverins, together with a loud and joyful cheer of all the fleet, was heard from the mole. Pantagruel look'd towards the haven, and perceived that this was occasion'd by the arrival of one of his father Gargantua's celoces, or advice-boats, named the Chelidonia; because on the stern of it was carv'd in corinthian brags, a sea swallow; which is a fish as large as a dare-fish of Loire, all flesh, without scale, with cartilaginous wings (like a bat's) very long and broad, by the means of which, I have seen them fly a fathom above water, about a bow-shot. At Marfeilles this flying fish is call'd lendole. And indeed that ship was as light as a swallow; so that it rather seem'd to fly on the sea than to sail. Malicorne, Gargantua's esquire carver, was come in her, being sent expressly by his master to have an account of his son's health and circumstances, and to bring him credentials. When Malicorne had saluted Pantagruel,

(9) Chamælion can't borrow] See Plutarch in his treatise of natural causes,

and

and the prince had embraced him about the neck, and shew'd him a little of the cap-courtesy, before he opened the letters, the first thing he said to him, was, Have you here the (1) Gozal, the (2) heavenly messenger? Yes, sir, said he, here it is swaddled up in this basket. It was a grey pigeon, taken out of Gargantua's dove-house, whose young ones were just hatch'd when the advice-boat was going off.

If any ill fortune had befallen Pantagruel, he would have fasten'd some black ribband to his feet; but because all things had succeeded happily hitherto, having caus'd it to be undress'd, he ty'd to its feet a white ribbon, and, without any farther delay, let it loose. The pigeon presently flew away, cutting the air with an incredible speed; as you know that there is no flight like a pigeon's, especially when it hath eggs or young ones, through the extreme care which nature hath fix'd in it to relieve, and be with its young; in-somuch, that in less than two hours it compass'd in the air, the long tract which the advice-boat, with all her diligence, with oars and sails, and a fair wind, could not go through in less than three days and three nights, and was seen as it was going into the dove-house to its nest. Whereupon the worthy Gargantua, hearing that it had the white ribbon on, was joyful and secure of his son's welfare. This was the custom of the noble Gargantua and Pantagruel, when they would have speedy news of something of great concern; as the event of some battle, either by sea or land; the surrendering or holding out of some strong place; the determination of some difference of moment; the safe or unhappy delivery of some queen

(1) Gozal] Hebrew word for a (sitting) pigeon.

(2) Heavenly messenger] This piece of ingenuity, or political contrivance, was not unknown to the ancients. See Pliny, l. 10. c. 24, and Frontinus, l. 3. but it was most happily practis'd in 1573, by the Dutch, when the Spaniards were besieging Harlem.

or great lady; the death or recovery of their sick friends or allies, and so forth. They used to take the gozal, and had it carried from one to another by the post, to the places whence they desir'd to have news. The gozal, bearing either a black or white ribband, according to the occurrences and accidents, us'd to remove their doubts at its return, making in the space of one hour, more way thro' the air, than thirty post-boys could have done in one natural day. May not this be said to redeem and gain time with a vengeance, think you? For the like service, therefore, you may believe, as a most true thing, that, in the dove-houses of their farms, there were to be found, all the year long, store of pigeons hatching eggs, or rearing their young. Which may be easily done in aviaries and voleries, by the help of salt-petre, and the sacred herb vervain.

The gozal being let fly, Pantagruel perus'd his father Gargantua's letter, the contents of which were as followeth.

My dearest son,

THE affection that naturally a father bears to a beloved son, is so much increased in me, by reflecting on the particular gifts which by the divine goodness have been heaped on thee, that since thy departure it hath often banish'd all other thoughts out of my mind; leaving my heart wholly possess'd with fear, lest some misfortune has attended thy voyage: for thou knowest that fear was ever the attendant of true and sincere love. Now because, (as Hesiod saith) a good beginning of any thing is the half of it; or, well begun's half done, according to the old saying; to free my mind from this anxiety, I have expressly dispatched (3) Malicorne,

(3) Malicorne] There was one sieur de Malicorne, &c. as appears by the records of Touraine, in 1559.

that he may give me a true account of thy health at the beginning of thy voyage. For if it be good, and such as I wish it, I shall easily foresee the rest.

I have met with some diverting books, which the bearer will deliver thee: thou mayst read them when thou wantest to unbend and ease thy mind from thy better studies. He will also give thee at large the news at court. The peace of the Lord be with thee. Remember me to Panurge, friar John, Epistemon, Xenomanes, Gymnast, and thy other principal domesticks, my good friends. Dated at our paternal seat, this 13th day of June.

Thy father and friend,

GARGANTUA.

CH A P. IV.

How Pantagruel writ to his father Gargantua, and sent him several curiosities.

Pantagruel, having perused the letter, had a long conference with the esquire Malicorne; inso-much, that Panurge at last interrupting them, ask'd him, Pray, sir, when do you design to drink; when shall we drink? when shall the worshipful esquire drink? what a devil! have you not talk'd long enough to drink? 'Tis a good motion, answered Pantagruel; go, get us something ready at the next inn; I think 'tis the satyr on horse-back. In the mean time he writ to Gargantua as followeth, to be sent by the aforesaid esquire,

Most

Most gracious father,

AS our senses and animal faculties are more compos'd at the news of events unexpected, tho' desir'd, (even to an immediate dissolution of the soul from the body) than if those accidents had been foreseen; so the coming of Malicorne hath much surpris'd and disorder'd me. For I had no hopes to see any of your servants, or to hear from you, before I had finish'd our voyage; and contented myself with the dear remembrance of your august majesty, deeply impress'd in the hindmost ventricle of my brain, often representing you to my mind.

But since you have made me happy beyond expectation, by the perusal of your gracious letter, and the faith I have in your esquire, hath reviv'd my spirits by the news of your welfare; I am, as it were, compell'd to do what formerly I did freely, that is, first to praise the blessed redeemer, who by his divine goodness preserves you in this long enjoyment of perfect health; then to return you eternal thanks for the fervent affection, which you have for me your most humble son and unprofitable servant.

Formerly a Roman, named Furnius, said to Augustus, who had received his father into favour, and pardoned him after he had sided with Anthony, that by that action the emperor had reduc'd him to this extremity, that for want of power to be grateful, both while he lived and after it, he should be obliged to be tax'd with ingratitude. So I may say, that the excess of your fatherly affection, drives me into such a streight, that I shall be forc'd to live and die ungrateful; unless that crime be redress'd by the sentence of the stoicks, who say, that there are three parts in a benefit, the one of the giver, the other of the receiver, the third of the remunerator; and that the receiver rewards the giver, when he freely receives the benefit, and always remembers it; as on the contrary, That man is most ungrateful who despises

and forgets a benefit. Therefore, being overwhelm'd with infinite favours, all proceeding from your extreme goodness, and on the other side wholly incapable of making the smallest return, I hope, at least, to free myself from the imputation of ingratitude, since they can never be blotted out of my mind; and my tongue shall never cease to own, that, to thank you as I ought, transcends my capacity.

As for us, I have this assurance in the Lord's mercy and help, that the end of our voyage will be answerable to its beginning, and so it will be intirely perform'd in health and mirth. I will not fail to set down in a journal a full account of our navigation, that, at our return, you may have an exact relation of the whole.

I have found here a scythian tarand, an animal strange and wonderful for the variations of colour on its skin and hair, according to the distinction of neighbouring things: it is as tractable and easily kept as a lamb; be pleas'd to accept of it,

X I also send you three young unicorns, which are the tamest of creatures.

I have conferred with the esquire, and taught him how they must be fed. These cannot graze on the ground, by reason of the long horn on their forehead, but are forced to brouze on fruit trees, or on proper racks, or to be fed by hand, with herbs, sheaves, apples, pears, barley, rye, and other fruits, and roots, being plac'd before them.

I am amazed that ancient writers should report them to be so wild, furious, and dangerous, and never seen alive: far from it, you will find that they are the mildest things in the world, provided they are not maliciously offended. Likewise I send you the life and deeds of Achilles, in curious tapestry; assuring you whatever rarities of animals, plants, birds, or precious stones, and others, I shall be able to find and purchase in our travels, shall be brought to you,

God

God willing, whom I beseech, by his blessed grace, to preserve you.

From Medamothy, this 15th of June. Panurge, friar John, Epistemon, Xenomanes, Gymnast, Eusthenes, Rhizotomus, and Carpalim, having most humbly kiss'd your hand, return your salute a thousand times.

Your most dutiful son and servant,

PANTAGRUEL.

While Pantagruel was writing this letter, Malicorne was made welcome by all with a thousand goodly good-morrows and howd'ye's : they clung about him so, that I cannot tell you how much they made of him, how many humble services, how many from my love and to my love were sent with him. Pantagruel, having writ his letters, sat down at table with him, and afterwards presented him with a large chain of gold, weighing eight hundred crowns ; between whose septenary links, some large diamonds, rubies, emeralds, turky stones, and unions were alternatively set in. To each of his bark's crew, he ordered to be given five hundred crowns. To Gargantua, his father, he sent the tarand covered with a cloth of sattin, brocaded with gold ; and the tapestry containing the life and deeds of Achilles, with the three unicorns in friz'd cloth of gold trappings : and so they left Medamothy : Malicorne, to return to Gargantua ; and Pantagruel, to proceed in his voyage : during which, Epistemon read to him the books which the esquire had brought : and because he found them jovial and pleasant, I shall give you an account of them, if you earnestly desire it,

C H A P. V.

How Pantagruel met a ship with passengers returning from Lanternland.

ON the fifth day, beginning already to wind by little and little about the pole, going still farther from the equinoctial-line, we discover'd a merchant-man to the windward of us. The joy for this was not small on both sides; we in hopes to hear news from sea, and those in the merchant-man from land. So we bore upon 'em, and coming up with them, we hail'd them: and finding them to be Frenchmen of Xaintonge, back'd our sails and lay by to talk to them. Pantagruel heard that they came from Lanterland; which added to his joy, and that of the whole fleet. We enquir'd about the state of that country, and the way of living of the Lanterns: and were told, that about the latter end of the following July, was (1) the time prefix'd for the meeting of

(1) The time prefix'd] The council of Trent, which, in concert with the emperor and pope, at this time continued sitting, in spite of the opposition made to it by the king of France. Rabelais, by the word Lanterns, means the prelates and divines of that assembly; because, instead of enlightening the people, (as they would do if they answered the end of their function,) they consumed abundance of time in lanterning, as the French say, (i. e. trifling and playing the fool) and in no wise heal'd or compos'd the differences of religion. To lanternize profoundly, as the author a little lower says they would do at this council, means, to put one's self into a deep meditation, as the monks do, when the hood of their habit, being brought over their faces, looks like the top of a lantern.

the

the general chapter of the Lanterns; and that if we arrived there at that time, as we might easily, we should see a handsome, honourable, and jolly company of Lanterns; and that great preparations were making, as if they intended to lanternise there to the purpose. We were told also, that if we touch'd at the great kingdom of Gebarim, we should be honourably received, and treated by the sovereign of that country, king Ohabe, who, as well as all his subjects, speaks Touraine French.

While we were listening to this news, Panurge fell out with one Dingdong, a drover or sheep-merchant of Taillebourg. The occasion of the fray was thus.

This same Dingdong, seeing Panurge without a cod-piece, with his spectacles fasten'd to his cap, said to one of his comrades, Prithee, look, is not there a fine medal of a cuckold? Panurge, by reason of his spectacles, as you may well think, heard more plainly by half with his ears than usually; which caused him (hearing this) to say to the sawcy dealer in mutton, in a kind of a pet:

How the devil should I be one of the hornify'd fraternity, since I am not yet a brother of the marriage-noose, as thou art; as I guess by thy ill-favoured phyz?

Yea verily, quoth the grazier, I am married, and would not be otherwise for all the pairs of spectacles in Europe; nay, not for all the magnifying gim-cracks in Africa: for I have got me the cleverest, prettiest, handsomest, properest, neatest, tightest, honestest, and soberest piece of woman's flesh for my wife, that is in all the whole country of Xaintonge; I'll say that for her, and a fart for all the rest. I bring her home a fine eleven-inch-long branch of red coral, for her christmas-box: what has thou to do with it? what's that to thee? who art thou? whence comest thou, O dark lanthorn of

antichrist? Answer, if thou art of God. I ask thee, by the way of question, said Panurge to him very seriously, if with the consent and countenance of all the elements, I had gingumbob'd, cod-piec'd, and (2) thumpthumpriggledtickledtwidl'd thy so clever, so pretty, so handsome, so proper, so neat, so tight, so honest, and so sober female importance, insomuch that the stiff deity that has no forecast, Priapus, (who dwells here at liberty, all subjection of fastened cod-pieces, or bolts, bars, and locks, abdicated) remain'd sticking in her natural christmas-box in such a lamentable manner, that it were never to come out, but eternally should stick there, unless thou didst pull it out with thy teeth; what wouldst thou do? wouldst thou everlastingly leave it there, or wouldst thou pluck it out with thy grinders? Answer me, O thou ram of Mahomet, since thou art one of the devil's gang. I would, reply'd the sheep-monger, take thee such a woundy cut on this spectacle-bearing lug of thine, with my trusty bilbo, as would smite thee dead as a herring. Thus having taken pepper in the nose, he was lugging out his sword: but alas! curs'd cows have short horns; it stuck in the scabbard; as you know that at sea, cold iron will easily take rust, by reason of the excessive and nitrous moistness. Panurge, so smitten with terror, that his heart sunk down to his midriff, scower'd off to Pantagruel for help: but friar John laid hand on his flashing scymiter that was (3) new ground, and would certainly have dispatch'd

(2) Thump, &c.] Sacfachezevezinemasse, in the original. A word not much shorter than nastypatiturdifacilowzifartical fellow, which we see quoted in the Cambridge dictionary.

(3) New-ground] Friar John had got it new-ground, upon Panurge's telling him (l. 3. c. 23.) that, for want of occupation, it was become more rusty than the key-hole of an old powdering-tub.

Ding-

Dingdong to rights, had not the skipper, and some of his passengers, beseech'd Pantagruel not to suffer such an out-rage to be committed on board his ship. So the matter was made up, and Panurge and his antagonist shak'd fists, and drank in course to one another, in token of a perfect reconciliation.

C H A P. VI.

How the fray being over, Panurge cheapened one of Dingdong's sheep.

THIS quarrel being hush'd, Panurge tipp'd the wink upon Epistemon and friar John, and taking them aside; Stand at some distance out of the way, said he, and take your share of the following scene of mirth: you shall have rare sport anon, if my cake be'nt dough, and my plot do but take. Then addressing himself to the drover, he took off to him a bumper of good (1) lantern wine. The other pledg'd him briskly and courteously. This done, Panurge earnestly intreated him to sell him one of his sheep.

But the other answer'd him, Is it come to that, friend and neighbour? Would you put tricks upon travellers? Alas, how finely you love to play upon poor folk! Nay, you seem a rare chapman, that's the truth on't. Oh what a mighty sheep-merchant you are! In good faith, you look liker one of the diving trade, than a buyer of sheep. Adzookers, what a blessing it would be to have one's purse, well lin'd with chink, near your worship at a tripe-house,

(1) Lantern wine] Excellent wine, wine theological.

F 5 (2) when

(2) when it begins to thaw! Humph, humph, did not we know you well, you might serve one a slippery trick! Pray do but see, good people, what a mighty conjurer the fellow would be reckon'd. Patience, said Panurge: but waving that, be so kind as to sell me one of your sheep. Come, how much? What do you mean, master of mine, answer'd the other? They are long-wool'd sheep: from these did Jason take his golden fleece. The order of the house of Burgundy was drawn from them. Zwoons, man, they are oriental sheep, topping sheep, fatted sheep, sheep of quality. Be it so, said Panurge: but sell me one of them, I beseech you, and that for a cause, paying you ready money upon the nail, in good and lawful occidental current cash. Wilt say how much? Friend, neighbour, answer'd the seller of mutton, hark'e me a little, on the ear.

Panurge. On which side you please; I hear you.

Dingdong. You are going to Lantern-land, they say.

Panurge. Yea, verily.

Ding. To see fashions?

Panurge. Yea, verily.

Ding. And be merry?

Panurge. Yea, verily.

Din. Your name is, as I take it, Robin Mutton?

Panurge. As you please for that, sweet sir.

Ding. Nay, without offence.

Panurge. (3) So I understand it.

Ding.

(2) When it begins to thaw] In a thaw, when tripe may be had almost for nothing, it would not be over-safe to be near you in a crowd of poor people striving to buy that sort of mouth ammunition. An honest man's purse wou'd stand a bad chance in company of such an odd, ill looking sort of a chap as you.

(3) So I understand it] The first edition of the 2d book of Rabelais contained nothing injurious against Calvin: but

Ding. You are, as I take it, the king's jester; are not you?

Panurge. Yea, verily.

Ding. Give me your hand,-----humph, humph, you go to see fashions, you are the king's jester, your name is (4) Robin Mutton! Do you see this same ram? His name too is Robin. Here Robin, Robin, Robin? Baea, baea, baea. Hath he not a rare voice?

Panurge. Ay, marry has he, a very fine and harmonious voice.

Ding. Well, this bargain shall be made between you and me, friend and neighbour; we will get a pair of scales, then you Robin Mutton shall be put into one of them, and Tup Robin into the other. Now I'll hold you a peck of Busch oysters, that in weight, value, and price, he shall outdo you, and you shall be found light in the very numerical manner, as when you shall be hang'd and suspended.

Patience, said Panurge: but you would do much for me, and your whole posterity, if you would chaffer with me for him, or some other of his inferiors.

but Calvin, in the first of his letters, in the year 1553, having rank'd Pantagruel among obscene and prohibited books, the reader has already seen how in his turn Rabelais delineates Calvin under the names of predestinator and impostor, in the preface to the last editions of the said 2d book. Here, from scurrility he passes to raillery, and when he brings in Panurge answering Dingdong by so I understand it, and by four yea verily running, it is visible he ridicules the too frequent use of those words in Calvin's catechism.

(4) Robin Mutton] To call any one un plaisant Robin, is as much as to call him simpleton, because a sheep is counted the silliest of all quadrupedés. As for Robin, in the signification of mutton, that word may come from Rupinus; for sheep must have heads as hard a rock (rupes) to push at one another as they do,

I beg it of you; good your worship, be so kind. Hark'e, friend of mine, answer'd the other, with the fleece of these, your fine Roan cloth is to be made; your Lemster superfine wool is mine arse to't; mere flock in comparison. Of their skins the best cordivant will be made, which shall be sold for turky and montelimart, or for spanish leather at least. Of the guts shall be made fiddle and harp strings, that will sell as dear as if they came from (5) Munican or Aquilela. What do you think on't, hah? If you please, sell me one of them, said Panurge, and (6) I will be yours for ever. Look, here's ready cash. What's the price? This he said, exhibiting his purse stuffed with new henricus's.

(5) Munican] Some may understand, by this, the city of Municken, the capital of Bavaria: but I rather think the author had in his eye Monaco in Liguria; the best lutestrings coming from Italy.

(6) And I will be yours for ever] It is in the original, *j'en seray bien fort tenu au courrail de vostre huys*. I shall be so much obliged to you, that for the time to come you shall do with me just what you please, even as if I were for ever fastened to the bolt of your door, and consequently must move forwards or backwards according to the action of your hand upon me. So far *m. du Chat*. Now hear what *m. Miego* says, under the word *verrou*, a bolt for a door. *Baiser le verrou*, i. e. rendre homage; to kiss the bolt, or to do homage. Formerly, when a vassal did homage to his lord, either the lord was present or absent. If present, the vassal kiss'd him on the mouth, in case the vassal were a gentleman born; otherwise, he only kiss'd his hands. But if the lord were not present, the vassal kiss'd the bolt of the door: *courrail de huys*. Old French words; from the last of which our word *usher* comes; i. e. door-keeper.



C H A P. VII.

Which if you read, you'll find how Panurge bargain'd with Dingdong.

NEighbour, my friend, answer'd Dingdong, they are meat for none but kings and princes : their flesh is so delicate, so savoury, and so dainty, that one would swear it melted in the mouth. I bring them out of a country where the very hogs, God be with us, live on nothing but myrobalans. The sows in their styes, when they lye-in (saving the honour of this good company) are fed only with orange-flowers. But, said Panurge, (1) drive a bargain with me for one of them, and I will pay you for't like a king, upon the honest word of a true Trojan : come, come, what do you ask ? Not so fast, Robin, answer'd the trader ; these sheep are lineally descended from the very family of the ram that wast-ed Phryxus and Helle over the sea, since called the Hellespont. A pox on't, said Panurge, you are (2) clericus vel addiscens ! Ità is a cabbage, and verè a leek, answered the merchant. But (3) rr, rrr, rrrr, rrrrr,

(1) Drive a bargain, &c.] This is all taken from Merlinus Coccaius, macaronick XI, at the beginning :

Fraudifer ergo loquit pastorem Cingar ad unum :
Vis, compagne, mihi castorem vendere grossum ?

(2) Clericus vel addiscens] You know so many things, that if you are not a clerk, you are at least aspiring to be one.

(3) Rr, rrr, &c.] The canine voice of a shepherd or drover, getting together, or putting forward, a flock of sheep :

rrrrr, hoh Robin, rr, rrrrrr : you don't understand that gibberish, do you ? Now I think on't, over all the fields, where they piss, corn grows as fast as if the Lord had piss'd there ; they need neither be till'd nor dung'd. Besides, man, your chymists extract the best saltpetre in the world out of their urine, Nay, with their very dung (with reverence be it spoken) the doctors in our country make pills that cure seventy-eight kinds of diseases, the least of which is the evil of St. Eutropius of Xaintes, from which good lord deliver us ! Now what do you think on't, neighbour, my friend ? The truth is, they cost me money, that they do. Cost what they will, cry'd Panurge, trade with me for one of them, paying you well. Our friend, quoth the quack-like sheep-man, do but mind the wonders of nature that are found in those animals, even in a member which one would think were of no use. Take me but these horns, and bray them a little with an iron pestle, or with an andiron, which you please, 'tis all one to me ; then bury them wherever you will, provided it be where the sun may shine, and water them frequently ; in a few months I'll engage you'll have the best (4) asparagus in the world, not even excepting (5) those of Ravenna. Now, come and tell me whether the horns of you other knights of the bulls feather, have such a virtue and wonderful propriety ?

Patience, said Panurge. I don't know whether you be a scholar or no, pursued Dingdong : I have

sheep : r, litera, quæ in rixando prima est, canina vocatur, says Erasmus. See his adages, at the word, canina facundia.

(4) The best asparagus in the world] See Pliny, l. 19, c. 8.

(5) Those of Ravenna] Martial, epigr. 21, l. 3.

Mollis in æquorea quæ crevit spina Ravenna,
Non erit incultis gratior asparagis.

seen

seen a world of scholars, I say great scholars, that were cuckolds, I'll assure you. But hark you me, if you were a scholar, you should know that in the most inferior members of those animals (which are the feet) there is a bone (which is the heel) the astragalus, if you will have it so, wherewith, and with that of no other creature breathing, except the Indian ass, and the dorcades of Libya, they us'd in old times to play at the royal game of dice, whereat (6) Augustus the emperor won above fifty thousand crowns one evening. Now such cuckolds as you will be hang'd e're you get half so much at it. Patience, said Panurge; but let us dispatch. And when, my friend and neighbour, continu'd the canting sheep-seller, shall I have duly prais'd the inward members, the shoulders, the legs, the knuckles, the neck, the breast, the liver, the spleen, the tripes, the kidneys, the bladder, wherewith they make foot-balls; the ribs, which serve in Pigmy-land to make little cross-bows, to pelt the cranes with cherry-stones; the head, which with a little brimstone serves to make a miraculous decoction to loosen and ease the belly of costive dogs? A turd on't, said the skipper to his preaching passenger, what a fiddle-faddle have we here? There is too long a lecture by half: sell him one if thou wilt; if thou won't, don't let the man lose more time. I hate a gibble-gabble and a rimple-ramble talk; I am for a man of brevity. I will for your sake, replied the holder forth: but then he shall give me three livres French money for each, pick and chuse. 'Tis a woundy price, cried Panurge; in our country I could have five, nay six for the money: see that you do not over-reach me, master. You are not the first man whom I have known to have fallen, even sometime to the endangering, if not breaking of

(6) Augustus] See Suetonius, ch. 71, of the life of Augustus,

his own neck, for endeavouring to rise all at once. A murrain seize thee for a blockheaded booby, cried the angry seller of sheep; (7) by the worthy vow of our lady of Charroux, the worst in this flock is four times better than those which in days of yore the (8) Coraxians in Tuditania, a country of Spain, used to sell for a gold talent each; and how much dost thou think, thou Hibernian fool, that a talent of gold was

(7) By the worthy vow of our lady of Charroux] Rabelais's words are, *par le digne vœu de Charroux*, i.e. by the worthy vow of Charroux. M. Motteux has added our lady. Rabelais makes no mention of our lady; neither was that relict the image of our lady, or of any other female, but of a very large man: none of the female sex were suffer'd to come near it. See more of it among the notes on chapter v, &c. in the beginning of this volume. There the reader will find a large account of it, translated by m. Motteux from the Dutch scholiast. I shall only add what he has omitted, viz. That Charroux is a little town in the Upper Poictou, on the confines of la Marche and the Limosin, which was in great renown on account of certain reliques kept in the monastery of the abby, situated in the heart of the city, built by Charlemagne, as the monks alledge.

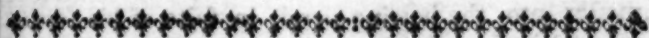
(8) Coraxians in Tuditania] Rabelais does indeed express himself exactly as it is translated, which would make one believe the Coraxians were a people of Tuditania. They were far from being so: Tuditania is Andalusia: the Coraxians were a people of Colchis. It was a troublesome, expensive and difficult thing to carry sheep from Colchis to Andalusia (from one end of the Mediterranean to the other.) This was what made the Coraxian sheep sell so dear among the Andaluzians, who, besides, abounding with gold, as they did, stuck at no price, and valued no money, so they could but furnish themselves with a breed of such sheep. See Strabo's *geogr.* l. 3.

worth





worth? Sweet fir, (9) you fall into a passion, I see, returned Panurge: well, hold, here is your money. Panurge, having paid his money, chose him out of all the flock a fine topping ram; and as he was hawling it along, crying out and bleating, all the rest, hearing and bleating in concert, star'd, to see whither their brother ram should be carried. In the mean while the drover was saying to his shepherds: Ah! how well the knave could chuse him out a ram; the whore-son has skill in cattle. On my honest word, I reserv'd that very piece of flesh for the lord of (10) Cancale, well knowing his disposition: for the good man naturally is overjoyed when he holds a good sized handsome shoulder of mutton, instead of a left-handed racket, in one hand, with a good sharp carver in the other: got wot how he bestirs himself then.



C H A P. VIII.

How Panurge caused Dingdong and his
sheep to be drowned in the sea.

ON a sudden, you would wonder how the thing was so soon done; for my part I can't tell you, for I had not leisure to mind it; our friend Panurge, without any further tittle-tattle, throws you his ram overboard into the middle of the sea, bleating and making a sad noise. Upon this all the other sheep in the ship, crying and bleating in the same

(9) You fall into a passion] Vous vous eschauffez en vostre harnois. You heat yourself in your armour. An old proverb, borrowed from tilts and tournaments.

(10) Cancale] Read Candale. There is indeed a seaport town of that name in the sea of Bretagne, not far from St. Malo: but that's not meant here.

tone,

tone, made all the haste they could to leap nimbly into the sea one after another; and great was the throng who should leap in first after their leader. It was impossible to hinder them: for you know that it is the nature of sheep always to follow the first, wheresoever it goes; which makes Aristotle, lib. 9. de hist. animal. mark them for the most silly and foolish animals in the world. Dingdong, at his wit's end, and stark staring mad, as a man who saw his sheep destroy and drown themselves before his face, strove to hinder and keep them back by might and main; but all in vain: they all one after t'other frisked and jumped into the sea, and were lost. At last he laid hold on a huge sturdy one by the fleece upon the deck of the ship, hoping to keep it back, and so to save that and the rest: but the ram was so strong that it proved too hard for him, and carried its master into the herring-pond, in spite of his teeth; where 'tis supposed he drank somewhat more than his fill: so that he was drowned, in the same manner, as one-eyed Polyphemus's sheep carried out of the den Ulysses and his companions. The like happened to the shepherds and all their gang, some laying hold on their beloved tup, this by the horns, t'other by the legs, a third by the rump, and others by the fleece; till in fine they were all of them forced to sea, and drowned like so many rats. Panurge, on the gunnel of the ship with an oar in his hand, not to help them, you may swear, but to keep them from swimming to the ship, and saving themselves from drowning, preached and canted to them all the while like any little friar Maillard, or another friar John Burges; laying before them rhetorical common places concerning the miseries of this life, and the blessings and felicity of the next; assuring them that the dead were much happier than the living in this vale of misery, and promising to erect a stately cenotaph and honorary tomb to every one of them on the highest

est summit of mount Cenis, at his return from Lan-tern-land ; wishing them nevertheless, in case they were not yet disposed to shake hands with this life, and did not like their salt liquor, they might have the good luck to meet with some kind whale which might set them ashore safe and sound, on some blessed land of Gotham, (1) after a famous example,

The ship being cleared of Dingdong and his tups : Is there ever another (2) sheepish soul left lurking on board ? cried Panurge. Where are those of Toby Lamb, and Robin Ram, that sleep whilst the rest are a feeding ? Faith I can't tell myself. This was an old coaster's trick : what thinkest of it, friar John, hah ? Rarely perform'd, answer'd friar John : only methinks that as formerly in war, on the day of battle, a double pay was commonly promised the soldiers for that day : for if they overcome, there was enough to pay them ; and if they lost, it would have been shameful for them to demand it, as the cowardly (3) foresters did after the battle of Cerizoles : so likewise,

(1) After a famous example] A l'exemple de Jonas, says Rabelais, which I think is less shocking.

(2) Sheepish soul] Ame mouttoniere ; alluding to those who, like true sheep, are incapable of determining upon any thing of themselves. According to that of Juvenal :

Vervicum in patria, crassoque sub aëre nasci.

(3) Cowardly foresters] Les fuyars gruyers, in the original. M. Motteux, in the explanation of this word, follows Cotgrave, who says gruyer is a general name for all the king's officers belonging to a forest, as keepers, verdurers, woodwards, and the like. But that it can't mean so here, is plain to a demonstration. Gruyers, says m. du Chat, were soldiers raised and levied for Swis-sers in the county of Gruyere, situated between Berne and the city of Sion, hard by Lausanne and the lake of Geneva. See Paulus Jovius, hist. l. 44. There were some

wife, my friend, you ought not to have paid your man, and the money had been saved. A fart for the money, said Panurge: have I not had above fifty thousand pounds worth of sport? Come now, let's be gone; the wind is fair. Hark you me, my friend John: never did man do me a good turn, but I returned, or at least acknowledged it: no, I scorn to be ungrateful, I never was, nor ever will be: never did man do me an ill one without ruing the day that he did it, either in this world or the next. I am not yet so much a fool neither. Thou damnest thyself like any old devil, quoth friar John: it is written, *Mihi vindictam, &c.* Matter of breviary, mark ye me; (4) that's holy stuff.



CHAP. IX.

How Pantagruel arrived at the island of Ennasin, and of the strange ways of being akin in that country.

WE had still the wind at south south west, and had been a whole day without making land. On the 3d day, at the (1) flies up-rising, [which,

some of these Gruyers in the French army at the battle of Cerizol; and as their bravery was no less depended upon than that of the Swissers themselves, they were posted promiscuously among the true Swissers in the rear: but they turned tail at the very first onset, which gave occasion to Martin Bellay to say, that it was a very difficult thing to disguise an ass like a war-horse. See his mem. in the year 1543.

(4) That's holy stuff] A frequent addition of m. Motteux.

(1) The flies up-rising] The words between these marks

[which, you know, is some two or three hours after the sun's,] we got sight of a triangular island, very much like Sicily for its form and situation. It was called the island of alliances.

The people there are much like your (2) carrot-pated Poitevins, save only that all of them, men,

marks [], are not in Rabelais, who only says à l'aube des mouches. This expression, according to Cotgrave, does indeed signify some two or three hours after sun-rise, or when the sun begins to be hot. But m. du Chat says, l'aube des mouches, means the evening, not the morning. He refers to Oudin's Ital. and Fr. dict. at the word, Alba de tafani, the aube or point of day, is when the sun begins to point (poindre), [prick his rays through the dark, I suppose.] Thus the aube, or up-rising of the flies, is properly the time when the flies begin to prick (and make us feel them) poindre.

(2) Carrot-pated Poitevins] Poitevins rouges. That this does not mean carrot-pated, but rather carrot-faced, if any thing, is plain from m. du Chat's note. The people of Poictou have been, for a long time, called red Poitevins. The reason whereof, according to the annalist John Bouchet, l. 2, c. 2, is, that in imitation of the ancient Seythians, from whom they are said to be descended, gorging themselves with human blood, they had generally their faces all over red as blood. John de la Haie, or the supposed author of the antiquities of Poictou, grants that the inhabitants of Poictou are called red Poitevins; but he asserts, that they were only called so because, being by nature addicted to war, they not only painted their bucklers red, but their faces likewise of that colour. For my part, I should rather think that the Poitevins, tho' by the bye they are no enemies to a glass of good wine, have had this appellation given them purely on account of an ancient piece of money called poictevine, which was coined at Poitiers, and which consisting of a very little silver, mixt with a great deal of red copper, the latter used to discover itself, upon being ever so little handled,

women, and children, have their noses shap'd like an ace of clubs. For that reason the ancient name of the country was (3) Ennasin. They were all akin, as the mayor of the place told us, at least they boasted so.

You people of the other world esteem it a wonderful thing, that, out of the family of the (4) Fabii at Rome, on a certain day, which was the 13th of February, at a certain gate, which was the porta carnentalis, since named scelerata, formerly situated at the foot of the capitol, between the Tarpeian rock and the Tyber, march'd out against the Veientes of Etruria, three hundred and six men bearing arms, all related to each other, with five thousand other soldiers, every one of them their vassals, who were all slain near the river Cremera that comes out of the lake of Beccano. Now from this same country of Ennasin, in case of need, above three hundred thousand, all relations, and of one family, might march out. Their degrees of consanguinity and alliance are very strange: for being thus akin and allied to one another, we found that none was either father or mother, brother or sister, uncle or aunt, nephew or niece, son-in-law or daughter-in-law, god-father or godmother to the other; unless truly, a tall flat-nosed old fellow, who, as I perceived, called a little shitten-ars'd girl, of three or four years old, father, and the child called him, daughter.

Their distinction of degrees of kindred was thus:

(3) Ennasin] Noseless or flat-nosed. At Metz; enase signifies enchiffrené, because those who have flat noses speak through the nose, or rather snuffle as if they had no nose. Enchiffrené generally means one whose nose is stoppt with a rheum: one that hath the murr, or pose.

(4) Fabii] See Aulus Gellius, l. 17, c. 21.

a man

a man used to call a woman, my (4) lean bit; the woman called him, my porpus. Those, said friar John, must needs stink damnably of fish, when they have rubbed their bacon one with t'other. One smiling on a young buxom baggage, said, Good morrow dear curry-comb. She, to return him his civility, said, The like to you, my Steed. Hah! hah! hah! said Panurge, that's pretty well i'faith; for indeed it stands her in good stead to curry-comb this steed. Another greeted his buttock with a Farewel, my case. She replied, Adieu trial. By St. Winifrid's placket, cried Gymnast, this case has been often tried. Another asked a she-friend of his, How is't hatchet? She answered him, At your service, dear helve. Odds belly, saith Carpalim, this helve and this hatchet are well match'd. As we went on, I say one who, calling his she-relation, stiled her my crum, and she called him, my crust.

Quoth one to a brisk, plump, juicy female, I am glad to see you, dear tap. So am I to find you so merry, sweet spiggot, replied she. One call'd a wench, his shovel; she call'd him, her peal: one nam'd his, my slipper; and she him, my foot: another, my boot; she, my (6) shafoon.

In

(5) Lean bit] There's a fish called by the French, by way of antiphrasis, *maigre* (lean-bit.) It is a sea-fish as well as the porpus, as this last is vulgarly written: tho' porc-pisce, is known to be the true spelling; it being a sort of a hog-fish, or sea-hog. Rabelais here quibbles upon the two words. I take the *maigre* to be a sort of halibut. Cotgrave gives a large and curious account of the *maigre*, and its properties in physick. Which see.

(6) *Estivallet*] A buskin or summer-boot, called so from the High Dutch, *stiefel*, or rather the Latin, *æstivale*, because used in summer (*æstas*). *Æstivalia sunt ocreæ, seu calceamenta de corio: quibus etiam aliqui utuntur in æstate*, says an ancient law-dictionary, printed

In the same degree of kindred, one call'd his, my butter; she call'd him, my egga; and they were akin just like a dish of butter'd eggs. I heard one call his, my tripe, and she him, my faggot. Now I could not for the heart's blood of me pick out or discover what parentage, alliance, affinity, or consanguinity was between them, with reference to our custom; only they told us that she was faggot's tripe, [Tripe de fagot, means the smallest sticks in a faggot.] Another complementing his convenient, said, Yours, my shell: she replied, I was yours before, sweet oyster. I reckon, said Carpallin, she hath gutted his oyster. Another long shanked ugly rogue, mounted on a pair of high-heeled wooden slippers, meeting a strapping, fusty squobbed dowdy, says he to her, How'st my top? She was short upon him, and arrogantly replied, Never the better for you, my whip. (7) By St. Anthony's hog, said Xenomanes, I believe so; for how can this whip be sufficient to lash this top?

A college
ed at Paris 1538. If any body has a mind to know where this sort of boots were best made in the days of yore, the said dictionary tells ye, fiunt optima (æstivalia) apud S. Severinum, a little town in the march of Ancona.

(7) By St. Anthony's hog] It is in the original, sang saint Gris; by the blood of saint Grey. Here Xenomanes swears by the blood drawn by the discipline (whip) from the franciscan friars, called by their alcoran, abusively, diablis-gris, grey devils. Saint Gris is St. Francis d'Assise, as he was ceint (girt) with a cord, and clothed in a habit which were both grey (gris). Henry the IVth used to swear by ventre St. Gris; and if we are to believe Vigneul Marville, this oath meant nothing at all. But 'tis plain he was mistaken, as was likewise the late m. de Vendome's gentleman, and his master to, who are made to say that the governors of the young prince of Bearne (afterwards Henry the IVth) being afraid of his giving

A college professor well provided with cod, and powdered and pinked up, having a while discoursed with a great lady, taking his leave, with these words, Thank you, sweet-meat; she cried, There needs no thanks, four-sauce. Saith Pantagruel, This is not altogether incongruous, for sweet meat must have four sauce. A wooden loggerhead said to a young wench, 'Tis long since I saw you, bag: All the better, cried she, Pipe. Set them together, said Panurge, then blow in their arses, 'twill be a bag-pipe. We saw, after that, a diminutive hump-backed gallant, pretty near us, taking leave of a she-relation of his, thus; Fare thee well, friend-hole: she reparteed, Save thee, friend peg. Quoth friar John, What could they say more, were he all peg and she all hole? But now would I give something to know if every cranny of the hole can be stopp'd up with that same peg.

A baudy batchelor, talking with an old trout, was saying, Remember, (8) rusty gun. I won't fail, said she, (9) scowerer. Do you reckon these two to be akin? said Pantagruel to the mayor: I rather take them to be foes: in our country a woman would take this as a mortal affront. Good people of t'other world, replied the mayor, you have few such and so near relations as this gun and scowerer are to one another: for they both came out of (10) one shop.

giving way to blasphemy, as many others did, allowed him to swear in that manner. Saint Gris therefore is St. Francis, the patriarch of the grey friars; and Henry IV, tho' he was a long while a hugonot, used to swear by that saint's belly, as others, l. 1. c. 5, by St. Quenet's belly. St. Gris is also a Poitevin oath.

(8) Rusty gun] Fart, it is in the original: (ped.)

(9) Scowerer] Fyste, in the original: (vessie.)

(10) One shop] One hole in the original: (d'ung trou.)

'What, (11) was the shop their mother, quoth Panurge? What mother, said the mayor, does the man mean? That must be some of your world's affinity: we have here neither father nor mother: your little poultry fellows, that live on t'other side the water, poor rogues, booted with whisks of hay, may indeed have such; but we scorn it. The good Pantagruel stood gazing and listening; but at those words he had like to have lost all patience.

Having very exactly view'd the situation of the island, and the way of living of the enmased nation, we went to take a cup of the creature at a tavern, where there happened to be a wedding after the manner of the country. Bating that shocking custom, there was special good cheer.

While we were there, a pleasant match was struck up betwixt a female called pear (a tight thing, as we thought, but by some, who knew better things, said to be quaggy and flabby) and a young soft male, called cheese, somewhat sandy. [(12) Many such matches have been, and they were formerly much commended.] In our country we say, *Il ne fut onc tel mariage, qu'est de la poire & du fromage*; there's no match like that made between the pear and the cheese: and in many other places good store of such bargains have been driven. Besides, when the women are at their last prayers, 'tis to this day a noted saying, that after cheese comes nothing.

In another room I saw them marrying an old greasy boot to a young pliable buskin. Pantagruel was told, that young buskin took old boot to have and to hold,

(11) Was the shop their mother] In the original, was the wind their mother. Alluding, tho' jestingly, to what the ancient naturalists have advanced concerning the winds making the mares in Spain conceive.

(12) Many such matches, &c.] What's between these marks [] is omitted by Mr. Motteux.

because

because she was of special leather, in good case, and waxed, seared, liquor'd and greased to the purpose, even tho' it had been for the fisherman that went to bed with his boots on. In another room below I saw a (13) young brogue taking a young slipper for better for worse: which, they told us, was neither for the sake of her piety, parts, or person, but for the fourth comprehensive p, portion; the spankers, spur-royals, rose-nobles, and other coriander seed with which she was quilted all over.



C H A P. X.

How Pantagruel went ashore at the island of Chely, where he saw king St. Panigon.

WE sailed right before the wind, which we had at west, leaving those odd alliancers with their ace of clubs snouts, (1) and having taken height by

(13) Young brogue] Un june escaignon. Under the idea of an escaignon (i. e. a single-soled shoe of thin leather; a rope-dancer, or tumbler's pump) Rabelais ridicules a young thread bare, single-soled gentleman; a gentleman of low degree.

(1) And having taken the height of the sun, stood in for Chely] Read, (instead of, stood in for Chely) stood out to sea. (Montafmes en haulte mer.) Read likewise (instead of, having taken the height of the sun) about sunset (sus la declination du soleil, &c.) As for taking the height of the sun, it is certain the translator did not take the height of the author's meaning, in this place: his words are, feismes scalle en l'isle de Chely. We landed on the island of Chely. Faire scale, is to land, set foot on land, to go ashore, says Cotgrave expressly. Far scala

by the sun, stood in for Chely, a large, fruitful, wealthy and well peopled island. King St. Panigon, first of the name, reigned there, and, attended by the princes his sons, and the nobles of his court, came as far as the port to receive Pantagruel, and conducted him to his palace : near the gate of which, the queen, attended by the princeesses her daughters, and the court ladies, received us. Panigon directed her and all her retinue to salute Pantagruel and his men with a kiss ; for such was the civil custom of the country : and they were all fairly buffed accordingly, except friar John, who stept aside, and sneak'd off among the king's officers. Panigon us'd all the intreaties imaginable, to persuade Pantagruel to tarry there that day and the next : but he would needs be gone, and excused himself upon the opportunity of wind and weather, which being oftener desir'd than enjoy'd, ought not to be neglected when it comes. Panigon, having heard these reasons, let us go, but first made us take off some five and twenty or thirty bumpers each.

(for Rabelais borrows the expression from the Italians) is, to come to a landing place, to set foot on shore, says Torriano's great dictionary in totidem verbis. Mr. du Chat confirms all this, by telling us that *scala* signifying a ladder in Italian ; *far scala* is, to set a ladder on the shore from the ship, in order to get down by it. He proves this from Ariosto, canto 18. To conclude, the word *scale* deceived m. Motteux into a belief that it meant some mathematical instrument, which astronomers use in making their observations in the heavens. In short, this is what Rabelais says (and I think it is a more natural beginning than that of the translator) : The south west wind (for that's the *garbino* of the Italians, and the *garbin* of the French : see Torriano and Cotgrave) blowing full in our poop, we left these impertinent (*mal-plaisants*) alliansers with their ace-of-clubs snouts, and stood out to sea. About sun-set we went ashore on the island of Chely, &c.

Pantagruel,

Pantagruel, returning to the port, missed friar John, and asked why he was not with the rest of the company? Panurge could not tell how to excuse him, and would have gone back to the palace to call him, when friar John overtook them, and merrily cried, Long live the noble Panigon! As I love my belly, he minds good eating, and keeps a noble house, and a dainty kitchen. I have been there, boys. Every thing goes about by dozens: I was in good hopes to have stuffed my puddings there like a monk. What! always in a kitchen, friend? said Pantagruel. By the belly of St. Cramcapon, quoth the friar, I understand the customs and ceremonies which are used there, much better than all the formal stuff, antic postures, and nonsensical fiddle-faddle that must be used with those women, magni, magna, shittencumshita, cringes, grimaces, scrapes, bows, and congées; double honours this way, triple salutes that way, the embrace, the grasp, the squeeze, the hug, the leer, the smack, *baso las manos de vuestra mercé, de vuestra maestría*. You are most tarabin, tarabas. (2) Stront; that's downright Dutch. Why all this ado? I don't say but a man might be for a bit by the bye and away, to be doing as well as his neighbours: but this little nasty cringing and curtesying made me asmad as any (3) march devil. You talk of kissing ladies: by the worthy and sacred frock I wear, I seldom venture upon't, lest I be served as was the lord of Guyercha-

(2) Stront] Bren, c'est merde à Rouen, i. e. turd, turd is the Rouen word. And indeed, it is hardly used any where else but there; nor there, but in the suburbs and country round about; a rustical, clownish word.

(3) March devil] After this add, St. Benedict never dissembled for the matter. St. Benoist n'en mentit jamais (a rhyme.) On this m. du Chat observes, that the benedictine, nor any other monks, ever salute any body otherwise than by bowing their head and body [like our quakers.]

rois. What was it? said Pantagruel: I know him; he is one of the best friends I have.

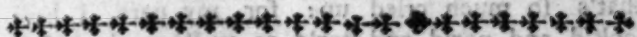
He was invited to a sumptuous feast, said friar John, by a relation and neighbour of his, together with all the gentlemen and ladies in the neighbourhood. Now some of the latter [the ladies] expecting his coming, dress'd the pages in womens cloaths, and finised them (4) like any babies; then order'd them to meet my lord at his coming, near the draw-bridge: so the complimenting monsieur came, and (5) there kissed the petticoated lads with great formality. At last the ladies, who minded passages in the gallery, burst out with laughing, and made signs to the pages to take off their dress: which the good lord having observed, the devil a bit he durst make up to the true ladies to kiss them, but said, that since they had disguised the pages, by his great grandfather's helmet, these were certainly the very footmen and grooms still more cunningly disguised. Oods fish, da jurandi, why do not we rather remove our humanities into some good warm kitchen of God, that noble laboratory; and there admire the turning of the spits, the harmonious rattling of the jacks and fenders, criticise on the position of the lard, the temperature of the pottages, the preparation for the dessert, and the order of the wine service? (6) Beati immaculati in via. Matter of breviary, my masters.

CHAP.

(4) Like any babies] *En damoiselles bien pimpantes & etourées.* Like young girls curiously prank'd up and dizen'd out.

(5) There kiss'd, &c.] It was then the custom for a gentleman, as soon as he lighted among the ladies, to kiss them all on the cheek; and this mode continued in France till Henry III'd's time. See H. Stephens, p. 379. of his dial. concerning the new french lang. italianized.

(6) Beati, &c.] Blessed are those that are undefiled in their



CHAP. XI.

Why monks love to be in kitchens.

THIS, said Epistemon, is spoke like a true monk; I mean like a right (1) monking monk, not a bemonk'd monastical monkling. Truly you put me in mind of some passages that happen'd at Florence, some (2) twenty years ago, in a company of studious travellers, fond of visiting the learned, and seeing the antiquities of Italy, among whom I was. As we view'd the situation and beauty of Florence, the structure of the dome, the magnificence of the churches and palaces, we strove to out-do one another in giving them their due; when a certain monk of Amiens, Bernard Lardon by name, quite angry, scandaliz'd, and out of all patience, told us, I don't

their way. The first words of the 119th psalm, prophaned by friar John, who applies them to such as get no spots on their cloaths, when they visit from time to time the convent-kitchen.

(1) Monking monk] *Moine moinant* is he that has the direction and government of other monks of his convent. Whereas a bemonk'd monk (*moyné moyné*) means any monk who is obliged to obey the monking monk, and to suffer himself to be led by him. In which sense, when any brother friar seems to make scorn of the post he's advanced to in the house, they tell him jocularly, by way of consolation, It's better however to be a horse than a cart.

(2) Twenty-years ago] Read twelve years ago, according to the edition of 1547. This happen'd to Rabalais during his travels at Rome, where he was in 1536; as appears by his letter to the bishop of Maillezais.

know what the devil you can find in this same town, that's so much cried up: for my part, I have look'd and por'd and star'd as well as the best of you; I think my eye sight's as clear as another body's; and what can one see after all? There are fine houses indeed, and that's all. But the cage does not feed the birds. God and monsieur St. Bernard, our good patron, be with us! in all this same town I have not seen one poor lane of roasting cooks; and yet I have not a little look'd about, and sought for so necessary a part of a commonwealth: ay, and I dare assure you that I have pried up and down with the exactness of an informer; as ready to number both to the right and left, how many, and on what side we might find most roasting cooks, as a spy would be to reckon the bastions of a town. Now (3) at Amiens, in four, nay five times less ground than we have trod in our contemplations, I could have shewn you above fourteen streets of roasting cooks, most antient, savoury, and aromatic. I can't imagine what kind of pleasure you can have taken in gazing on the lions, and africans (so methinks you call their tigers) near the belfry; or in ogling the porcupines and ostridges, in the lord Philip Strozzi's palace. Faith and troth, I had rather see a good fat goose at the spit. This porphyry, those marbles are fine; I say nothing to the contrary: but our cheese-cakes at Amiens are far better, in my mind. These ancient statues are well made; I am willing to be-

(3) At Amiens] The reason of the vast number of cooks shops, with which, for a long time, the whole province of Picardy, and especially the city of Amiens, has abounded, is because the inns there find travellers in nothing but a table-cloth, and a cover (i. e. a plate with a napkin, knife, fork, and spoon) with glasses; not forgetting bread and wine, you may be sure. See Jodoc. Sincer. itiner. Gall. p. 315.

lieve

lieve it: but, (4) by St. Ferreol of Abbeville, we have young wenches in our country which please me better a thousand times.

What is the reason, asked friar John, that monks are always to be found in kitchens; and kings, emperors, and popes are never there? Is there not, said Rhizotomus, some latent virtue and specific propriety hid in the kettles and pans, which, as the load-stone attracts iron, draws the monks there, and cannot attract emperors, popes, or kings? or is it a natural induction and inclination, fix'd in the frocks and cowls, which of itself leads and forceth those good religious men into kitchens, whether they will or no? He means, forms following matter, as Averoës calls them, answered Epistemon. Right, said friar John.

I'll not offer to solve this problem, said Pantagruel; for it is somewhat ticklish, and you can hardly handle it without coming off scurvily: but I'll tell you (5) what I have heard.

Antigonus, king of Macedon, one day coming into one of the tents, where his cooks use to dress his meat, and finding there poet Antagoras frying a conger, and holding the pan himself, merrily ask'd him, Pray, mr. poet, was Homer frying congers when he writ the deeds of Agamemnon? Antagoras readily answer'd; But do you think, sir, that when Agamemnon did them, he made it his business to know if any in his camp were frying congers? The king thought it an indecency that a poet should be thus a

(4) By St. Ferreol] Friar Bernard Lardon lov'd the fat-bacon-like lasses of this country, and he swears it too by the saint that has the superintendency of the fatening of geese. See apol. for Herodotus, ch. 38.

(5) What I have heard] What I have read, it should be; avois leu. It is in Plutarch's notable sayings of ancient kings, princes and captains.

frying in a kitchen ; and the poet let the king know, that it was a more indecent thing for a king to be found in such a place. I'll clap another story upon the neck of this, quoth Panurge, and will tell you what (6) Breton Villandry answer'd one day to the duke of Guise.

They were saying that at a certain battle of king Francis, against the emperor Charles the fifth, Breton, arm'd capapé to the teeth, and mounted like St. George ; yet sneak'd off, and play'd least in fight during the engagement. Blood and oons, answer'd Breton, I was there, and can prove it easily ; nay, even where you, my lord, dar'd not have been. The duke began to resent this as too rash and sawcy : but Breton easily appeas'd him, and set them all a laughing. I gad, my lord, quoth he, I kept out of harm's way ; I was all the while with your page Jack, sculking in a certain place where you had not dar'd hide your head, as I did. Thus discoursing, they got to their ships, and left the island of Chely.

(6) Breton Villandry] John le Breton, lord of Villandry, favourite of Francis Ist. and secretary to that prince, and Henry IId, in 1537. See Cardan, *de vita propria*, ch. 32. He wrote several memoirs of the most considerable occurrences of France under the kings his masters, and la Croix-du-Maine was possess'd of some written with the author's own hand.

CHAP.

CHAP. XII.

How Pantagruel pass'd thro' the land of
Petifogging, and of the strange way of
living among the catchpoles.

STeering our course forwards the next day, we
pass'd thro' Pettifogging, a country all blurred
and blotted, so that I could hardly tell what to make
on't. There we saw some pettifoggers and catch-
poles, rogues that will hang their father for a
groat. They neither invited us to eat or drink;
but, with a multiplied train of scrapes and cringes,
said they were all at our service, (1) for the legem
pone.

One of our interpreters related to Pantagruel their
strange way of living, diametrically opposite to that
of our modern Romans: for at Rome a world of
folks get an honest livelihood by poisoning, drub-
bing, lambasting, stabbing and murdering; but
the (2) catchpoles earn theirs by being thrash'd: so
that if they were long without a tight lambasting, the
poor dogs with their wives and children would be
starved. This is just, quoth Panurge, like those who,
as Galen tells us, cannot erect the cavernous nerve
towards the equinoctial circle, (3) unless they are
soundly

(1) For the legem pone] En payent: for a valuable
consideration; provided we paid him well, or came down
with the crop, as we say.

(2) Catchpoles] Rabelais's word is chicquanou, which
is properly what we call a barretor, (wrangler.) Catch-
pole, I think, means nothing but a bum-bailiff.

(3) Unless they are soundly flogged] Cælius Rhodi-
ginus.

foundly flogged. By St. Patrick's slipper, whoever should jirk me so, would soon, instead of setting me right, throw me off the saddle, in the devil's name.

The way is this, said the interpreter. When a monk, levite, close-fisted usurer, or lawyer, owes a grudge to some neighbouring gentleman, he sends to him one of those catchpoles, or apparitors, who nabs, or at least cites him, serves a writ or warrant upon him, thumps, abuses and affronts him impudently by natural instinct, and according to his pious instruction; insomuch, that if the gentleman (4) hath but any guts in his brains, and is not more stupid than (5) a gyryn frog, he will find himself oblig'd either to apply a faggot-stick or his sword to the rascal's jobbernot, give him the gentle lash, or make him cut a caper out at the window, by way of correction. This done, catchpole is rich for four months at least, as if bastinadoes were his real harvest: for the monk, levite, usurer, or lawyer, will reward him roundly; and my gentleman must pay him such swindling damages, that his acres may bleed for't, and he be in danger of miserably

ginus, l. 6. c. 37. of his ancient readings, and before him the count de la Mirandela, l. 3. of his treatise against judicial astrology, speak of a certain man, who to raise his lechery would cause himself to be flogged with rods steep'd in vinegar, till he was all over of a gore-blood. Simon Goulard, l. 4. p. 635. of his wonderful and memorable stories, relates this fact as a very singular and uncommon thing; and it may have been so perhaps in his time: but now-a-days some people will tell ye the thing is frequently practised in France, and elsewhere, in houses of bad repute.

(4) Hath but, &c.] Hath not the dead palsy.

(5) Gyryn frog] A tad-pole. An unformed frog; from the greek γυρος, a round lump of flesh.

rotting

rotting within a stone doublet, as if he had struck the king.

Quoth Panurge, I know an excellent remedy against this; used by the (6) lord of Basché. What is it? said Pantagruel. The lord of Basché, said Panurge, was a brave honest noble-spirited gentleman, who, at his return from the long war, in which the duke of Ferrara, with the help of the French, bravely defended himself against the fury of pope Julius the second, was every day cited, warn'd, and prosecuted at the suit, and for the sport and fancy of the fat prior of (7) St. Louant.

One morning, as he was at breakfast with some of his domesticks (for he loved to be sometimes among them) he sent for one Loire his baker, and his spouse, and for one Oudart the vicar of his parish, who was also his butler, as the custom was then in France; then said to them before his gentlemen and other servants: You all see how I am daily plagued with these rascally catchpoles: truly if you do not lend me your helping hand, I am finally resolved to leave the country, and go fight for the sultan, or the devil, rather than be thus eternally teas'd. Therefore to be rid of their damn'd visits, hereafter, when any of them come here, be ready you baker and your wife, to make your personal appearance in my great hall, in your wedding cloaths, as if you were going to be affianc'd. Here, take these ducats, which I give you to keep you in a fitting garb. As for you, Sir Oudart, be sure you make your personal appearance there in your fine surplice and stole, not forget-

(6) Lord of Basché] Doubtless a descendant of Perron de Basché, steward of the household to king Charles VIII. who sent him into Italy, before he went thither himself at the head of his army. See Commynes, l. 7. c. 3.

(7) St. Louant] St. Lovant. Liventius. The priory of St. Louens, in the diocese of Tours, &c.

ting

ting your holy water, as if you were to wed them. Be you there also, Trudon, said he to his drummer, with your pipe and tabor. The form of matrimony must be read, and the bride kiss'd at the beat of the tabor: then all of you, as the witnesses use to do in this country, shall give one another the remembrance of the wedding; (which you know it to be a blow with your fist, bidding the party struck, remember the nuptials by that token). This will but make you have the better stomach to your supper: but when you come to the catchpole's turn, thrash him thrice and threefold, as you would a sheaf of green corn: don't spare him; maul him, drub him, lambast him, swindle him off, I pray you. Here take these steel gantlets, cover'd with kid. Head, back, belly, and sides, give him blows innumerable: he that gives him most, shall be my best friend. Fear not to be call'd to an account about it; I'll stand by you: for the blows must seem to be given in jest, as it is customary among us at all weddings.

Ay, but how shall we know the catchpole, said the man of God? All sorts of people daily resort to this castle. I have taken care of that, replied the lord. When some fellow, either on foot, or on a scurvy jade, with a large broad silver (8) ring on his thumb, comes to the door, he is certainly a catchpole: the porter, having civilly let him in, shall ring the bell; then be all ready, and come into the hall, to act the tragi-comedy, whose plot I have now laid for you.

That numerical day, as chance would have it, came an old fat ruddy catchpole. Having knock'd at the gate, and then piss'd, as most men will do, the porter soon found him out, by his large greasy spatterdashies, his jaded hollow flank'd mare, his bag

(8) Ring]. To seal the writs and writings, belike; for they were not signed in those days.

IV.

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A Catchpole serves the Lord of Bische with a Wine

B. 4. C. 12. p. 135.

full of writs and informations dangleing at his girdle, but, above all, by the large silver hoop on his left thumb.

The porter was civil to him, admitted him in kindly, and rung the bell briskly. As soon as the baker and his wife heard it, they clapt on their best cloaths, and made their personal appearance in the hall, keeping their gravities like a new-made judge. The domine put on his surplice and stole, and as he came out of his office, met the catchpole, and had him in there, and made him suck his face a good while, while the gauntlets were drawing on all hands; and then told him, You are come just in pudding-time, my lord is in his right cue: we shall feast like kings anon, here's to be swindging doings: we have a wedding in the house; here, drink and cheer up, pull away.

While these two were at it hand-to fist, Basché, seeing all his people in the hall in their proper equipage, sends for the vicar. Oudart comes with the holy water pot, followed by the catchpole, who, as he came into the hall, did not forget to make good store of awkward cringes, and then serv'd Basché with a writ. Basché gave him grimace for grimace, slipt an angel into his mutton-fist, and pray'd him to assist at the contract and ceremony: which he did. When it was ended, thumps and fisticuffs began to fly about among the assistants: but when it came to the catchpole's turn, they all laid on him so unmercifully with their gauntlets, that they at last settled him, all stunn'd and batter'd, bruis'd and mortify'd, with one of his eyes black and blue, eight ribs bruis'd, his brisket sunk in, his omoplates in four quarters, his under jaw-bone in three pieces; and all this in jest, and no harm done. God wot how the levite belabour'd him, hiding within the long sleeve of his canonical shirt, his huge steel gauntlet lin'd with ermine: for



for he was a strong built ball, and an old dog at fisticuffs. The catchpole, all of a bloody (9) tyger-like hue, with much ado, crawl'd home to l'isle Bouchart; well pleased and edified however with Basché's kind reception; and, with the help of the good surgeons of the place, liv'd as long as you'd have him. From that time to this, not a word of the business: the memory of it was lost with the sound of the bells that rung for joy at his funeral.



CHAP. XIII.

How, like master Francis Villon, the lord of Basché commended his servants.

THE catchpole being pack'd off on blind sorrel (so he call'd his one ey'd mare) Basché sent for his lady, her women, and all his servants, into the arbour of his garden; had wine brought, attended with good store of pasties, hams, fruit, and other table-ammunition for a nunchion; drank with them joyfully, and then told them this story.

Master Francis Villon, in his old age, retired to St. Maixent, in Poitou, under the patronage of a good honest abbot of the place. There, to make sport for the mob, he undertook to get the passion acted after the way, and in the dialect of the country. The parts being distributed, the play having been rehears'd, and the stage prepar'd, he told the mayor and aldermen, that the mystery would be ready after Niort fair, and that there only wanted properties and necessaries, but

(9) Tyger-like hue] Dappled with variety of colours.

chiefly

chiefly cloaths fit for the parts : so the mayor and his brethren took care to get them.

Villon, to dress an old clownish father grey-beard, who was to represent G---d the father, begg'd of friar Stephen Tickletoby, sacristan to the franciscan friars of the place, to lend him a cope and a stole. Tickletoby refus'd him, alledging, that by their provincial statutes, it was rigorously forbidden to give or lend any thing to players. Villon reply'd, that the statute reach'd no farther than farces, drolls, antics, loose and dissolute games, and that he ask'd no more than what he had seen allow'd at Brussels and other places. Tickletoby, notwithstanding, peremptorily bid him provide himself elsewhere if he would, and not to hope for any thing out of his monastical wardrobe. Villon gave an account of this to the players, as of a most abominable action ; adding, that God would shortly revenge himself, and make an example of Tickletoby.

The saturday following he had notice given him, that Tickletoby, upon the silly of the convent (so they call a young mare that was never leap'd yet) was gone a mumping to (1) St. Ligarius, and would be back about two in the afternoon. Knowing this, he made a cavalcade of his devils of the passion thro' the town. They were all rigged (2) with

(1) St. Ligarius] Lidorius, call'd also Ligorius : in the territory of Niort.

(2) With wolves, &c. skins] An ancient penance-book, cited by Menage, in his diction. etym. at the word biche : Si quis in cervolo aut vitula vadit ; id est, si qui, in ferarum habitu se commutant, & vestiuntur vestibus pecudum, adsumunt capita bestiarum. Qui taliter in ferinas species se transformant, tribus annis peniteant, quia hoc dæmoniacum est. This masquerade, which generally was performed on new-year's day, was, you see, prohibited as impious ; but Villon gave himself very little concern about that.

wolves, calves, and rams skins, lac'd and trimm'd with sheeps heads, bulls feathers, and large kitchen tenter hooks, girt with broad leathern girdles; whereat hang'd dangling huge cow-bells and horse-bells, which made a horrid din. Some held in their claws, black sticks full of squibs and crackers: others had long lighted pieces of wood, upon which, at the corner of every street, they flung whole handfuls of rosin-dust, that made a terrible fire and smook. Having thus led them about, to the great diversion of the mob, and the dreadful fear of little children, he finally carried them to an entertainment at a summer-house, without the gate that leads to St. Li-garius.

As they came near the place, he spy'd Tickle-toby afar off, coming home from mumping, and told them in macaronic verse,

- (3) Hic est mumpator natus de gente cucowli,
 Qui solet antiquo scrappas portare * bisacco.
 * A monk's double pouch.

A plague on his friarship (said the devils then); the lowly beggar would not lend a poor cope (4) to the fatherly father; let us fright him. Well said, cried Villon: but let us hide ourselves till he comes by, and then charge him home briskly with your squibs and burning sticks. Tickletohy being come to the place, they all rush'd on a sudden into the road to meet him, and in a frightful manner threw fire

- (3) Hic, &c.] It runs in the original, thus;

Hic est de patria, natus de gente * belistra,
 Qui solet antiquo bribas portare bisacco.

* A beggarly scrub.

- (4) To the fatherly father] In the original, à Dieu le pere.

from

from all sides upon him and his silly foal, ringing and tingling their bells, and howling like so many real devils, Hho, hho, hho, hho, brrou, rrou, rrourrs, rrourrs, hoo, hou, hou, hho, hho, hhoi. Friar Stephen, don't we play the devils rarely? The silly was soon scar'd out of her seven senses, and began to start, to funk it, to squirt it, to trot it, to fart it, to bound it, to gallop it, to kick it, to spurn it, to calcitrate it, to wince it, to frisk it, to leap it, to curvet it, with double jirks, and bum-motions; inso-much that she threw down Tickletohy, though he held fast by the tree of the pack-saddle with might and main. Now his straps and stirrups were of cord; and on the right side, his sandal was so entangled and twisted, that he could not for the heart's blood of him get out his foot. Thus he was dragg'd about by the silly through the road, scratching his bare breech all the way; she still multiplying her kicks against him, and straying for fear over hedge and ditch; inso-much that she trepann'd his thick skull so, that his cockle brains were dash'd out near the osanna or high-crofs. Then his arms fell to pieces, one this way, and t'other that way; and even so were his legs serv'd at the same time. Then she made a bloody havock with his puddings; and being got to the convent, brought back only his right foot and twisted sandal, leaving them to guess what was become of the rest.

Villon, seeing that things had succeeded as he intended, said to his devils, You will act rarely, gentlemen devils, you will act rarely; I dare engage you'll top your parts. I defy the devils of Saumur, Douay, Montmorillon, Langez, St. Espain, Angers; nay, by gad, even those of Poitiers, for all their bragging and vapouring, to match you.

Thus, friends, said Basché, I foresee, that hereafter you will act rarely this tragical farce, since the very first time you have so skilfully hamper'd, be-
thwack'd,

thwack'd, belamm'd, and bebump'd the catchpole. From this day I double your wages. As for you, my dear (said he to his lady) make your gratifications as you please; you are my treasurer, you know. For my part, first and foremost, I drink to you all. Come on, box it about, 'tis good and cool. In the second place, you, mr. steward, take this silver basin, I give it you freely. Then you, my gentleman of the horse, take these two silver gilt cups, and let not the pages be horse-whipp'd these three months. My dear, let them have my best white plumes of feathers, with the gold buckles to them. Sir Oudart, this silver flaggon falls to your share: this other I give to the cooks. To the valets de chambre, I give this silver basket; to the grooms, this silver gilt boat; to the porter, these two plates; to the hostlers, these ten porringers. Trudon, take you these silver spoons and this sugar box. You footman, take this large salt. Serve me well, and I'll remember you. For on the word of a gentleman, I had rather bear in war one hundred blows on my helmet in the service of my country, than be once cited by these knavish catchpoles, merely to humour this same gorbelly'd prior.



CHAP. XIV.

**A further account of catchpoles who were
drubb'd at Basché's house.**

FOUR days after, another, young, long-shank'd, raw-bon'd catchpole, coming to serve Basche with a writ at the fat prior's request, was no sooner at the gate, but the porter smelt him out, and rung the bell; at whose second pull, all the family

family understood the mystery. Loire was kneading his dough; his wife was sifting meal; Oudart was toping in his office; the gentlemen were playing at tennis; the lord Basché at in and out with my lady; the waiting-men and gentlewomen at push-pin; the officers at lanterlue, and the pages at hotcockles, giving one another smart bangs. They were all immediately informed that a catchpole was hous'd.

Upon this, Oudart put on his sacerdotal, and Loire and his wife their nuptial badges: Truden pip'd it, and then taber'd it like mad: all made haste to get ready, not forgetting the gauntlets. Basché went into the outward yard: there the catchpole meeting him, fell on his marrow-bones, begg'd of him not to take it ill, if he serv'd him with a writ at the suit of the fat prior; and in a pathetic speech, let him know that he was a public person, a servant to the monking tribe, apparitor to the abbatial mitre, ready to do as much for him, nay, for the least of his servants, whensoever he would employ and use him.

Nay, truly, said the lord, you shall not serve your writ till you have tasted some of my good quinquenay's wine, and been a witness to a wedding which we are to have this very minute. Let him drink and refresh himself, added he, turning towards the levitical butler, and then bring him into the hall. After which, catchpole, well stuffed and moisten'd, came with Oudart to the place where all the actors in the farce stood ready to begin. The sight of their game set them a laughing, and the messenger of mischief grinn'd also for company's sake. Then the (1) mysterious words were mutter'd to and by the couple, their hands joined, the bride buss'd, and all besprinkled with

(1) Mysterious words] Sacramental words.

holy water. While they were bringing wine and kickshaws, thumps began to trot about by dozens. The catchpole gave the levite several blows. Oudart, who had his gauntlet hid under his canonical shirt, draws it on like a mittin, and then with his clenched fist, souce he fell on the catchpole, and maul'd him like a devil: the junior gauntlets dropt on him likewise like so many battering rams. Remember the wedding by this, by that, by these blows, said they. In short they stroak'd him so to the purpose, that he piss'd blood out at mouth, nose, ears, and eyes, and was bruised, thwackt, batter'd, bebump'd, and crippled at the back, neck, breast, arms, and so forth. Never did the batchelors at Avignon, in carnival time, play more melodiously at raphe, than was then play'd on the catchpole's microcosm: at last down he fell.

They threw a great deal of wine on his snout, tied round the sleeve of his doublet a fine yellow and green favour, and got him upon his snotty beast, and God knows how he got to Pisle Bouchart; where I cannot truly tell you whether he was dress'd and look'd after or no, both by his spouse and the able doctors of the country; for the thing never came to my ears.

The next day they had a third part to the same tune, because it did not appear by the lean catchpole's bag, that he had served his writ. So the fat prior sent a new catchpole, at the head of a brace of bums, for his guard du corps, to summon my lord. The porter ringing the bell, the whole family was overjoy'd, knowing that it was another rogue. Basché was at dinner with his lady and the gentlemen; so he sent for the catchpole, made him sit by him, and the bums by the women, and made them eat till their bellies crack'd with their breeches unbutton'd. The fruit being serv'd, the catchpole arose from table, and before the bums cited Basché. Basché

kindly

kindly ask'd him for a copy of the warrant, which the other had got ready: he then takes witness, and a copy of the summons. To the catchpole and his bums he ordered four ducats for civility money. In the mean time all were withdrawn for the farce. So Trudon gave the alarm with his tabor. Basché desired the catchpole to stay and see one of his servants married, and witness the contract of marriage, paying him his fee. The catchpole slap dash was ready, took out his ink-horn, got paper immediately, and his bums by him.

Then Loire came into the hall at one door, and his wife with the gentlewomen at another, in nuptial accoutrements. Oudart, in pontificalibus, takes them both by their hands, asketh them their will, giveth them the matrimonial blessing, and was very liberal of holy water. The contract written, sign'd, and register'd, on one side was brought wine and comfits; on the other, white and orange-tawny-coloured favours were distributed: on another, gauntlets privately handed about.



C H A P. XV.

How the ancient custom at nuptials is renewed by the catchpole.

THE catchpole, having made shift to get down a swindging sneaker of breton wine, said to Basché, Pray, Sir, what do you mean? You do not give one another the memento of the wedding. By St. Joseph's wooden shoe all good customs are forgot. We find the form, but the hare's scamper'd; and the nest, but the birds are flown. There are no true friends now-a-days, You see how, in several

veral churches, the antient laudable custom of tippling, on account of the (1) blessed saints O O, at christmas, is come to nothing. The world is in its dotage, and dooms-day is certainly coming all so fast. Now come on; the wedding, the wedding, the wedding; remember it by this. This he said, striking Basché and his lady; then her woman and the levite. Then the tabor beat a point of war, and the gauntlets began to do their duty; infomuch that the catchpole had his crown crack'd in no less than nine places. One of the bums had his right arm put out of joint, and the other his upper jaw-bone or mandibule dislocated; so that it hid half his chin, with a denudation of the uvula, and sad loss of the molar, masticatory, and canine teeth. Then the tabor beat a retreat; the gauntlets were carefully hid in a trice,

(1) Blessed saints O O at Christmas] It was formerly a custom throughout France, and is still in some parts of it, to make, in the parish church, about seven o'clock in the evening for the nine days next before Christmas day, certain prayers or anthems call'd the Christmas O O's, because in the books which prescribe these anthems they begin with O O, as O sapientia, O adonai, O radix, &c. To him that was last married in the parish, especially if he be one in good circumstances, is carried a very large O, represented in burnish'd gold on a large piece of very thick parchment, with several ornaments of gold or other fine colours. This O was every evening of the nine days put on the top of the lutrin: there staid the O all the time that the anthem was singing. The person to whom the O had been sent, was wont, in return, to make a present of a piece of money to the curate, who, on his part, spent some of it in regaling his friends. After the holidays, the O was carried back to the new-married man, who set it up in the most honourable place of his house. It was this ancient custom the catchpole laments the loss of, because most commonly he had a share in the booty, either from the curate or the married man.

and

and sweet-meats afresh distributed to renew the mirth of the company. So they all drank to one another, and especially to the catchpole and his bums. But Oudart curs'd and damn'd the wedding to the pit of hell, complaining that one of the bums had utterly disincornifistibulated his nether shoulder-blade. Nevertheless, he scorn'd to be thought a fincher, and made shift to tope to him on the square.

The jawless bum shrug'd up his shoulders, join'd his hands, and by signs begg'd his pardon; for speak he could not. The sham bridegroom made his moan, that the crippled bum had struck him such a horrid thump with his shoulder-of-mutton fist on the nether elbow, that he was grown quite esper-quanchuzelubelouzerireliced down to his very heel, to the no small loss of mistress bride.

But what harm had poor I done? (cried Trudon, hiding his left eye with his kerchief, and shewing his tabor crack'd on one side): they were not satisfied with thus poaching, black and bluing, and morrambouzevezengouzequoquemorgasabachevezine-maffreliding my poor eyes, but they have also broke my harmless drum. Drums indeed are commonly beaten at weddings, (and 'tis fit they should); but drummers are well entertain'd, and never beaten. Now let Belzebub e'en take the drum, to make his devilship (2) a night-cap. Brother, said the lame catchpole, never fret thyself; I will make thee a present of a fine, large, old patent, which I have here in my bag, to patch up thy drum, and for madam St. Ann's sake I pray thee forgive us. By'r lady of Riviere, the blessed dame, I meant no more harm than the child unborn. One of the querries, who, hopping and halting like a mumping cripple, mi-

(2) A night-cap] Either top or bottom was beat out.

mick'd the good limping lord de (3) la Roche Posay, directed his discourse to the bum with the pouting jaw, and told him, What mr. Manhound, was it not enough thus to have morerocastebezaftereverestegrigeligoscopapopondrillated us all in our upper members with your botch'd mittens, but you must also apply such morderegripippiatabirofreluchamburelurecaquelurintimpaniments on our shin-bones with the hard tops and extremities of your cobbled shoes? Do you call this children's play? By the mass, 'tis no jest. The bum, wringing his hands, seem'd to beg his pardon, muttering with his tongue, mon, mon, mon, vrelon, von, von, like a dumb man. The bride crying laugh'd, and laughing cry'd, because the catchpole was not satisfied with drubbing her without choice or distinction of members, but had also rudely rous'd and tous'd her; pull'd off her topping, and, not having the fear of her husband before his eyes, treacherously trepignemanpenillorifrizonoufresterfumbledtumbled and squeez'd her lower parts. The devil go with it, said Basché; there was much need indeed that this same (4) master King (this was the catchpole's name) should thus break my wives back: however, I forgive him now; these are little nuptial careffes. But this I plainly

(3) La Roche Posay] See his story, and how he came to have his leg shatter'd by a musket-ball, &c. in du Chat.

(4) Master King] In chap. 5. of l. 3. of Fœneſte, the serjeant of Doué, who came to serve a writ on la Roche Bosſeau, is likewise nam'd monsieur le Roy (mr. King): either because all of that profession execute their commission in the king's name, and because, as is said before, he that strikes one of them had as good strike the king; or perhaps, because this man being a cleric, his habit was of a tawny dun colour, like the king's.

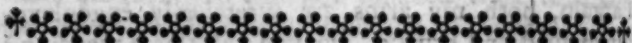
perceive,

perceive, that he (5) cited me like an angel, and drubb'd me like a devil. He hath something in him of friar Thumpwell. Come, for all this, I must drink to him, and to you likewise his trusty esquires. But, said his lady, why hath he been so very liberal of his manual kindness to me, without the least provocation? I assure you, I by no means like it: but this I dare say for him, that he hath the hardest knuckles that ever I felt on my shoulders. The steward held his left arm in a scarf, as if it had been rent and torn in twain: I think it was the devil, said he, that mov'd me to assist at these nuptials; shame on ill luck; I must needs be meddling, with a pox, and now see what I have got by the bargain, both my arms are wretchedly engoulevé, zinemassé and bruise'd. Do you call this a wedding? By St. Briget's tooth, I had rather be at that of a tom t----d-man. This is, o' my word, e'en just such another feast as was that of the Lapithæ, describ'd by the (6) philosopher of Samosate. One of the bums had lost his tongue. The two other, though they had more need to complain, made their excuse as well as they could, protesting that they had no ill design in this dumbfounding; begging that, for goodness sake, they would forgive them; and so, tho' they could hardly budge a foot, or wag along, away they crawl'd. About a mile from Basché's seat, the catchpole found himself somewhat out of sorts. The bums got to l'isle Bouchard, publicly saying, that since they were born, they had never seen an honefter gentleman than the lord of Basché,

(5) Cited me like an angel, and drubb'd me like a devil] They call angels of the court the ushers and serjeants. To drub, dauber, from dealapare, is properly what that angel of satan did, who buffeted St. Paul.

(6) Philosopher] Lucian, in his *Lapithæ*.

or civilier people than his, and that they had never been at the like wedding (which I verily believe); but that it was their own faults if they had been tickled off, and tofs'd about from post to pillar, since themselves had began the beating. So they liv'd I can't exactly tell you how many days after this. But from that time to this it was held for a certain truth, that Basché's money was more pestilential, mortal, and pernicious to the catchpoles and bums, than were formerly the aurum tholosanum and the sejan horse to those that possessed them. Ever since this, he lived quietly, and Basché's wedding grew into a common proverb.



CH A P. XVI.

How friar John made trial of the nature of the catchpoles.

THIS story would seem pleasant enough, said Pantagruel, were we not to have always the fear of God before our eyes. It had been better, said Epistemon, if those gauntlets had fallen upon the fat prior. Since he took a pleasure in spending his money partly to vex Basché, partly to see those catchpoles bang'd, good lusty thumps would have done well on his shav'd erown, considering the horrid concussions now-a-days among those puny judges. What harm had done those poor devils the catchpoles? This puts me in mind, said Pantagruel, of an ancient Roman named (1) L. Neratius. He was of noble blood, and for some time was rich; but had this tyrannical inclination, that whenever he

(1) L. Neratius] See Aulus Gellius, l. 20. c. 1, went

went out of doors, he caus'd his servants to fill their pockets with gold and silver, and meeting in the street your spruce gallants and better sort of beaux, without the least provocation, for his fancy, he us'd to strike them hard on the face with his fist, and immediately after that, to appease them, and hinder them from complaining to the magistrates, he would give them as much money as satisfied them according to the law of the twelve tables. Thus he us'd to spend his revenue, beating people for the price of his money. By St. Bennet's sacred boot, quoth friar John, I will know the truth of it presently.

This said, he went on shore, put his hand in his fob, and took out twenty ducats; then said with a loud voice, in the hearing of a shoal of the nation of catchpoles, Who will earn twenty ducats, for being beaten like the devil? Io, Io, Io, said they all: you will cripple us for ever, sir, that's most certain; but the money is tempting. With this they were all thronging who should be first, to be thus preciouslly beaten. Friar John singled him out of the whole knot of these rogues in grain, a red-snouted catchpole, who upon his right thumb wore a thick broad silver hoop, wherein was set a good large toad-stone. He had no sooner pick'd him out from the rest, but I perceiv'd that they all mutter'd and grumbled; and I heard a young thin-jaw'd catchpole, a notable scholar, a pretty fellow at his pen, and, according to publick report, much cried up for his honesty at (2) Doctors-commons, making his complaint, and muttering, because this same crimson phyzz carried away all the practice; and that if there were but a score and a half of

(2) Doctors-Commons] In the ecclesiastical court; en court d'ecclise: the old way of spelling eglise (church.)

bastinadoes to be got, he would certainly run away with eight and twenty of them. But all this was look'd upon to be nothing but mere envy.

Friar John so unmercifully thrash'd, thump'd and belabour'd Red-snout, back and belly, sides, legs and arms, head, feet, and so forth, with the home and frequently repeated application of one of the best members of a faggot, that I took him to be a dead man: then he gave him the twenty ducats; which made the dog get on his legs, pleas'd like a little king or two. The rest were saying to friar John, Sir, sir, brother devil, if it please you to do us the favour to beat some of us for less money, we are all at your devilship's command, bags, papers, pens and all. Red-snout cried out against them, saying with a loud voice; Body of me, you little prigs, will you offer to take the bread out of my mouth? will you take my bargain over my head? would you draw and inveigle from me my clients and customers? Take notice, I summon you before the official this day sevennight; I will law and claw you like any old devil, that I will.-----Then turning himself towards friar John, with a smiling and joyful look, he said to him, Reverend father in the devil, if you have found me a good hide, and have a mind to divert yourself once more, by beating your humble servant, I will bate you half in half this time, rather than lose your custom: do not spare me, I beseech you; I am all, and more than all yours, good mr. devil; head, lungs, tripes, guts and garbage; and that at a pennyworth, I'll assure you. Friar John n'er heeded his proffers, but e'en left them. The other catchpoles were making addresseees to Paburge, Epistemon, Gymnast and others, entreating them charitably to bestow upon their carcasses a small beating, for otherwise they were in danger of keeping a long fast: but none of them had a stomach to it. Some time after, seeking fresh water
for

for the ship's company, we met a couple of old female catchpoles of the place, miserably howling and weeping in consort. Pantagruel had kept on board, and already had caused a retreat to be sounded. Thinking they might be related to the catchpole that was bastinado'd, we ask'd them the occasion of their grief. They replied, that they had too much cause to weep; for that very hour, from an exalted triple tree, two of the honestest gentlemen in Catchpole-land had been made to cut a caper on nothing. Cut a caper on nothing? said Gymnast: my pages use to cut capers on the ground: to cut a caper on nothing, should be hanging and choaking, or I am out. Ay, ay, said friar John, you speak of it like (3) St. John de la Palisse.

We ask'd them, why they treated these worthy persons with such a choaking hempen sallad. They told us they had only borrow'd, alias stolen, (4) the tools of the mass, and hid them under (5) the handle of the parish. This is a very allegorical way of speaking, said Epistemon.

(3) St. John de la Palisse] Allusion to the old fashion of saying, l'apocalice for apocalypse. By a syncope. See Froissart, vol. 2. c. 173.

(4) The tools of the mass] Ferremens de la messe. A Poitevin expression. The ornaments, implements, or instruments belonging to the mass.

(5) Handle of the parish] The belfry. Another Poitevin word, used only by the villagers of Poitou, in way of metaphor, stupid and coarse as themselves. So ferremens (which strictly means iron tools, from ferum) is used for what I have already said, by none but the clowns of Poitou.

C H A P. XVII.

How Pantagruel came to the islands of Tohu and Bohu; and of the strange death of Widenostrils, the swallower of wind-mills.

THAT day Pantagruel came to the two islands of Tohu and Bohu, (1) where the devil a bit we could find any thing to fry with. For one (2) Widenostrils, a huge giant, had swallowed every individual

(1) Where the devil a-bit we could find any thing to fry with] This is not exact to the French. Rabelais uses a proverbial phrase; *ne trouvasmes que frîre*, which properly means, the devil a bit found we there to fry; that is, as du Chat observes, we found neither fish nor flesh. He goes on: this is the very *sacrum sine fumo* of the ancients, mentioned by Erasmus in his adages.

Thus all the French dictionaries. *Il n'ya que frîre*; there's nothing to fry; i. e. there's nothing to be had; they have not wherewithal. *Il n'y a plus que frîre*: all is consumed, wasted, spent, gone. To have nothing to depend on, says Boyer. To be special poor, as we say: and as the Greeks say, *Ἀκωνὸς θυρία*, a sacrifice without smoke, as above. The Dutch call this, a small banquet of three hazel nuts: *bancketje van drie hazelnoten*. *De nimium tenui convivio, & in quo nihil costis obsonii apponitur*. Translated à pauperculorum sacris, molas, thuscūlum, lac, aut corollas offerentium, cum dii illi poetici nidorem illum expectent, una cum fumo subvolantem. The poor peoples offerings of milk, meal, garlands, &c. had no savour in the nostrils of the fabled gods, who lov'd the smell of roast-meat, as well as their priests the taste.

(2) Widenostrils] Bringuenarilles. Nose-slitters, says m. du

dividual pan, skillet, kettle, frying-pan, dripping-pan, and brass and iron pot in the land, for want of windmills, which were his daily food. Whence it happen'd, that somewhat before day, about the hour of his digestion, the greedy churl was taken very ill, with a kind of a surfeit, or crudity of stomach, occasion'd, as the physicians said, by the weakness of the concocting faculty of his stomach, naturally disposed to digest whole windmills at a gust, yet unable to consume perfectly the pans and skillets; though it had indeed pretty well digested the kettles and pots; as, they said, they knew by the (3) hypostases and (4) eneoremes of four tubs of second-hand drink, which he had evacuated at two different times that morning. They made use of divers remedies, according to art, to give him ease: but all would not do; the distemper prevail'd over the remedies, insomuch that the famous Widenostrils dy'd that morning, of so strange a death, that, I think, you ought no longer to wonder at that of the poet Æschylus. It had been foretold him by the soothsayers, that he would die on a certain day, by the ruin of something that should fall on him. That fatal day being come in its turn, he remov'd himself out of town, far from all houses, trees, rocks, or any other things that can

m. du Chat, from the German brechen, and narilles for narilles, after the Paris manner of pronouncing that word. Cotgrave, from whom m. Motteux takes it, says it means wide-nostrils.

(3) Hypostases] A residence in urine, sitting towards the bottom thereof. Cotgr.

(4) Eneoremes] Cotgrave says encoresmes, the signs of urine, especially those that swim on the top thereof. I don't think there's any such word as encoresmes. Rabelais has it eneoremes, which I take to be derived from the Greek *νῆν*, in, *νῆν*, no, nato, to swim; and *οὐρον*, urina.

fall, and indanger by their ruin; and stay'd in a large field, trusting himself to the open sky; there very secure, as he thought, unless indeed the sky should happen to fall, which he held to be impossible. Yet, they say, that the larks are much afraid of it; for if it should fall, they must all be taken.

The Celtes that once liv'd near the Rhine (they are our noble valiant French) in ancient times were also afraid of the sky's falling: for being asked by Alexander the great, what they fear'd most in this world, hoping well they would say that they fear'd none but him, considering his great achievements; (5) they made answer, that they fear'd nothing but the sky's falling: however, not refusing to enter into a confederacy with so brave a king: if you believe Strabo, lib. 7, and Arrian, lib. 1.

Plutarch also, in his book of the face that appears on the body of the moon, speaks of one (6) Phenaces, who very much fear'd the moon should fall on the earth, and pitied those that live under that planet, as the Æthiopians and Taprobanians, if so heavy a mass ever happened to fall on them; and would have fear'd the like of heaven and earth, had they not been duly prop'd up and born by the (7) atlantic pillars, as the ancients believed, according to Aristotle's testimony, lib. 5, metaphys. Notwithstanding all this, poor Æschylus was kill'd by the fall of the shell of a tortoise, which falling from betwixt the claws of an

(5) They made answer] See Arrian, l. 1. of his history.

(6) Phenaces] Rabelais, for all what he says, did not take this out of Plutarch, who has it Pharnaces; at least the best Greek editions have it so. He took it from that adage of Erasmus which is intitled, *Quid si celum ruat?* where it is Phenaces in Frobenius's editions.

(7) Atlantic pillars] *Colomnes de Atlas*, in Rabelais.

eagle

eagle high in the air, just on his head, dash'd out his brains.

Neither ought you to wonder at the death of another poet; I mean old jolly Anacreon, who was choak'd with a grape-stone. Nor at that of Fabius the Roman prætor, who was choak'd with a single goat's hair, as he was (8) supping up a porringer of milk. Nor at the death of that bashful fool, who by holding in his wind, and for want of letting out a bum-gunshot, died suddenly in the presence of the emperor Claudius. Nor at that of the Italian, buried on the Via Flaminia at Rome, who, (9) in his epitaph, complains that the (10) bite of a she-puss on

(8) Supping up, &c.] Thus far these examples are taken out of Pliny, l. 7, c. 7.

(9) In his epitaph, &c.] It is to be seen in the church of the monks of St. Austin; and Francis Schottus, a senator of Antwerp, gives it in these words in his travels over Italy :

Hospes disce novum mortis genus, improba felix
Dum trahitur, digitum mordet, & intereo.

Hear a new kind of death, ye goers-by ;
A cat my finger bit, and lo ! I die.

Some historians have it *dum teneo*, instead of *dum trahitur*. 'Tis all one.

(10) Bite, &c.] Fût mort par estre mords d'une chatte, &c. Instead of *mordu*, bit, in Rabelais's time they used to say *mords* ; and H. Stephens, p. 144, of his dialogues du nouveau lang. fran. italianisé, insists upon it, that, according to analogy, that way of speaking was right, and ought to be continued. And indeed, for proof that they did not in those days say *mordu*, but *mords*, I shall transcribe honest Clem. Marot's epigram, intitul'd, *Epousée farouche* :

H 6

L'epousée

his little finger was the cause of his death. Nor of that of Q. Lecanius Bassus, who died suddenly of so small a prick with a needle on his left thumb, that it could hardly be discerned. Nor of Quenelault, a Norman physician, who died suddenly at Montpellier, merely for having side-ways took a worm out of his hand with a penknife. Nor of (11) Philomenes, whose servant having got him some new figs for the first course of his dinner, whilst he went to fetch wine, a straggling well-hung ass got into the house, and seeing the figs on the table, without further invitation, soberly fell to : Philomenes coming into the room, and nicely observing with what gravity the ass eat its dinner, said to his man, who was come back, Since thou hast set figs here for this reverend guest of ours to eat, methinks it is but reason thou also give him some of this wine to drink. He had no sooner said this, but he was so excessively pleased, and fell

L'épousé la première nuit
 Assieuroit sa femme farouche :
 Mordez-moi, dit il, s'il vous tuit ;
 Voilà mon doigt en vostre bouche.
 Elle y consent ; il s'escarmouche ;
 Et après qu' il l'eust deshousée,
 Or ça, dit-il, tendre rosée,
 Vous ay-je fait du mal ains !
 Adonc, répondit l'épousée,
 Je ne vous ay pas mords aussi.

One, married to a country-flirt
 Full skittish, said the youth,
 Bite me, my dear, if you I hurt ;
 My finger's in your mouth.
 When all was o'er, he ask'd his bride,
 If any thing did sting her ?
 She, by a question too, reply'd,
 And did I bite your finger ?

(11) Philomenes] See Valerius Maximus and Lucian,

into

into so exorbitant a fit of laughter, that the use of his spleen took that of his breath utterly away, and he immediately dy'd. Nor of (12) Spurius Saufeius, who dy'd supping up a soft boil'd egg as he came out of a bath. Nor of him who, as Boccace tells us, dy'd suddenly by picking his grinders with a (13) sage-stalk. Nor of Philipot Placut, who being brisk and hale, fell dead as he was paying an old debt; which causes, perhaps, many not to pay theirs, for fear of the like accident. Nor of the painter (14) Zeuxis, who kill'd himself with laughing at the sight of the antic jobber-nol of an old hag drawn by him. Nor, in short, of a thousand more of which authors write; as Verrius, Pliny, Valerius, J. Baptista, Fulgofus, and (15) Bacabery the elder. In short, gaffer Widenostrils choak'd himself with eating a huge lump of fresh butter at the mouth of a hot oven, by the advice of physicians.

They likewise told us there, that the king of Cullan in Bohu had routed the grandees of king Mecloth, and made sad work with the fortresses of Belima.

(12) Spurius Saufeius] Rabelais might as well have called him by his right name, Appius Saufeius, as Pliny does, l. 7, c. 53. but having a mind to bamboozle his readers, and lead 'em a wild-goose-chase, he chuses to err with Fulgofus, who gives this Saufeius the prænomen of Spurius, l. 9, c. 12.

(13) Sage-stalk] A huge toad had just before cast its venom upon it.

(14) Zeuxis] See Verrius Flaccus, Cælius Rhodiginus, &c.

(15) Bacabery the elder] Mr. du Chat declares he does not well know who this means. There are two Bacou-berys on the river Oise. Perhaps the person who relates this comical death of Philippot Placut was born at one of them; as writers often assume the name of the place of their birth.

After

After this, we sail'd by the islands of (16) Nargues and Zargues; also by the islands of (17) Teleniabiu and (18) Genuiabiu, very fine and fruitful in ingredients for clysters; and then by the islands of (19) Enig and Evig, on whose account formerly the landgrave of Hesse was swindg'd off with a vengeance.

C H A P.

(16) Nargues] (17) Teleniabiu] (18) Genuiabiu] See these words explained by m. Motteux, in his remarks at the beginning of this volume.

(19) Enig and Evig] Cotgrave would make us believe enig and evig in the German tongue are two prepositions, and signify with and without: so likewise the Dutch Scholiast, and after him mr. Motteux, in his notes on this chapter, printed at the beginning of this volume. They are indeed German words, but neither of 'em prepositions, nor mean any such thing as with and without. Enig is a pronoun, and signifies any (and I'm apt to think our any comes from enig.) As for evig, it is an adjective, and signifies everlasting; (perhaps too from evig we have our word ever.) However this matter stands, the case Rabelais refers to was this. One clause of the treaty between Charles V. and the landgrave of Hesse, was, That the latter should remain in the court of the former, among his retinue, ohne einige gefangnuss, without any confinement; as much as to say, it was by no means as a prisoner that the landgrave should be oblig'd to abide a certain time about the emperor, but purely and only that the conqueror might be sure the conquered would undertake nothing to the prejudice of the said treaty. Instead of the word einige, any, which join'd with the particle ohne, without, manifestly means without any; the emperor had got the word evige, perpetual, slip't into the act. So that the landgrave, who reckon'd upon being oblig'd to follow the emperor no longer than till the agreement made between them was fully executed, was fill'd with surprize when he was given to understand, that by virtue of the word evige, foisted into the place of einige, he had made and own'd himself the emperor's prisoner for

C H A P. XVIII.

How Pantagruel met with a great storm at sea.

THE next day we espied (1) nine sail that came spooning before the wind: they were full of dominicans, jesuits, capuchins, hermits, austins, bernardins, celestins, theatins, egnatins, (2) amadeans, cordeliers, carmelites, minims, (3) and the devil and all of other holy monks and friars, who were going to the council of Chesil, to sift and garble some articles of faith against the new heretics. Panurge was overjoyed to see them, being most certain of

for as many years as it should please that monarch to have him continue so. This is the foul play which Rabelais calls the estafilade, or being swindg'd off as it were with leather-straps; for that's the proper meaning of estafilade.

(1) Nine sail] M. du Chat says, and it is manifest by the next chapter, that there was but one sail, which Rabelais calls une orque. An ourk is properly a sea-fish, enemy to the whale, of a prodigious, and, indeed, monstrous size, and almost round, known in Saintonge by the name of epaulart. From the largeness of this fish, perhaps, it comes about that the biggest sort of ships designed for the ocean are called ourks.

(2) Amadeans] Augustin monks, founded at Rapaille by Amadeus duke of Savoy, 1448, after he had renounced the papacy in favour of Nicholas V. They are a branch of the franciscans.

(3) And the devil and all of other holy monks and friars] Rabelais only says, & aultres ss. religieux; i. e. and other holy monks and friars.

good

good luck for that day, and a long train of others. So having courteously saluted the blessed fathers, and recommended the salvation of his precious soul to their devout prayers and private ejaculations, he caused seventy-eight dozen of westphalia hams, units of pots of caviar, tens of bolonia sausages, hundreds of bo-targoes, and thousands of fine angels, for the souls of the dead, to be thrown on board their ships. Pantagrue seem'd metagraboliz'd, dozing, out of sorts, and as melancholic as a cat. Friar John, who soon perceiv'd it, was enquiring of him whence should come this unusual sadness? when the master, whose watch it was, observing the fluttering of the ancient above the poop, and seeing that it began to overcast, judg'd that we should have (4.) wind; therefore he bid the boatswain call hands upon deck, officers, sailors, fore-mast men, swabbers, and cabin boys, and even the passengers; made them first settle their top-sails, take in their spreet-sail; then he cry'd, In with your top-sails, lower the fore-sail, tallow under

(4.) Wind] Rather an exceeding rough and sudden storm: for that's the meaning of Rabelais's *tyrannique grain et fortunal*, &c. The last word is from the Italian *fortunale*, a hurricane, as we call it. The first, viz. *grain*, a term used by the mariners of Normandy, for a sort of a whirlwind which stops the ship on a sudden, and then in an instant rages so violently, that it is a miracle if the vessel escapes being turned keel upwards. These stormy gusts are always mix'd with rain, but seldom continue above a quarter of an hour. The mariners see them coming at a distance, and accordingly prepare for them by taking in, lowering or furling all the sails, or carrying as little as possible. During the storm, the sea is extremely turbulent, and appears all in a flame. It often happens these grains return several times in one and the same day, so that the ship's crew always keep a sharp look-out: a dead calm generally follows this raging storm, and that in a few minutes.

the

the parrels, brade up close all them sails, strike your top-masts to the cap, make all sure with your sheepsfeet, lash your guns fast. All this was nimbly done. Immediately it blow'd a storm; the sea began to roar, and swell mountain high: the rut of the sea was great, the waves breaking upon our ship's quarter; the north-west-wind bluster'd and overblow'd; boisterous gusts, dreadful clashing and deadly scuds of wind whistled through our yards, and made our shrouds rattle again. The thunder grumbled so horribly, that you would have thought heaven had been tumbling about our ears: at the same time it lighten'd, rain'd, hail'd; the sky lost its transparent hue, grew dusky, thick, and gloomy, so that we had no other light than that of the flashes of lightning and rending of the clouds: the hurricanes, flaws, and sudden whirlwinds began to make a flame about us, by the lightnings, fiery vapours, and other aerial ejaculations. Oh how our looks were full of amazement and trouble, while the saucy winds did rudely lift up above us the mountainous waves of the main! Believe me, it seem'd to us a lively image of the chaos, where fire, air, sea, land, and all the elements were in a refractory confusion. Poor Panurge, having, with the full contents of the inside of his doublet, plentifully fed the fish, greedy enough of such odious fare, sat on the deck all in a heap, with his nose and arse together, most sadly cast down, moping and half dead; invoked and called to his assistance all the blessed he and the saints he could muster up; swore and vow'd to confess in time and place convenient, and then bawl'd out frightfully, Steward, maistre d'hostel, see hoe! (5) my friend, my father, my uncle, prithee let's have a

(5) My friend, &c.] Panurge considers this steward as his all, because he was now the only person could do him any service, by giving him his fill of victuals, before an unlucky wave should have carried off both the one and the other.

piece

piece of powder'd beef or pork ; (6) we shall drink but too much anon, for ought I see. Eat little, and drink the more, will hereafter be my motto, I fear. Would to our dear Lord, and to our blessed, worthy, and sacred lady, I were now, I say, this very minute of an hour, well on shore on terra firma, hale and easy. O twice and thrice happy those that plant cabbages ! O destinies, why did you not spin me for a cabbage-planter ? O how few are there to whom Jupiter have been so favourable, as to predestinate them to plant cabbages ! They have always one foot on the ground, and the other not far from it. Dispute who will of felicity, and summum bonum, for my part, whosoever plants cabbage, is now by my decree proclaim'd most happy ; for as good a reason as the philosopher (7) Pyrrho, being in the same danger, and seeing a hog near the shore eating some scatter'd oats, declar'd it happy in two respects, first, because it had plenty of oats, and besides that was on shore. Hah, for a divine and princely habitation, commend me to the cows floor.

Murther ! This wave will sweep us away, blessed Saviour ! O my friends ! A little vinegar. I sweat again with mere agony. Alas, the mizen sail's split, the gallery's wash'd away, the masts are sprung,

(6) We shall drink but too much anon] A certain notable old tofs-pot, being in the same circumstances Panurge is now in, had, before the same thought : quidam, says Babelius in his merry tales, ortâ tempestate in mari, cœpit avidissime comedere carnes salitas, dicens hodiè plus se habiturum ad bibendum quàm nunquam antea.

(7) Pyrrho] I know not where Rabelais picked up what he makes Pyrrho say here : but Plutarch makes that philosopher reason quite otherwise, and like a true stoick, who once in the height of a tempest shewed no more concern than a pig that was just by him gobbling up the oats that had been thrown him.

the

the main-top-mast-head dives into the sea ; the keel is up to the sun ; our shrouds are almost all broke, and blown away. Alas ! alas ! where is our main course ? (8) *Al is verlooren by Godt* ; our top-mast is run adrift. Alas ! who shall have this wreck ? Friend, lend me here behind you one of these whales. Your lanthorn is fallen, my lads. Alas ! don't let go the main tack nor the bowlin. I hear the block crack ; is it broke ? For the Lord's sake, let us save the hull, and let all the rigging be damn'd. Be, be, be, bous, bous, bous. Look to the needle of your compass, I beseech you, good sir Astrophil, and tell us if you can whence comes this storm. My heart's sunk down below my midriff. By my troth I am in a sad fright ; bou, bou, bou, bous, bous, I am lost for ever. I conskrite myself for mere madness and fear. Bou, bou, bou, bou, Otto to to to to ti, Bou, bou, bou, ou, ou, ou, bou, bou, bous. I sink, I'm drown'd, I'm gone, good people, I'm drown'd.

C H A P.

(8) *Al is verlooren by Godt*] Low-Dutch ; all is lost by G---d. It is in the original, *tout est frelore bigot*, which means the same thing. When the Swissers were beaten at the battle of Marignan, there was a song for four voices, set to musick by the famous Clement Jannequin, and reprinted at Venice, by Jer. Scot. 1550; the burthen of which was :

Tout est frelore

La tintelore

Tout est frelore, bigot.

After the farce of *Patelin*, which has these words in it, they became French, and the late gay mademoiselle de Limceil sung them as she was dying, *All is lost, by G---d*. A gay lady indeed ! *Bigot*, or by G---d, is the St. Picaut of *Pamurge*, l. 3, c. 29. Peter Larrivey, act 2d, last scene of his comedy call'd *Morfondu*, calls him

saint

C H A P. XIX.

What countenances Panurge and friar John kept during the storm.

PAntagruel, having first implor'd the help of the great and almighty deliverer, and pray'd publicly with fervent devotion, by the pilot's advice held tightly the mast of the ship. Friar John had strip'd himself to his waistcoat, to help the seamen. Epistemon, Ponocrates, and the rest did as much. Panurge alone sat on his breech upon deck, weeping and howling. Friar John espied him, going on the quarter-deck, and said to him: Odzooks! Panurge the calf, Panurge the whiner, Panurge the brayer, would it not become thee much better to lend us here a helping hand, than to lie lowing like a cow, as thou dost, sitting on thy stones like a bald breech'd baboon? Be, be, be, bous, bous, bous, returned Panurge; friar John, my friend, my good father, I am drowning, my dear friend! I drown; I am a dead man, my dear father in god, I am a dead man, my friend: your cutting hanger cannot save me from this: alas! alas! we are (1) above ela. Above the pitch, out of tune, and off the hinges. Be, be, be, bou, bous. Alas! we are now above g sol re ut. I sink, I sink, hah my father, my uncle, my

saint Picot: so, to save the oath, they make the oath itself a saint: for there's no such saint as St. Picault in reality, nor ever was.

(1) Above ela] Allusion from (helas) alas, to ela, a term in music. Panurge's meaning is, that in their present imminent danger of death, their alas's would do no good.

all,

all. The water is got into my shoes by the collar ; bous, bous, bous, païsch, hu, hu, hu, he, he, he, ha, ha, I drown. Alas ! alas ! Hu, hu, hu, hu, hu, hu, hu, be be bous, bous, bobous, bobous, ho, ho, ho, ho, alas ! alas ! Now am I like your tumblers, my feet stand higher than my head. Would to heaven I were now with those good, holy fathers bound for the council, (2) whom we met this morning, so godly, so fat, so merry, so plump and comely. Holos, holos, holas, holas, alas. This devilish wave (mea culpa Deus) I mean (3) this wave of God, will sink our vessel. Alas, friar John, my father, my friend, confession. Here I am down on my knees ; confiteor ; your holy blessing. Come hither and be damn'd, thou pitiful devil, and help us, said friar John ; who fell a swearing and cursing like a tinker : in the name of thirty legions of black devils, come, will you come ? Don't let us swear at this time, said Panurge ; holy father, my friend, don't swear, I beseech you ; to-morrow as much as you please. Holos, holos, alas, our ship leaks. I drown, alas, alas ! I will give eighteen hundred thousand crowns to any one that will set me on shoar, all bewrayed, and bedawb'd as I am now. If ever there was a man in my country in the like pickle. Confiteor, alas ! a word or two of testament or codicil at least. A thousand devils seize the cuckoldy cow-hearted mungril, cry'd friar John. Ods belly, art thou talking here of making thy will, now we are in

(2) Whom we met this morning] Add, in the *ork*, *dedans l'orque*. This confirms *m. du Chat's* assertion, that there was but one sail loaded with monks. See the first line of the preceding chapter.

(3) This wave of God] Panurge, who had just utter'd a prophane expression, corrects himself in complaisance to a friend, who represents to him the danger they are all in,

danger,

danger, and it behoveth us to bestir our stumps lustily, or never? Wilt thou come, ho devil? Midship-man, my friend; O the rare lieutenant; here Gymnast, here on the poop. We are, by the mass, all beshit now, our light is out. This is hastening to the devil as fast as it can.---Alas, bou, bou, bou, bou, bou, alas, alas, alas, said Panurge, was it here we were born to perish? Oh! hoh! good people, I drown, I die. Consummatum est. I am sped---Magna, gna, gna, said friar John. Fye upon him, how ugly the shitten howler looks.---Boy, younker, see hoyh.---Mind the pumps, or the devil choak thee,---Hast thou hurt thyself? Zoons, here fasten it to one of these blocks. On this side in the devil's name, hay---so my boy,---Ah friar John, said Panurge, good ghostly father, dear friend, don't let us swear, you sin. Oh ho, oh ho, be bebe bous, bous, bhous, I sink, I die, my friends. I die in charity with all the world. Farewel, in manus. Bohous, bhous, bhousowwau-waus. St. Michael of Aure! St. Nicholas! now, now or never. I here make you a solemn vow, and to our Saviour, that if you stand by me but this time, I mean if you set me ashore out of this danger, I will build you (4) a fine large little chapel or two between

Candé

(4) A fine large little chapel or two between Candé and Monforeau] Panurge would say, a fine large chapel, or two little ones, but fear had disorder'd his senses. What he adds, viz. Where neither cow nor calf shall feed, alludes to the proverb:

Entre Candé & Monforeau

La ne paist brebis ne veau.

Between Candé and Montforrow

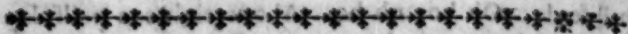
There feeds nor sheep, nor calf, nor cow.

By

Candé and Monforeau, where neither cow nor calf shall feed. Oh ho, oh ho. Above eighteen pailfuls or two of it are got down my gullet; bous, bhous, bhous, bhous, how damn'd bitter and salt it is!----- By the virtue, said friar John, of the blood, the flesh, the belly, the head, (5) if I hear thee again howling, thou cuckoldly cur, I'll maul thee worse than any sea wolf. Ods fish, why don't we take him up by the lugs, and throw him over board to the bottom of the sea? Here, sailor, he honest fellow. Thus, thus, my friend, hold fast above,-----In truth here is a sad lightening and thundering; I think that all the devils are got loose; 'tis holiday with 'em; or else madam Proserpine is in child's labour: all the devils dance a morrice.

By this proverb we are inform'd that there's but a very small extent of land, and that too very barren, between the manor of Montforeau and the village of Candé, which are only parted by the Vienne, and the sands on each side of that river.

(5) If I hear thee, &c.] It runs thus in Rabelais: If I hear thee again pieping like a chicken, I'll scratch thy back worse than a file. By this he compares Panurge to a hen, and himself to a cock, who would scratch him where he did not itch, and as it were en loup marin, i. e. with a sea-wolf's skin (such as joiners use to polish their work with.) That fish, (call'd also a requiem) is very rough-skin'd, ravenous, and wide mouthed, but good meat, says Cotgr.



CHAP. XX.

How the pilots were forsaking their ships in the greatest stress of weather.

OH, said Panurge, you fin, friar John, my former crony ! former, I say, for at this time I am no more, you are no more. It goes against my heart to tell it you : for I believe this swearing doth your spleen a great deal of good ; as it is a great ease to a wood cleaver to cry hem at every blow ; and as one who plays at nine-pins, is wonderfully help'd, if, when he hath not thrown his bowl right, and is like to make a bad cast, some ingenious stander-by leans and screws his body half-way about, on that side which the bowl should have took to hit the pins. Nevertheless you offend, my sweet friend. But what do you think of eating some kind of (1) cabirotadoes ?

Would'nt

(1) Cabiratodoes] Mind how our author drolls upon the name of this dish of meat, equivocating to that of the gods Cabiri ; and how amidst a storm he brings in their priests, who were always miraculously preserv'd in storms at sea, how violent soever they were, says the commentator of Apollonius. These Cabiri, Καβίριοι, were gods highly rever'd in Samothrace, as being the penates of those islanders. Cabir, in Syriac, signifies potent. (See Jos. Scaliger, in 4 Var. ling. lat.) Not only the priests belonging to the Cabiri, but all others of that sodality, were secure in time of storm, tho' the sea went never so high. As for the dish, call'd cabirotades, or capilotades, according to Boyer, it is a French ragoo of remnants of meat. Capilotade, Cotgr. says, is stew'd meat, compounded of veal, capon, chicken, or par-

Wouldn't this secure us from this storm? I have read that in a storm at sea no harm ever befel the ministers of the gods Cabiri, so much celebrated by Orpheus, Apollonius, Pherecides, Strabo, Pausanias and (2) Herodotus. He doats, he raves, the poor devil! said friar John. A thousand, a million, nay, a hundred million of devils seize the hornify'd doddipole. Lend's a hand here, ho! tiger, wouldst thou? Here on the starboard side. Ods me, thou buffalo's-head stuffed with relicks, what ape's pater noster art thou muttering and chattering here between thy teeth? That devil of a sea-calf is the cause of all this storm, and is the only man who doth not send a helping hand. By G—, if I come near thee, I'll fetch thee out by the head and ears with a vengeance,

partridge, minced, spiced, and laid upon several beds of cheese. Again; cabirots, says Cotgrave, is the sperm, or spawn of sturgeons, (cavear) spread upon bread, and eaten with vinegar, oil and pepper.

(2) Herodotus. He doats] I'm afraid I shall punish the reader with puns. But it is the author's fault, not mine. Rabelais concludes this sentence with Herodotus (Herodote) and begins the next with il radote; he dote. Can there be a more manifest pun than Herodote, and il radote, to such as speak French right? Nay, 'tis so plain, that the famous Menage tells us, (under the word radoter) several have been induced, from this allusion of Rabelais, to believe, that radoter properly signifies to tell stories as unlikely to be true, as many things seem to be that are related by the historian Herodotus. Tho' by the way, Huetius affirms, Herodotus has much fewer untruths than many people believe he has. To conclude: Menfrew tells us, radoter quasi redoubter; hæsitant enim & dubitant, etiam de rebus apertis & manifestis, homines deliri. So much for the French radoter. Whether our word doat, (rectius dote) comes from that, or from the Low-Dutch dotten, I shall not take upon me to determine.

and chastise thee like any tempestative devil. Here mate, my lad, hold fast till I have made a double knot. O brave boy! Would to heaven thou wert abbot of Talemouze, and that he that is, were guardian of Croullay. Hold brother Ponocrates, you will hurt yourself man. Epistemon, pr'ythee stand off out of the hatch-way. Methinks I saw the thunder fall there but just now. Con the ship, so ho----- Mind your steerage. Well said, thus, thus, steady, keep her thus, get the long boat clear.-----Steady. Ods fish, the beakhead is stav'd to pieces. Grumble, devils, fart, belch, shite a t-----d o' the wave. If this be weather, the devil's a ram. Nay, by G-----, a little more would have wash'd me clear away into the current. I think all the legions of devils hold here their provincial chapter, or are polling, canvassing, and wrangling for the election of a new rector.-----Starboard; well said.-----Take heed; have a care of your noddle, lad, in the devil's name. So ho, starboard, starboard. Be, be, be, bous, bous, bous, cry'd Panurge, bous, bous, be, be, be, bous, bous, I am lost. I see neither heaven nor earth; of the four elements, we have here only fire and water left. Bou, bou, bou, bous, bous, bous. Would it were the pleasure of the worthy divine bounty, that I were at this present hour in the close at Seville, or at Innocent's, the pastry-cook, over-against the painted wine-vault at Chinon, though I were to strip to my doublet, and bake the petti-pasties myself.

Honest man, could not you throw me ashore? You can do a world of good things, they say. I give you all Salmigondinois, and my large shore full of whisks, cockles, and periwinkles, if, by your industry, I ever set foot on firm ground. Alas, alas, I drown. Hark'ee, my friends, since we cannot get

safe

safe into port, let us come to an anchor into some road, no matter whither. Drop all your anchors; let us be out of danger, I beseech you. Here honest tar, get you into the chains, and heave the lead, an't please you. Let us know how many fathom water we are in. Sound, friend, in the lord Harry's name. Let us know whether a man might here drink easily without stooping. I am apt to believe one might. Helm a lee, hoh, cry'd the pilot. Helm a lee; a hand or two at the helm; about ships with her; helm a lee, helm a lee.-----Stand off from the leech of the sail.-----Hoh, belay, here make fast below; hoh, helm a lee, lash sure the helm a lee, and let her drive. Is it come to that? said Pantagruel: our good Saviour then help us. Let her lie under the sea, cry'd James Brahier, our chief mate, let her drive. To prayers, to prayers, let all think on their souls, and fall to prayers; nor hope to scape but by a miracle. Let us, said Panurge, make some good pious kind of vow: alas, alas, alas! bou, bou, be be be bous, bous, bous, oho, oho, oho, oho, let us make a pilgrim: come, come, let every man club his penny towards it, come on. Here, here, on this side, said friar John, in the devil's name. Let her drive, for the Lord's sake unhang the rudder; hoh, let her drive, let her drive, and let us drink, I say, of the best and most cheering; d'ye hear, steward, produce, exhibit; for d'ye see this, and all the rest will as well go to the devil out of hand. A pox on that wind-broker Æolus, with his flusterblusters. Sirrah, page, bring me here my drawer (for so he call'd his breviary); stay a little here, hawl friend, thus.-----Odzoons, here's a deal of hail and thunder to no purpose. Hold fast above, I pray you. When have we all-saints day? I believe 'tis the unholy holiday of all the devil's crew. Alas, said Panurge, friar John damns himself here as black as buttermilk for

the nonce. Oh, what a good friend I lose in him. Alas, alas, this is another gats bout than last year's. We are falling out of Scylla into Charybdis. Oh! I drown. Confiteor; one poor word or two by way of testament, friar John, my ghostly father; good mr. abstractor, my crony, my Achates, Xenomanes, my all. Alas, I drown; two words of testament here upon this ladder.



C H A P. XXI.

A continuation of the storm, with a short discourse on the subject of making testaments at sea.

TO make ones last will, said Epistemon, at this time that we ought to bestir ourselves and help our seamen, on the penalty of being drown'd, seems to me as idle and ridiculous a maggot as that of some of Cæsar's men, who, at their coming into the Gauls, were mightily busy'd in making wills and codicils; bemoan'd their fortune, and the absence of their spouses and friends at Rome; when it was absolutely necessary for them to run to their arms, and use their utmost strength against Ariovistus their enemy.

This also is to be as silly, as that jolt-headed lolly of a carter, who, having laid his waggon fast in a slough, down on his marrow-bones, was calling on the strong-back'd deity Hercules, might and main, to help him at a dead lift; but all the while forgot to goad on his oxen, and lay his shoulder to the wheels, as it behoved him: as if a Lord have mercy upon

upon us, alone, would have got his cart out of the mire.

What will it signify to make your will now? For either we shall come off, or drown for't. If we 'scape, it will not signify a straw to us; for testaments are of no value, or authority, but by the death of the testators. If we are drown'd, will it not be drown'd too? Pr'ythee who will transmit it to the executors? Some kind wave will throw it ashore, like Ulysses, reply'd Panurge; and some king's daughter, going to fetch a walk in the fresco, on the evening, will find it, and take care to have it prov'd and fulfill'd; nay, and have some stately cenotaph erected to my memory: as (1) Dido had to that of her good man Sichæus; (2) Æneas to Deiphobus, upon the Trojan shore, near Rhœte; (3) Andromache to Hector, in the city of Buthrotos; (4) Aristotle to Hermias and Eubulus; (5) the Athenians to the poet Euripides; (6) the Romans to Drusus in Germany, and to (7) Alexander Severus, their emperor, in the Gauls;

(1) Dido to her good man Sichæus] Whence Rabelais had this, I know not. Perhaps he took for a cenotaph the funeral pile, which gave occasion to Dido to burn herself with the sacrifice she had been offering to the manes of Sichæus. See Justin. l. 18. c. 6.

(2) Æneas to Deiphobus] Æneid, l. 6. v. 505.

(3) Andromache to Hector] Æneid, l. 3. v. 302.

(4) Aristotle to Hermias and Eubulus] See Diogenes Laertius, in the life of Aristotle.

(5) The Athenians to the poet Euripides] See the Anthologia, l. 3. p. 394. Wechel's edition.

(6) The Romans to Drusus] See Suetonius, in the life of the emperor Claudius.

(7) Alexander Severus] See Lampridius, in the life of that emperor.

(8) Argentier to Callaischre; (9) Xenocrates to Lyfidices; Timares to his son Teleutagoras; (10) Eupolis and Aristodice to their son Theotimus; (11) Onestes to Timocles; (12) Callimachus to Sopolis the son of Diocles; (13) Catullus to his brother; (14) Statius to his father; (15) Germain of Brie to Hervé

(8) Argentier to Callaischre] Read Callaischrus: Καλλαίσχρος. He perishing at sea, the poets, doubtless well paid by his heirs, set themselves at work to make cenotaphs, (honorary tombs) to his memory: two of which are extant, l. 3. of the Anthologia, c. 22. One made by Leonidas, the other by Argentarius, beginning Οὗτος ὁ Καλλαίσχρου κενὸς τάφος.

(9) Xenocrates to Lyfidices] Read, Xenocrites. See the Anthologia, l. 3. p. 367. Wechel's edition.

(10) Eupolis, &c.] I have not been able to find out any thing of this nor the preceding.

(11) Onestes to Timocles] See the Anthologia, l. 3. p. 366. Wechel's edition.

(12) Callimachus to Sopolis] See the epigram of Callimachus, epigr. 22.

(13) Catullus to his brother] See the 102d epigr. of Catullus.

(14) Statius to his father] See the Sylvæ of Statius, l. 5. epiced. 3.

(15) Germain of Brie to Hervé, &c.] In the year 1512, on St. Lawrence's day, there was off of St. Mahe, in Bretagne, a great sea fight, between the French fleet and the English, who were above two to one in number of ships. [So says m. du Chat of the English He goes on.] The English seeing their admiral in danger, threw fire into that of France, commanded by captain Hervé, a Breton. He, after having in vain endeavoured to save his ship, finding the loss of her inevitable, grappled with the English ship, to which the wind having carry'd the fire, the Regente of England, and the Cordelière (Franciscan nun) of France, (so were the two ships call'd) perished with all that were on board. Germain

Hervé the Breton tarpawlin. Art thou mad, said friar John, to run on at this rate? Help here, in the name of five hundred thousand millions of cart-loads of devils, help! may a shanker gnaw thy mustachioes, and the three rows of pock-royals and colli-

main de Brie, in Latin Germanus Brixæus, wrote, upon this occasion, a poem intituled Chordigera, (cordeliere) dedicated to queen Anne, at the conclusion whereof he raised this following cenotaph to the memory of captain Hervé.

Hervei Cenotaphium.

Magnanimi manes Hervei, nomenque verendum
Hic lapis observat, non tamen ossa tegit.
Aufus enim Anglorum numerosæ occurrere classi,
Qua patrium infestans jam prope littus erat,
Chordigerâ in vectus regali puppe: Britannis
Marte prius sævo comminus edomitis,
Arst Chordigeræ in flammâ, extremoque cadentem
Servavit moriens excidio patriam.
Prisca duos ætas Decios miratur: at unum
Quem conferre queat, nostra duobus habet.

To this sir Thomas Moore made the following sharp answer.

Herveæ cum Deciiis unum conferre duobus
Ætas, te, Brixæ, judice, nostra potest.
Sed tamen hoc distant; illi quod sponte peribant;
Hic perijt, quoniam non potuit fugere.

See the epigrams of sir Thomas More, and the poems of German de Brie. The latter have been reprinted in the collection, made by Gruterus, under the name of Rhanutus Gherus, of the Latin poems published by the French in the 16th century. It is in 16mo. in 3 vol. printed in 1599. I shall add nothing to this article, only that sir Tho. More gives to the accusative of Herveus, a Greek termination: Herveæ for Herveum. Thus Ulysses in Greek Οδυσσεύς.

flowers cover thy bum and turd-barrel, instead of breeches and codpiece. Codsooks, our ship is almost overfet. Ods death, how shall we clear her? 'tis well if she don't founder. What a devilish sea there runs! She'll neither try, nor hull; the sea will overtake her, so we shall never 'scape; the devil 'scape me. Then Pantagruel was heard to make a sad exclamation, saying with a loud voice; Lord save us, we perish; yet not as we would have it, but thy holy will be done. The Lord and the blessed virgin be with us, said Panurge. Holos, alas, I drown; be be be bous, be bous, bous: in manus. Good heaven, send me some dolphin to carry me safe on shore, like a pretty little Arion. I shall make shift to sound the harp, if it be not unstrung. Let nineteen legions of black devils seize me, said friar John (The Lord be with us, whisper'd Panurge between his chattering teeth.) If I come down to thee, I'll shew thee to some purpose, that the badge of thy humanity dangles at a calf's breech, (16) thou ragged

(16) Thou ragged-horn'd cuckoldy booby]. Mr. Motteux here not only mistakes the meaning of the word cornart; (for how could Panurge be a cuckold, that was not yet married?) but likewise the rest of the sentence. Rabelais's words are, veau coquart, cornart, escorné. Upon which du Chat says: veau coquart, raw sot, cockaded prig, who is always trimm'd up with a cock's feather in his cap; the beaux of that age being used to adorn their bonnets with a cock's feather; from whence our word cockade, I suppose; though we ought to write it, as the French do, coquarde. M. du Chat goes on to the next word, veau cornart, which M. Motteux, as I said above, took for cuckold, as if it came from corne, horn: whereas veau cornart is an ignorant doctor, who, to procure the more respect, is never seen abroad without his tippet or hood (cornette, in French) to shew he is graduated. See chap. VIII.

ragged horn'd cuckoldy boody: magna, magnan, magnan: come hither and help us, thou great weeping calf, or may thirty millions of devils leap on thee. Wilt thou come, sea calf? Fie! how ugly the howling whelp looks. What always the same ditty? Come on now, my bonny drawer. This he said, opening his breviary. Come forward, thou and I must be somewhat serious for a while; (17) let me peruse thee (18) stiffly. Beatus vir qui non abiit. Pshaw, I know all this by heart; let's see the legend of monsieur St. Nicholas.

Horrida tempestas montem turbavit acutum.

(19) Tempeste was a mighty flogger of lads at Montaigu college. If pedants be damn'd for whipping des illustres proverbes. Lastly, veau escorné, arrant scrub, who has, by his base pranks, already loaded himself with contempt and scorn; escorno in Italian, from whence Rabelais borrows it.

(17) Let me peruse thee] Friar John speaks to his breviary.

(18) Stiffly] A contrepoil, in the original; which means the contrary way (not stiffly). He turn'd the leaves of his breviary from left to right, which is the wrong way to find the psalm, Beatus vir qui non abiit.

(19) Tempeste, &c.] Antony Tempeste, doctor of Paris, principal of Montaigu college, where his picture is still to be seen. Eutrapel's tales, ch. 26. Lupold me disoit, &c. Lupold said to me, ----- Ecce montem acutum, where our old master Antony Tempeste used to thunder topically. A franciscan friar, call'd frere Tempeste, who, without changing the habit, preach'd the reformation at Montlimar in 1560, gave beginning to the church of that place. See Beza's eccl. hist.

To conclude, that Latin verse alludes to this of Horace.

Horrida tempestas cœlum contraxit & imbres.

ping poor little innocent wretches their scholars, he is, upon my honour, by this time fix'd within Ixion's wheel, lashing the crop-ear'd bob-tail'd cur that gives it motion. If they are saved for having whipp'd innocent lads, he ought to be (20) above the -----

CHAP. XXII.

An end of the storm.

(1) **S**Hoar, shoar! cry'd Pantagruel. Land to, my friends, I see land! (2) Pluck up a good spirit, boys, 'tis within a kenning. So! we are not far from a port,-----I see the sky clearing up to the northwards,--- Look to the south-east! Courage my hearts, said the pilot; now she'll bear the hulloek of a sail: the sea is much smother; some hands aloft, to the main-top.---Put the helm a-weather.---Steady, steady!--Hawl your after-mizen bowlings.---Hawl, hawl, hawl! --- Thus, thus, and no near. Mind your steerage; bring your main tack aboard.--- Clear your sheets; clear your bowlings; port, port,--- Helm a lee.---Now, to the sheet on the starboard side, thou son of a whore. Thou art

(20) Above the -----] The period interrupted by Pantagruel's crying out he saw land.

(1) Shoar, shoar] Terre, terre! land, land. This is the *γῆν ὁρᾶν*, or *terram video* of Diogenes, when he found he was got toward the conclusion of a certain voluminous book, with which he was quite tired.

(2) Pluck up a good spirit] In the original, *courage de brebis*: on, with a sheep's courage. The nearer sheep draw to the fold, the more they bleat.

mightily

mightily pleas'd, honest fellow, quoth friar John, with hearing him make mention of thy mother. Loff, loff, cry'd the quarter-master that cun'd the ship, keep her full, loff the helm. Loff. It is, answer'd the steerman; keep her thus.---Get the bonnets fix'd. Steady, steady.

That's well said, said friar John; now, this is something like a tansey. Come, come, come children, be nimble.----Good.----Loff, loff.---Thus.---Helm a weather. That's well said and thought on. Methinks the storm is almost over. It was high time, faith: however, the Lord be thanked. --- Our devils begin to scamper.---Out with all your sails.---Hoist your sails.--Hoist.---That's spoke like a man, hoist, hoist.---Here, a God's name, honest Ponocrates; thou'rt a lusty fornicator; the whoreson will get none but boys. Eusthenes, thou art a notable fellow.---Run up to the fore top-sail.---Thus, thus, ---Well said, I faith; thus, thus. I dare not fear any thing all this while, for it is holiday. Vea, vea, vea! huzza! This shout of the seamen is not amiss, and pleases me, for it is holiday. Keep her full thus.---Good. Cheer up my merry-mates all, cry'd out Epistemon; I see already (5) Castor on the right. Be, be, bous, bous, bous, said Panurge, I am much afraid it is the bitch Helen. 'Tis truly (4) Mixarchagenas, return'd Epistemon, if thou likest better that denomination, which the Argives give him. Ho, ho! I see land too: let her bear in with the harbour; I see a good many people on the beach: I see a light on an obeliscolychny. Shorten your sails, said the pilot; fetch the sounding-line; we must double that point of land, and mind the

(3) Castor---Helen] See Pliny, l. 2. c. 37. and the Scaligerana, at the word noctilucæ.

(4) Mixarchagenas] Read Mixarchagevas; for that's the true reading. See Plutarch, problem 23. quest. 63.

sands. --- We are clear off them, said the sailors. Soon after, Away she goes, quoth the pilot, and so doth the rest of our fleet: help came in good season.

By St. John, said Panurge, this is spoke somewhat like: O the sweet word! there's the soul of musick in't. Mgna, mgna, mgna, said friar John; if ever thou taste a drop on't, let the devil's dam taste me, thou ballocky devil. Here, honest soul, here's a full (5) sneaker of the very best. Bring the flagons: dost hear Gymnaft? and that same large pasty jambic, or gammonic, e'en as you will have it.---Take heed you pilot her in right.

Cheer up, cry'd out Pantagruel; cheer up, my boys: let's be ourselves again. Do you see yonder, close by our ship, two barks, three sloops, five ships, eight pinks, four yawls, and six frigates making towards us, sent by the good people of the neighbouring island to our relief. But who is this Ucalegon below, that cries and makes such a sad moan? Were it not that I hold the mast firmly with both my hands, and keep it straiter than two hundred tacklings --- i'd.---It is, said friar John, that poor devil Panurge, who is troubled with a calf's ague; he quakes for fear when his belly's full. If, said Pantagruel, he hath been afraid during this dreadful hurricane and dangerous storm, provided he hath done his part like a man, I do not value him a jot the less for it. For as, to fear in all encounters, is the mark of a heavy and cowardly heart; as Agamemnon did, who, for that reason, is ignominiously tax'd by Achilles with having dog's eyes, and (6) a stag's heart: so, not to fear when the case is evidently dreadful, is a sign of want or smallness of judgment. Now, if any

(5) Sneaker] Rabelais uses our English word tankard, but spells it tanquart.

(6) Stag's heart] Iliad iſt.

thing

thing ought to be feared in this life, next to offending God, I will not say it is death. I will not meddle with the disputes of Socrates, and the academics, that death of itself is neither bad, nor to be fear'd: but I will affirm, that this kind of death by shipwreck is to be fear'd, or nothing is. For, as Homer saith, it is a grievous, dreadful and unnatural thing to perish at sea. And indeed Æneas, in the storm that took his fleet near Sicily, was griev'd that he had not dy'd by the hand of the brave Diomedes; and said, that those were three, nay four times happy, who perish'd in the conflagration at Troy. No man here hath lost his life, the Lord, our saviour, be eternally prais'd for it: but, in truth, here is a ship sadly out of order. Well, we must take care to have the damage repair'd. Take heed we do not run a-ground and bulge her.

C H A P. XXIII.

How Panurge play'd the good-fellow when the storm was over.

WHAT cheer, ho, fore and aft, quoth Panurge? Oh ho! all's well, the storm is over. I beseech ye, be so kind as to let me be the first that is set on shoar; for I would by all means a little untruss a point. --- Shall I help you still? Here, let me see, I'll coile this rope; I have plenty of courage, and of fear as little as may be. Give it me yonder, honest tar. --- No, no, I have not a bit of fear. Indeed, that same decumane wave, that took us fore and aft, somewhat alter'd my pulse, --- Down with your sails; well said. How
now

now, friar John? you do nothing. Is it time for us to drink now? Who can tell but (11) St. Martin's running footman may still be hatching us some further mischief? Shall I come and help you again? Pork and pease choke me, if I do not heartily repent, though too late, not having follow'd the doctrine of the good philosopher, who tells us, that to walk by the sea, and to navigate by the shoar, are very safe and pleasant things: just as it is to go on foot, when we hold our horse by the bridle.---Ha! ha! ha! by G--- all goes well. Shall I help you here too? Let me see, I'll do this as it should be, or the devil's in't.

Epistemon (who had the inside of one of his hands all flea'd and bloody, having held a tackling with might and main) hearing what Pantagruel had said, told him; You may believe, my lord, I had my share of fear as well as Panurge; yet I spared no pains in lending my helping hand. I consider'd, that since by fatal and unavoidable necessity, we must all die, it is the blessed will of God that we die this or that hour, and this or that kind of death: nevertheless, we ought to implore, invoke, pray, beseech, and supplicate him: but yet we must not stop there; it behoveth us also to use our endeavours on our side, and, as the holy writ saith, to co-operate with him.

You know what C. Flaminius the consul said, when by Hannibal's policy he was penn'd up near the lake of Peruse, alias Thrasymene. Friends (said he to his soldiers) you must not hope to get out of this place barely by vows, or prayers to the gods; no, 'tis by fortitude and strength we must escape, and cut

✓ (1) St. Martin's running footman] The devil. The legend of St. Martin assigns him the devil for a running-footman on a certain occasion,

our-

ourselves a way, with the edge of our swords, thro' the midst of our enemies.

Sallust likewise makes M. Portius Cato say this: The help of the gods is not obtain'd by idle vows, and womanish complaints; 'tis by vigilance, labour, and repeated endeavours, that all things succeed according to our wishes and designs. If a man, in time of need and danger, is negligent, heartless, and lazy, in vain he implores the gods; they are then justly angry and incens'd against him. The devil take me, said friar John (I'll go his halves, quoth Panurge) if the clove of Seville had not been all gather'd, vintag'd, glean'd, and destroy'd, if I had only sung *Contra hostium infidias* (matter of breviary) like all the rest of the monkish devils, and had not bestir'd myself to save the vineyard as I did, dispatching the truant piccaroons of Lerne with the staff of the cross.

Let her sink or swim a God's name, said Panurge, all's one to friar John; he doth nothing: his name is (2) friar John Do-little; for all he sees me here a sweating and puffing to help, with all my might, this honest tar, first of the name.----Hark you me, dear soul, a word with you;---but pray be not angry. How thick do you judge the planks of our ship to be? Some two good inches and upwards, return'd the pilot; don't fear. Odfkilderkins, said Panurge, it seems then we are (3) within two fingers breadth of damnation.

Is this (4) one of the nine comforts of matrimony?

(2) Friar John Do-little] In opposition to Panurge, whose name comes from *fac-totum*, do-all.

(3) Within two fingers breadth of damnation] Instead of damnation, read death; for that's Rabelais's word. The thought is Anacharsis the Scythian's, in Diogenes Laërtius.

(4) One of the nine comforts of matrimony] A pleasant

ny? Ah, dear soul, you do well to measure the danger by the yard of fear. For my part, I have none on't; my name is William Dreadnought. As for heart, I have more than enough on't; I mean none of your sheep's heart; but of (5) wolf's heart; the courage of a bravo. By the pavilion of Mars, I fear nothing but danger.



C H A P. XXIV.

How Panurge was said to have been afraid without reason, during the storm.

GOOD morrow, gentlemen, said Panurge, good morrow to you all: you are in very good health, thanks to heaven, and yourselves: you are all heartily welcome, and in good time. Let us go on shoar.--Here, coxen, get the ladder over the gunnel; man the sides; man the pinnace, and get

fant comparison between a man, however lucky in marrying, and another that's embark'd, and on the sea: however good the ship be he has under him, yet is he not sure he shall not be cast away.

He that in wedlock (twice) ventures his carcase,
(Twice) ventures a drowning, and faith that's a hard case,

says a merry poet. To return to du Chat: a small book of the fifteen comforts of matrimony was several times reprinted in the 16th century.

(5) Wolf's heart.] Forced courage: for a wolf never turns head to fight, but when he can't run away with his prey.

her

her by the ship's side.- Shall I yet lend you a hand here? I am stark mad for want of business, and would work like any two yokes of oxen.-- Truly this is a fine place, and these look like a very good people.-- Children, do you want me still in any thing? Do not spare the sweat of my body, for God-sake. Adam (that is man) was made to labour and work, as the birds were made to fly. Our lord's will is, that we get our bread with the sweat of our brows, not idling and doing nothing, like this tatterdemalion of a monk here, this friar Jack, who is fain to drink to hearten himself up, and dies for fear.-- Rare weather. ---I now find the answer of (1) Anacharhis, the noble philosopher, very proper: being ask'd, What ship he reckon'd the safest? he reply'd, That which is in the harbour." He made yet a better repartee; said Pantagruel, when somebody enquiring which is greater, the number of the living or that of the dead? he ask'd them amongst which of the two they reckon'd those that are at sea? ingeniously implying, that they are continually in danger of death, dying alive, and living die. (2) Portius Cato also said, that there were but three things of which he would repent; that is, if ever he had trusted his wife with his secret, if he had idled away a day, and if he had ever gone by sea to a place which he could visit by land. By this dignified frock of mine, said friar John to Panurge, friend, thou hast been afraid during the storm, without cause or reason: for thou wert not born to be drowned, but rather to be hanged, and exalted in the air, or to be roasted in the midst of a jolly (3) bonfire. My lord, would you have a good cloke for the rain;

(1) Anacharhis] See his life in Diogenes Laërtius,

(2) Portius Cato] See his life in Plutarch.

(3) Bonfire] After bonfire, add, like a father. *Pendu ou brûlé comme ung pere*, are Rabelais's words; of which

rain ; leave me off your wolf and badgerskin mantle ; let Panurge but be flead, and cover yourself with his hide. But do not come near the fire, nor near your blacksmith's forges, a-God's name ; for in a moment you will see it in ashes. Yet be as long as you please in the (4) rain, snow, hail, nay, by the devil's marker, throw yourself, or dive down to the very bottom of the water, I'll engage you'll not be wet at all. Have some winter boots made of it, they'll never take in a drop of water : make bladders of it to lay under boys, to teach them to swim, instead of corks, and they will learn without the least danger. His skin then, said Pantagruel, should be like the herb call'd, true maidens hair, which never takes wet nor moistness, but still keeps dry, though you lay it at the bottom of the water as long as you please ; and for that reason is called *adiantos*.

Friend Panurge, said friar John, I pray thee never be afraid of water : thy life for mine, thou art threaten'd with a contrary element. Ay, ay, reply'd Panurgè, but the devil's cooks doat sometimes,

mr. Motteux has left out the conclusion, like a father. M. du Chat tells us, that Rabelais, by like a father, means like one of the lutherans, or first reformers, who in France were denominated fathers (*peres* in french) because, in those days, praying in french (as they still do) most of their prayers begin with, Father everlasting (*Pere eternel*.) So the returning thanks in latin, which beginneth with the verb *agimus*, has got the catholicks the surname of *Agimus*. S. Ange to Mascarat, who could not endure the hugonots, says,

Tu devrois plustost dire avec moy ;
Pere eternel & *agimus*,
Soyez tous deux les bien venus.

(4) In the rain] See Pliny, l. 22, c. 21.

and

and are apt to make horrid blunders as well as others ; often putting to boil in water, what was designed to be roasted on the fire : like the head cooks of our kitchen, who often lard partridges, queests, and stock-doves, with intent to roast them, one would think ; but it happens sometimes, that they e'en turn the partridges into the pot to be boil'd with cabbages, the queests with leek-pottage, and the stock-doves with turnips. But hark you me, good friends, I protest before this noble company, that as for the chapel which I vow'd to monsieur St. Nicholas, between Candé and Monforeau, I honestly mean that it shall be (5) a chapel of rose-water, which shall be where neither cow nor calf shall be fed : for between you and I, I intend to throw it to the bottom of the water. Here is a rare rogue for you, said Eusthenes : here's a pure rogue, a rogue in grain, a rogue enough, a rogue and a half. He is resolved to make good the Italian proverb; (6) *Passato il pericolo, è gabato il santo*.

The devil was sick, the devil a monk wou'd be :
The devil was well, the devil a monk was he.

(5) A chapel, &c.] A distilling-chapel, that is, a lembick. The word chapelle, in the signification of an alembick, is to be found in Corderius's de corr. serm. emendatione, in ch. habendi summa, of the edition of 1531. Nicot and Oudin have since put it into their dictionaries. Marot (who translated most of the psalms into french, as they are still sung here in England, and elsewhere) says in his epigram to mademoiselle de la Chapelle :

La chapelle, où se font eaües odoriferantes,
Donne par ses liqueurs guerisons differentes.

—— — The chapel
Which water makes of various fragrant scents,
Does by its liquors different cures dispense.

(6) *Passato, &c.*] The danger once over, the saint's despised.

CHAP. XXV.

How after the storm, Pantagruel went on shore in the islands of the Macreons.

Immediately after, we went ashore at the port of of an island, which they call'd the (1) island of the Macreons. The good people of the place receiv'd us very honourably. An old Macrobius (so they call'd their eldest elderman) desir'd Pantagruel to come to the town-house to refresh himself, and eat something: but he would not budge a foot from the mole till all his men were landed. After he had seen them, he

[(1) Island of the Macreons] Some will have this to be Great Britain; others will have it take in likewise the province of Bretagne in France, wherein, as well as in England, the tales of Eutrapel, ch. 33, observe there are still to be seen a world of ancient monuments and singular rarities, as are mention'd in this chapter. The translator of Rabelais into English, is of opinion it means England, and no other country: but, altho' it is certain that people live there to a very great age, yet that does not determine the question. The sole reason is, those who in Edward the VIth's time, to avoid persecution in France, fled into England, found the secret there to prolong a life which they had not fail'd to have lost in their own country. Again, literally taken, may it not mean the isle of Wight, which, in the romance of Perceforest, is called the isle of life? And that romance, which extends its herbes lives to many ages, makes 'em live so long for no other reason, but on account of his assigning them that island to reside in; from whence they are at last forced to be taken, in order to put them into a possibility of dying.

gave

gave order they should all change cloaths, and that some of all the stores in the fleet should be brought on shoar, that every ship's crew might live well : which was accordingly done, and God wot how they all top'd and 'carouz'd. The people of the place brought them provisions in abundance. The Pantagruelists return'd them more : as the truth is, theirs were somewhat damag'd by the late storm. When they had well stuffed the insides of their doubters, Pantagruel desired every one to lend their help to repair the damage ; which they readily did. It was easy enough to refit there ; for all the inhabitants of the island were carpenters, and all such handicrafts as are seen in the arsenal at Venice. None but the largest island was inhabited, having three ports, and ten parishes ; the rest being over-run with wood, and desert, much like the forest of Arden. We entreated the old Macrobius to shew us what was worth seeing in the island ; which he did ; and in the desert and dark forest we discover'd several old ruin'd temples, obelisks, pyramids, monuments, and ancient tombs, with divers inscriptions and epitaphs ; some of them in hieroglyphic characters ; others in the (2) gothic dialect ; some in the arabic, agarenian, sclavonian, and other tongues ; of which Epistemon took an exact account. In the interim, Panurge said to friar John, Is this the island of the Macreons ? *Macreon* signifies in Greek an old man, or one much stricken in years. What's that to me, said friar John, how can I help it ? I was not in the country when they christen'd it. Now I think on't, quoth Panurge, I believe the name of makerel [that's a bawd in french] was deriv'd from it : for procuring is the province of the old, as buttock-riggling is that of the young. Therefore I don't know but this may be the bawdy or mackrel island, the original and prototype of the

(2) Gothic] Rabelais has it Ionic.

island of that name at Paris. Let's go and drudge for cock-oysters. Old Macrobius ask'd in the ionick tongue, how, and by what industry and labour Pantagruel got to their port that day, there having been such blustering weather, and such a dreadful storm at sea. Pantagruel told him, that the almighty preserver of mankind had regarded the simplicity and sincere affection of his servants, who did not travel for gain or sordid profit; the sole design of their voyage being a studious desire to know, see, and visit the oracle of Bacbuc, and take the word of the bottle upon some difficulties offer'd by one of the company: nevertheless this had not been without great affliction, and evident danger of shipwreck. After that, he ask'd him what he judg'd to be the cause of that terrible tempest, and if the adjacent seas were thus frequently subject to storms; as in the ocean are the (3) Ratz of Sammaieu, (4) Maumousson, and in the Mediterranean sea the gulph of (5) Sataly,

(3) Ratz of Sammaieu] In Bretagne, a dangerous passage, because of the rapidity of the currents there.

(4) Maumousson] The canal so call'd, is likewise very dangerous on account of the numberless banks and quicksands there, which are moving up and down continually. It is two leagues long and one broad, and separates the isles of Alvert and Oleron. See la Popeliniere's history of France.

(5) Sataly] Anciently Attalia, in Pamphylia. It is still very dangerous, but nothing near so much as it was heretofore, by reason of a sea-monster, which, if we believe Villamont in his travels, was wont to infest that part of the sea, till the empress St. Helena, in her return from Jerusalem, from whence she was bringing the nails with which our Saviour was fasten'd to the cross, threw one of 'em into the waves there; which has render'd that monster so gentle, that it is but seldom he now-a-days meddles with any of the ships that come near the place of his abode. See Villamont's voyages, l. 2, c. 5.

Montargentan,

(6) Montargentan, Piombino, (7) Capo Melio in Laconia, the streights of Gibraltar, Faro di Messina, and others.



CHAP. XXVI.

How the good Macrobius gave us an account of the mansion and decease of the heroes.

THE good Macrobius then answer'd ; Friendly strangers, this island is one of the Sporades ; not of your Sporades that lie in the Carpathian sea, but one of the Sporades of the ocean : in former times rich, frequented, wealthy, populous, full of traffic, and in the dominions of the ruler of Britain : but now, by course of time, and in these latter ages of the world, poor and desolate, as you see. In this dark forest, above seventy eight thousand Persian leagues in compass, is the dwelling-place of the dæmons and heroes, that are grown old, and we believe that some one of them dy'd yesterday ; since the comet, which we saw for three days before together, shines no more : and now 'tis likely, that at his death there arose this horrible storm ; for while they are alive, all happiness attends both this and the adjacent islands, and a settled calm and serenity. At the death of every one of them we commonly hear in the forest loud and mournful groans, and the whole land is infested with pestilence, earthquakes, inundations and other calamities ; the air with fogs

(6) Montargentan] Porto de Telamone, in Tuscany.

(7) Capo Melio in Laconia] Cabo de Malvasia ; anciently Melleum promontorium.

and

and obscurity, and the sea with storms and hurricanes. What you tell us, seems to me likely enough, said Pantagruel. For (1) as a torch or candle, as long as it hath life enough and is lighted, shines round about, disperses its light, delights those that are near it, yields them its service and clearness, and never causes any pain or displeasure; but as soon as 'tis extinguish'd, its smoke and evaporation infects the air, offends the by-standers, and is noisome to all: so, as long as those noble and renowned souls inhabit their bodies, peace, profit, pleasure, and honour never leave the places where they abide; but as soon as they leave them, both the continent and adjacent islands are annoy'd with great commotions; in the air, fogs, darkness, thunder, hail; tremblings, pulsations, agitations of the earth; storms and hurricanes at sea; together with sad complaints amongst the people, broaching of religions, changes in governments, and ruins of commonwealths.

We had a sad instance of this lately, said Eustemon, at the death of that valiant and learned knight William du Bellay; during whose life France enjoyed so much happiness, that all the rest of the world look'd upon it with envy, sought friendship with it, and stood in awe of its power; but now, after his decease, it hath for a considerable time been (2) the scorn of the rest of the world.

Thus,

(1) As a torch, &c.] Comparison taken from Plutarch in his discourse of the cessation of oracles.

(2) The scorn of the rest of the world] Soon after the death of William du Bellay, the emperor Charles Vth forc'd the duke of Cleves to depart from the alliance he had made with France; and as Francis the Ist was generally reckon'd to have brought into the Mediterranean, and even before the castle of Nice, the corsair Barbarossa, the emperor, at that time almighty in Germany, not on-

Thus, said Pantagruel, Anchises, being dead at Drepani in Sicily, Æneas was dreadfully tosa'd and endanger'd by a storm; and perhaps, for the same reason Herod, that tyrant and cruel king of Judea, finding himself near the pangs of a horrid kind of death, (for he dy'd of a phthiasis, devour'd by vermin and lice; as before him dy'd L. (3) Sylla, Rhodocydes the Syrian, the preceptor of Pythagoras, the Greek poet Alcmaeon, and others) and foreseeing that the Jews would make bonfires at his death, caus'd all the nobles and magistrates to be summoned to his seraglio, out of all the cities, towns, and castles of Judea, fraudulently pretending that he had some things of moment to impart to them. They made their personal appearance; whereupon he caus'd them all to be shut up in the hippodrome of the seraglio; then said to his sister Salome, and Alexander her husband: I am certain that the Jews will rejoice at my death; but, if you will observe and perform what I tell you, my funeral shall be honourable, and there will be a general mourning. As soon as you see me dead, let my guards, to whom I have already given strict commission to that purpose, kill all the noblemen and magistrates that are secur'd in the hippodrome. By these means all Jewry shall, in spite of themselves, be oblig'd to mourn and lament, and foreigners will imagine it to be for my death, as if some heroic soul had left her body. At desperate

ly hinder'd the ambassadors, sent by the king to the diet, from setting foot within the empire, but was going to hang a herald they had dispatch'd before for passports: so absolute was the emperor in Germany, after the death of m. de Langey, who, being present in all the diets, never fail'd to support the glory and interests of France, by representing to the Germans, in those assemblies, their true interest, and the measures they were to take to preserve their liberty. See Sleidan, l. 15.

(3) Sylla, &c.] See Pliny for all these.

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K

tyrant

tyrant wish'd as much, when he said, When I die, let earth and fire be mix'd together; which was as good as to say, let the whole world perish. Which saying the (4) tyrant Nero alter'd, saying, While I live, as Suetonius affirms it. This detestable saying, of which Cicero, lib. 3, de finib. and Seneca, lib. 2, de clementia, make mention, is ascrib'd to the emperor Tiberius, by Dion Nicæus and Suidas.



CH A P. XXVII.

Pantagruel's discourse of the decease of heroic souls; and of the dreadful prodigies that happen'd before the death of the late lord de Langey.

I Would not, continu'd Pantagruel, have miss'd the storm that hath thus disorder'd us, were I also to have miss'd the relation of these things told us by this good Macrobius. Neither am I unwilling to believe what he said of a comet that appears in the sky some days before such a decease. For some of those souls are so noble, so precious, and so heroic, that heaven gives us notice of their departing, some days before it happens. And as a prudent physician, seeing by some symptoms that his patient draws towards his end, some days before, gives notice of it to his wife, children, kindred, and friends, that, in that little time he hath yet to live, they may admonish him to settle all things in his family, to tutor and instruct his children as much as he can, recommend his relict to his friends in her widowhood, and declare

(4) The tyrant Nero] The scoundrel Nero. Neron
be truant, in the original.

what

what he knows to be necessary about a provision for the orphans ; that he may not be surpriz'd by death without making his will, and may take care of his soul and family : in the same manner the heavens, as it were, joyful for the approaching reception of those blessed souls, seem to make bonfires by those comets and blazing meteors, which they at the same time kindly design should prognosticate to us here, that in a few days one of those venerable souls is to leave her body, and this terrestrial globe. Not altogether unlike this was what was formerly done at Athens, by the judges of the areopagus. For when they gave their verdict to cast or clear the culprits that were try'd before them, they us'd certain notes according to the substance of the sentences ; by (1) Θ. signifying condemnation to death ; (2) by T, absolution ; (3) by A, ampliation or a demur, when the case was not sufficiently examin'd. Thus having publicly set up those letters, they eas'd the relations and friends of the prisoners, and such others as desir'd to know their doom, of their doubts. Likewise by these comets,

(1) By Θ signifying condemnation to death] From the Greek *θανάτος*, death. It is therefore Θ, and not O, as all the editions, which I have seen, have it ; and it is to this signification of the theta (in the judgments pass'd by the Greeks) that this verse of Persius alludes :

Et potis es vitio nigrum præfigere theta.

(2) By T, absolution] In Greek *τελευσις*.

(3) By A, ampliation] Rabelais follows the error of Erasmus, who had no correct Asconius to go by. That grammarian says nothing absolutely of what we see here in Rabelais, and in the adages of Erasmus, chil. 1, cent. 5, ch. 56 ; since A, according to him, is the mark of absolution, C of condemnation, and the two letters N L. i. non liquet, denotes ampliation.

as in ætherial characters, the heavens silently say to us, Make haste, mortals, if you would know or learn of the blessed souls any thing concerning the public good, or your private interest; for, their catastrophe is near, which being past, you will vainly wish for them afterwards.

The good-natur'd heavens still do more; and that mankind may be declar'd unworthy of the enjoyment of those renown'd souls, they fright and astonish us with prodigies, monsters, and other foreboding signs, that thwart the order of nature.

Of this we had an instance several days before the decease of the heroic soul of the learned and valiant chevalier de Langey, of whom you have already spoken. I remember it, said Epistemon; and my heart still trembles within me, when I think on the many dreadful prodigies that we saw five or six days before he dy'd. For the lords (4) D'Assier, Chevant, oney'd Mailly, St. Ayl, Villeneuve-la-Guyart, master Gabriel physician of Savillan, Rabelais, Cohuau, Massuau, Majorici, Bullou, Cereu alias Bourgmestre, Francis Proust, Ferron, Charles Girard, Francis Bourré, and many other friends and servants to the deceased, all dismay'd, gaz'd on each other without uttering one word; yet not without foreseeing that France would in a short time be deprived of a knight so accomplish'd, and necessary for its glory and protection, and that heaven claim'd him again as its due. By the tufted tip of my cowl, cry'd friar John, I am e'en resolv'd to become a scholar before I die. I have a pretty good head-piece of my own, you must confess. Now pray give me leave to ask you a civil

(4) D'Assier, &c.] See an account of all these gentlemen in m. du Chat, and what legacies were left them by the chevalier de Langey. Our author had fifty livres tournois yearly rent-charge, till such time as he should have a benefice, worth at least 300 livres per annum.

question.

question. Can these same heroes and demigods you talk of, die? May I never be damn'd, if I was not so much a lobcock as to believe they had been immortal, like so many fine angels. Heaven forgive me! but this most reverend father Macrobius tells us, they die at last. (5) We all must, return'd Pantagruel.

The stoicks held them all to be mortal, except one, who alone is immortal, impassible, invisible. Pindar plainly saith, that there is no more thread, that is to say, no more life spun from the distaff and flax of the hard-hearted fates for the goddesses hamadryades, than there is for those trees that are preserved by them, which are good, sturdy, downright oaks; whence they deriv'd their original, according to the opinion of Callimachus, and Pausanias in Phocia. With whom concurs Martianus Capella. As for the demigods, fauns, satyrs, sylvans, hobgoblins, ægipanes, nymphs, heroes, and dæmons, several men have, from the total sum, which is the result of the divers ages calculated by Hesiod, reckon'd their life to be 9720 years; that sum consisting of four special numbers orderly arising from one, the same added together, and multiplied by four every way, amounts to forty; these forties, being reduc'd into triangles by five times, make up the total of the aforesaid number. See Plutarch, in his book about the cessation of oracles.

This, said friar John, is not matter of breviary; I may believe as little or as much of it as you and I please. I believe, said Pantagruel, that all intellectual souls are exempted from Atropos's scissers. They are all immortal, whether they be of angels, of dæ-

(5) We all must, return'd Pantagruel] Not all, return'd Pantagruel: non touts, respondit Pantagruel: these are Rabelais's words. The translator puts an affirmative for a negative, in Pantagruel's mouth. Mark the sequel.

mons, or human: yet I'll tell you a story concerning this, that's very strange, but is written and affirm'd by several learned historians.



CHAP. XXVIII.

How Pantagruel related a very sad story of the death of the heroes.

(1) **E**Pitherfes, the father of Æmilian the rhetorician, sailing from Greece to Italy, in a ship freighted with divers goods and passengers, at night the wind fail'd 'em near the Echinades, some islands that lye between the Morea and Tunis, and the vessel was driven near Paxos. When they were got thither, some of the passengers being asleep, others awake, the rest eating and drinking, a voice was heard that call'd aloud, Thamous! which cry surpriz'd them all. This same Thamous was their pilot, an Egyptian by birth, but known by name only to some few travellers. The voice was heard a second time, calling Thamous, in a frightful tone; and none making answer, but trembling, and remaining silent, the voice was heard a third time, more dreadful than before.

This caus'd Thamous to answer; Here am I, what dost thou call me for? What wilt thou have me do? Then the voice, louder than before, bid him publish when he should come to Paloda, that the great god Pan was dead.

Epitherfes related, that all the mariners and passengers, having heard this, were extremely amaz'd and frighted; and that consulting among themselves, whether they had best conceal or divulge what the

(1) Epitherfes] See Plutarch, in his treatise of the cessation of oracles.

voice

voice had enjoin'd, Thamous said, his advice was, that if they happen'd to have a fair wind, they should proceed without mentioning a word on't, but if they chanc'd to be becalm'd, he would publish what he had heard. Now when they were near Paloda they had no wind, neither were they in any current. Thamous then getting up on the top of the ship's fore-castle, and casting his eyes on the shoar, said that he had been commanded to proclaim, that the great god Pan was dead. The words were hardly out of his mouth, when deep groans, great lamentations, and doleful shrieks, not of one person, but of many together, were heard from the land.

The news of this, (many being present then) was soon spread at Rome; insomuch that Tiberius, who was then emperor, sent for this Thamous, and having heard him, gave credit to his words. And enquiring of the learned in his court, and at Rome, who was that Pan? he found by their relation that he was the son of Mercury and Penelope, as Herodotus, and Cicero in his third book of the nature of the gods, had written before.

For my part, I understand it of that great Saviour of the faithful, who was shamefully put to death at Jerusalem by the envy and wickedness of the doctors, priests, and monks of the mosaic law. And methinks, my interpretation is not improper; for he may lawfully be said in the Greek tongue to be Pan, since he is our all. For all that we are, all that we live, all that we have, all that we hope, is him, by him, from him, and in him. He is the good Pan, the great shepherd, who, as the loving shepherd Corydon affirms, hath not only a tender love and affection for his sheep, but also for their shepherds. At his death, complaints, sighs, fears, and lamentations were spread through the whole fabric of the universe, whether heavens, land, sea, or hell.

The time also concurs with this interpretation of mine; for this most good, most mighty Pan, our only Saviour, died near Jerusalem, during the reign of Tiberius Cæsar.

Pantagruel, having ended this discourse, remain'd silent, and full of contemplation. A little while after, we saw (2) the tears flow out of his eyes as big as ostrich's eggs. God take me presently, if I tell you one single syllable of a lye in the matter.



CHAP. XXIX.

How Pantagruel sail'd by the Sneaking Island, where Shrovetide reign'd.

THE jovial fleet being refitted and repair'd, new stores taken in, the Macreons over and above satisfy'd, and pleas'd with the money spent there by Pantagruel, our men in better humour yet than they us'd to be, if possible, we merrily put to sea the next day near sun-set, with a delicious fresh gale.

Xenomanes shew'd us afar off (1) the Sneaking island,

(2) The tears flow out of his eyes] When, before, l. 3. c. 2, Rabelais describes Pantagruel as the best little and great good man that ever girded a sword to his side, he seems to hint that the great qualities of that prince were mix'd with abundance of others not so great. Here, he makes him weep, out of the constitutional softness of his temper, and the tenderness of his disposition.

(1) The Sneaking island] L'Isle de Tapinois, in French, means neither more nor less than the habitation of the monks, which in ch. 46. of l. 3, and in the prol. of

island, where reign'd (2) Shrove-tide, of whom Pantagruel had heard much talk formerly : for that reason he would gladly have seen him in person, had not Xenomanes advised him to the contrary : first, because this would have been much out of our way ; and then for the lean-chear, [*manger maigre,*] which, he told us, was to be found at that prince's court, and indeed all over the island.

You can see nothing there for your money, said he, but a huge greedy guts ; a tall woundy swallower of (3) hot wardenes and (4) muscles ; a long-shank'd (5) mole-catcher ; an over-grown (6) bottler

of l. 4, Rabelais calls *taupetiers*, and their churches *taupetieres* ; properly holes which the moles root in the ground ; because the monks are shut up therein like so many moles (*taupes*, in French, from *talpa*, a mole, in Latin.) Lent is said to dwell in these monks convents, where abstinence from flesh, is suppos'd, and ought to reign.

(2) Shrove-tide] *Quaresme-prenant*. Rabelais means the beginning of lent, or, if you will, the whole time of lent ; not what we call shrove-tide, strictly. The popish ecclesiastics, as mr. Motteux observes, begin their lent before the laity ; shrove-tuesday is to them a day of humiliation. See more in mr. Motteux's notes on this chapter, and likewise du Chat.

(3) Hot wardenes, &c.] Grey-pease, in the original.

(4) Muscles] Rabelais rather means herrings : his expression is *ung grand cacquerotier*, (not *caquerolier*.) Now *cacquerotier* is *catque-ruptier* ; one that makes ruptures in cags (or barrels) of herrings, which in time of lent the cloistral folks are often doing, because it is a great article of their subsistence.

(5) Mole-catcher] Lent is the chief season of the whole year for mole-catching.

(6) Bottler of hay] Hay beginning to be scarce in lent, there's much of it sold by bottles, or trusses.

of hay ; (7) a mossy-chin'd demy-giant, with a double shaven crown, of lantern breed ; (8) a very great loitering noddie-peak'd youngster, (9) banner-bearer to the fish-eating tribe, (10) dictator of mustard-land, (11) flogger of little children, (12) calciner of ashes, (13) father and foster-father to physicians ;

(7) A mossy chin'd demy-giant, &c.] Lent mossy, or downy-chin'd, because it has not been long on the footing it now is. Demi-giant, because of its length. Of lantern-breed, and with shaven crown, because lent was first establish'd by the ecclesiasticks, whom Rabelais elsewhere calls lanterniers.

(8) A very great loitering noddie-peak'd youngster] Bien grand lanternier, in french, and that's all. On which word, m. du Chat observes : lent makes fools of (lanterne) those that keep it : and furthermore, as there are in lent many nocturnal devotions, there are lanterns then to be seen trotting about in proportion.

(9) Banner-bearer to the fish-eating tribe] Rabelais so calls the first day of lent, because it precedes many other days on which fish is always eaten.

(10) Dictator of mustard-land] Because in many of the lent-dishes there's mustard used.

(11) Flogger of little children] Partly because fasting, and likewise a melancholy bilious diet, in lent, is apt to make parents and school-masters very peevish to their children : and partly because during the holy week, the whipping part is redoubled among the cucullated gentry.

(12) Calciner of ashes] Both on account of people's going to church on ash-wednesday, to have ashes put on their heads ; and also because in lent there being plenty of brands on the hearths, then, or never, is the time to reduce the same to ashes, for lye to wash and cleanse their linen with.

(13) Father, and foster father to physicians] In ch. 29, of l. 5. The food people use in lent engenders the distempers of the whole year.

(14) swarming with pardons, indulgences, and stationings; a very honest man; a good catholick, and as brimful of devotion as ever he can hold.

He weeps the three-fourth parts of the day, and (15) never assists at any weddings; but, give the devil his due, he's the (16) most industrious larding-stick and skewer-maker in forty kingdoms.

About six years ago, as I pass'd thro' Sneaking-land, I brought home (17) a large skewer from thence, and made a present of it to the butchers of Quande, who set a great value upon them, and that for a cause. Some time or other, if ever we live to come back to our own country, I will shew you two of them fastned on the great church-porch. His usual food is (18) pickled coats of mail, salt helmets and head-pieces, and salt sallads; which sometimes makes him

K 6 piss

(14) Swarming with pardons] In time of lent, people run a stationing, (i. e. visit the churches) to gain the pardons and indulgences each church abounds with.

(15) Never assists at any weddings] The church forbids marrying in lent.

(16) Most industrious larding-stick and skewer-maker] In lent, especially towards the end, butchers begin to busy themselves to make skewers; and cooks, larding-sticks, and the like.

(17) A large skewer] It should be a gross of skewers, (12 dozen) *I'en emportay une grosse*. Mr. Motteux took *grosse* for the feminine of *gros*, large. But not so *m. du Chat*: *une grosse de lardoires*, says he, *douze douzaines*. But he too forgot himself in putting *lardoires* for *brochettes*; larding-sticks for skewers; for that's Rabelais's word there. Besides, what had butchers to do with larding-sticks? Skewers are their concern.

(18) Pickled coats of mail, &c.] The original has salt coats of mail, salt casks, salt morrians, and salt sallads. On which *m. du Chat*'s note is: all lent-food

is

piss pins and needles. As for his cloathing, 'tis comical enough o' conscience, both for make and colour; for he wears (19) grey and cold, nothing before, and nought behind, with the sleeves of the same.

You will do me a kindness, said Pantagruel, if, as you have described his cloaths, food, actions, and pastimes, you will also give me an account of his shape, and disposition in all its parts. Prithee do, dear cod, said friar John; for I have found him in my breviary, and then follows the moveable holy-days. With all my heart, answer'd Xenomanes; we may chance to hear more of him as we touch at the Wild Island, the dominions of the squob Chitterlings his enemies; against whom he is eternally at odds: and were it not for the help of the noble (20) Carnival, their protector, and good neighbour, this meagre-look'd (21) Shrovetide would long before this have made sad work among them, and rooted them out of their habitation. Are these same Chitterlings, said friar John, male or female, angels or mortals, women or maids? They

is high-relish'd, and hard of digestion, and the name, such meats go by, are those of salades, a sort of head-piece so call'd; morions, another sort of head-piece, &c. (tho' this latter means, likewise, a small red delicious mushroom, called morillios, salted for winter use.)

(19) Grey and cold, &c.] Lent-weather is generally grey and cold; but that's not all Rabelais means. His nothing before, nothing behind, and sleeves of the same, alludes to saint Francis's rule, enjoining the grey friars to wear no shirts, and to re-iterate in time of lent the discipline (whip) on their naked skin.

(20) Carnival] Mardi-gras, properly shrove-tuesday. He is protector of the chitterlings against lent.

(21) Shrovetide] Carefine-prenant. It means lent all along, or at least the first days of it: tho' continually called by the translator shrovetide.

are,

are, reply'd Xenomanes, female in sex, mortal in condition, some of them maids, others not. The devil have me, said friar John, if I been't for them. What a shameful disorder in nature is it not, to make war against women? Let's go back, and hack the villain to pieces.-----What! (22) meddle with Shrovetide? cry'd Panurge: in the name of Belzebub, I am not yet so weary of my life. No, I'm not yet so mad as that comes to. Quid juris? Suppose we should find ourselves pent up between the Chitterlings and Shrovetide? (23) between the anvil and the hammers? Shankers and buboes! stand off! godzooks, let's make the best of our way. I bid you good night, sweet mr. Shrovetide; I recommend to you the Chitterlings, and pray don't forget the puddings.

(22) Meddle with Shrovetide] That is, meddle with lent! &c.

(23) Between the anvil and the hammers] It is lent, (called by the translator shrovetide) that is, the striker and persecutor. The Chitterlings are the sufferers, the party struck and persecuted.

CHAP.

CH A P. XXX.

How Shrovetide is anatomiz'd and describ'd
by Xenomanes.

AS for the inward parts of (1) Shrovetide, said Xenomanes; (2) his brain is (at least it was in my time) in bigness, colour, substance and strength, much like the left cod of a he-hand-worm.
The ventricles of his said brain, like an augre.
The worm-like excrescence, like a christmas-box.
The membranes, like a monk's cowl.
The funnel, like a mason's chissel.
The fornix, like a casket.
The glandula pinealis, like a bagpipe.
The rete admirabile, like a gutter.
The dug-like processus, like a patch.
The tympanums, like a whirly-gig.

(1) Shrovetide, &c.] Carefme-prenant, in French: Tho' this word ordinarily means the carnival, says m. du Chat, and particularly mardi-gras (shrove-tuesday;) yet here it means ash-wednesday, or even lent itself, since it is set in opposition to mardi-gras, protector of the chitterlings. Thus, the grotesque picture of lent, drawn here by Xenomanes, not being applicable to the odd extravagant mascarades of the carnival, this picture must needs, on one hand, refer in general to the whimsicalness of the habits of the monks, who by their rules are tied to a continual lent, and on the other hand, it certainly animadverts on the error of those who place great part of the christian religion in the observance of lent, and its devotions.

(2) His brain in bigness, &c.] Whoever invented lent, in Rabelais's opinion, he had no great share of wisdom.

The

Chap. XXX. WORKS.

- The rocky bones, like a goose-wing.
- The nape of the neck, like a paper lanthorn.
- The nerves, like a pipkin.
- The uvula, like a sackbut.
- The palate, like a mittain.
- The spittle, like a shuttle.
- The almonds, like a telescope.
- The bridge of his nose, like a wheel-barrow.
- The head of the larynx, like a vintage-basket.
- The stomach, like a belt.
- The pylorus, like a pitchfork.
- The wind-pipe, like an oyster-knife.
- The throat, like a pincushion stuff'd with oakham.
- The lungs, like a prebend's fur gown.
- The heart, like a cope.
- The mediastin, like an earthen cup.
- The pleura, like a crow's bill.
- The arteries, like a watch-coat.
- The midriff, like a mounteer-cap.
- The liver, like a double-tongu'd mattock.
- The veins, like a sash-window.
- The spleen, like a catcal.
- The guts, like a trammel.
- The gall, like a cooper's ads.
- The entrails, like a gantlet.
- The mesentery, like an abbot's mitre.
- The hungry gut, like a button.
- The blind gut, like a breast-plate.
- The colon, like a bridle.
- The arse-gut, like a monk's leathern bottle.
- The kidnies, like a trowel.
- The loins, like a padlock.
- The ureters, like a pot-hook.
- The emulgent veins, like two gilly-flowers.
- The spermatick vessels, like a cully-mully-puff.
- The parastata's, like an ink-pot.
- The bladder, like a stone-bow.
- The neck, like a mill-clapper.

(3) The mirach, or lower parts of the belly, like a high crown'd hat.

4) The siphach, or its inner rind, like a wooden cuff.

The muscles, like a pair of bellows.

The tendons, like a hawking-glove.

The ligaments, like a tinker's budget.

The bones, like three corner'd cheese-cakes.

The marrow, like a wallet.

The cartilages, like a (5) field tortoise, alias a mole.

The glandules in the mouth, like a pruning-knife:

The animal spirits, like swindging fifty-cuffs.

The blood fermenting, like a multiplication of flurts on the nose.

The urine, like a fig-petker.

The sperm, like a hundred of ten-penny nails.

X And his nurse told me, that (6) being married to

(3) The mirach] An Arabian word, thus defin'd by Leonellus Faventinus, in his *de medendis morbis*: mirach, says he, dicitur pars ventris exterior, composita et cute, pinguedine, & octo musculis ventris.

(4) Siphach] Est siphac, says the same author, panniculus nervosus, solidus, continens inter se zirbum, stomachum, & hepar.

(5) Field tortoise, alias a mole] Alias a mole, is of mr. Motteux's own putting in. Rabelais says, tortue de guarriges: which is a sort of land-tortoise, nothing of the mole-kind. It is not so large as the water-tortoise, but has a much finer shell, and its belly is yellow. There's plenty of them in Languedoc, where the fields and bushes are call'd guarriges.

(6) Being married to Mid-lent, &c.] During the whole time of lent, except on midlent-day, none, in the Romish communion, are allowed to marry. This suggested to

Rabe-

to Mid-lent, he only begot a good number of local adverbs, and certain double fasts.

His memory he had like a scarf.

His common sense, like a buzzing of bees.

His imagination, like the chime of a set of bells.

His thoughts, like a flight of starlings.

His conscience, like the unnesting of a parcel of young hens.

His deliberations, like a set of organs.

His (7) repentance, like the carriage of a double cannon.

His undertakings, like the ballast of a galleon.

His understanding, like a torn breviary.

His notions, like snails crawling out of straw-berries.

His will, like three filberts in a porringer.

His desire, like six trusses of hay.

His judgment, like a shoeing-horn.

His discretion, like the truckle of a pully.

His reason, like a cricket stool.

Rabelais the thought of making a match between la mi careme, i. e. mid-lent, and le careme, i. e. lent himself; and as lent, in point of marriages, is barren, thence it comes that from such a match can proceed nothing but local adverbs, and certain double-fasts: the fastings indeed beginning to increase after mid-lent, and every body desiring to know, whither they must go. [i. e.] to what church;] whence [from what church] they must come; and lastly, through what church they must pass to gain the indulgences.

(7) Repentance, &c.] Slow, and attended with great preparatives.

CHAP. XXXI.

Shrovetide's outward parts anatomiz'd.

Shrovetide, continued Xenomanes, is somewhat better proportion'd in his outward parts, excepting the seven ribs which he had over and above the common shape of men.

His toes, were like a virginal on an organ.

His nails, like a gimlet.

His feet, like a guitar.

His heels, like a club.

The soles of his feet, like a crucible.

His legs, like a hawk's lure.

His knees, like a joint-stool,

His thighs, like a steel cap.

His hips, like a wimble.

His belt was big as a tun, button'd after the old
fashion, with a girdle riding over the middle of his
bosom.

His navel, like a cymbal.

His groin, like a minc'd pye.

His member, like a slipper.

His purse, like an oyl cruet.

His genitals, like a joiner's plainer.

Their erecting muscles, like a racket,

The perineum, like a flageolet.

His arse-hole, like a crystal-looking-glass.

His bum, like a harrow.

His loins, like a butter-pot.

The peritonæum, or caul, wherein his bowels were wrap'd, like a billiard-table.

His back, like an overgrown rack-bent cross-bow.

The

The vertebræ, or joints of his back-bone, like a bag-pipe.

His ribs, like a spinning-wheel.

His brisket, like a canopy.

His shoulder-blades, like a mortar.

His breast, like a game at nine-pins.

His paps, like a horn-pipe.

His arm-pits, like a chequer.

His shoulders, like a hand-barrow.

His arms, like a riding-hood.

His fingers, like a brotherhood's andirons.

The fibulæ, or lesser bones of his legs, like a pair of stilts.

His shin-bones, like sickles.

His elbows, like a mouse-trap.

His hands, like a curry-comb.

His neck, like a talboy.

His throat, like a felt to distil hippocras.

The knob in his throat, like a barrel, where hang'd two brazen wens, very fine and harmonious, in the shape of an hour-glass.

His beard, like a lantern.

His chin, like a mushroom.

His ears, like a pair of gloves.

His nose, like a buskin.

His nostrils, like a forehead cloth.

His eye-brows, like a dripping-pan.

On his left brow, was a mark of the shape and bigness of an urinal.

His eye-lids, like a fiddle.

His eyes, like a comb-box.

His optick nerves, like a tinder-box.

His forehead, like a false cup.

His temples, like the cock of a cistern.

His cheeks, like a pair of wooden shoes.

His jaws, like a cawdle cup.

(1) His teeth, like a hunter's staff. Of such colts

(1) His teeth, like a hunter's staff] Long, by much fasting.

teeth

teeth as his, you will find one at Colonges les royaux in Poitou, (2) and two at la Brosse in Xaintonge, on the cellar-door.

His tongue, like a jews-harp.

His mouth, like a horse-cloth.

His face embroider'd like a mule's pack-saddle.

His head contriv'd like a still.

His skull, like a pouch.

The futuræ, or seams of his scull, like the annulus piscatoris, or the (3) fisher's signet.

His skin, like a gabardine.

His epidermis, or outward skin, like a bouting-cloth.

His hair, like a scrubbing-brush.

His fur, such as abovesaid.



CHAP. XXXII.

A continuation of Shrovetide's countenance, postures, and way of behaving.

TIS a wonderful thing, continued Xenomanes, to hear and see the state of Shrovetide.

If he chanc'd to spit, it was whole baskets full of goldfinches.

(2) And two at la Brosse, &c.] Boccace, in his genealogy of the gods, gives an historical account of some giants teeth, two whereof were found at Drepano in Sicily, fasten'd to the roof of our lady's church there, by two iron chains,

(3) Fisher's seal] The pope's seal is doubtless meant by this.

If he blow'd his nose, it was pickled grigs.
 When he wept, it was ducks with onion sauce.
 When he trembled, it was large venison pasties.
 When he did sweat, it was old ling with butter
 sauce.
 When he belch'd, it was bushels of oysters.
 When he sneez'd, it was whole tubs full of mu-
 stard.
 When he cough'd, it was boxes of marmalade.
 When he sob'd, it was water-creffes.
 When he yawn'd, it was pots full of pickled pease.
 When he sigh'd, it was dry'd neats tongues.
 When he whistled, it was a whole scuttle full of
 green apes.
 When he snear'd, it was a whole pan full of fry'd
 beans.
 When he frown'd, it was sows'd hog's feet.
 When he spoke, it was coarse brown russet cloth;
 so little it was like crimson silk, with which Pari-
 satus desir'd that the words of such as spoke to her
 son Cyrus, king of Persia, should be interwoven.
 When he blow'd, it was indulgence money-boxes.
 When he wink'd, it was butter'd buns.
 When he grumbled, it was march cats.
 When he nodded, 'twas iron-bound waggons.
 When he made mouths, it was broken slaves.
 When he mutter'd, it was lawyers revels.
 When he hopp'd about, it was letters of licence and
 protections.
 When he stepp'd back, it was sea cockle-shells.
 When he stabber'd, it was common ovens.
 When he was hoarse, it was an entry of morrice-
 dancers.
 When he broke wind, it was dun cows leather spat-
 terdashies.
 When he funck'd, it was wash'd-leather boots.
 When he scratch'd himself, it was new proclama-
 tions.

When

When he sung, it was pease in cods.
When he evacuated, it was mushrooms and morilles.

When he puffed, it was cabbages with oil, alias (1) caules ambolif.

When he talk'd, it was the last year's snow.

When he dreamt, it was of a cock and a bull.

When he gave nothing, so much for the bearer.

(2) If he thought to himself, it was whimsies and maggots.

If he doz'd, it was leases of lands.

What is yet more strange, he us'd to work doing nothing, and did nothing tho' he work'd; carous'd sleeping, and slept carousing, with his eyes open, like the hares in our country, for fear of being taken napping by the chitterlings, his inveterate ene-

(1) *Caules ambolif*] *Caules amb'olif*, in Rabelais: On which m. du Chat says, cabbages or coleworts, with oil, is a common dish among the people of Gascony and Languedoc, who abound more with oil than butter. *Ambe d'oli, avec d'huile*, is the true Languedocian word, tho' Rabelais spells it otherwise.

(2) If he thought to himself, it was whimsies and maggots] Rabelais says, *s'il songeoit*, that is, if he dreamt. (*songer*, in its primary signification, is to dream, from the latin *somniare*) *S'il songeoit, c'étoient vits volants & rampans contre une muraille*. If he dreamt, it was (not whimsies, as mr. Motteux translates it, but) whim-whams, men's pissing tools, flying in the air, or creeping up a wall. Such dreams prove sometimes dangerous, especially to the fair sex, as we learn from *Ver-ville's moyen de parvenir*. *Mademoiselle de Lescar*, says he, dreaming one night that she was in a plough'd field where they were sowing catzoes, she sprung out of bed on a sudden, and broke her arm in straining to catch a catzone, one of the largest size, as it was falling to the ground. This she confest to the king's surgeon.

mies;

mles; biting he laugh'd, and laughing bit; eat nothing fasting, and fasted eating nothing; mumbled upon suspicion, drank by imagination, swam on the tops of high steeples, dry'd his cloaths in ponds and rivers, fish'd in the air, and there us'd to catch decumane lobsters; hunted at the bottom of the herring-pond, and caught there ibices, (3) stamboucs, shamois, and other wild goats; us'd to (4) put out the eyes of all the crows which he took sneakingly; (5) fear'd nothing but his own shadow, and the

(3) Stamboucs] From the German word stein-bock, i. e. rock or mountain goats, not unlike a roc-buck. Their flesh is equally savoury and delicate. See Mission's travels. They are found in the mountains, on the road from Inspruck to Trent.

(4) Put out the eyes of all the crows which he took sneakingly] In the Sneaking island rather. En Tapinois. By the crows whose eyes he put out, may be meant the monks, who, the moment they make profession, are to see nothing but with their superior's eyes. Here m. du Chat tells us there is a proverb among Erasmus's adagia, Cornicum oculos configere; to put out the crow's eyes; but does not tell us the meaning of that saying. My Sartorius, revis'd by Schrevelius, says, Perinde valere videtur, quasi dicas, novo quodam invento, veterum eruditionem velle obscurare, efficereque, ut superiores nihil scisse, nihil vidisse censeantur. Fortasse cornicum vivacitas, atque concordia, huic adagioni locum fecit. Siquidem cornix antiquitus concordiae symbolum erat. Dicetur itaque cornicum oculos configere, quisquis ea, quæ antiquitas magno consensu comprobavit, damnare, ac rescindere, convellereque conetur.

(5) Fear'd nothing but his own shadow, and the cries of fat kids] Rabelais seems here to point at such monks as long to eat flesh, but are afraid of two things; first, lest their companion should betray them; secondly, lest the cries of the kid they have a mind to feast upon, should discover them. The learned need not be told

that

eries of fat kids; us'd to gad abroad some days, like a truant school-boy; (6) play'd with the ropes of bells on festival days of saints; made a mallet of his fist, and (7) writ on hairy parchment prognostications and almanacks with his huge pin-case.

Is that the gentleman? said friar John: he is my man: this is the very fellow I look'd for; I'll send him a challenge immediately. This is, said Pantagruel, a strange and monstrous sort of a man, if I may call him a man. You put me in mind of the form and looks of Amodunt and Dissonance. How

that umbre, the author's word (from the Latin umbra) signifies not only a shadow, but a companion, who follows his friend like his shadow. The same in the Greek: *οκία*, umbra; item socius, says Robertson, dict. g. x. x. à *κίω*, vado, quia nos comitatur. I shall conclude with observing, that I never saw either monks or nuns go abroad by themselves, but always in couples, two of 'em together; to visit the sick, or to gather contributions of provision, &c. &c. &c.

(6) Play'd with the ropes of bells on festival days of saints] This is far from what Rabelais means by, *se jouoit és cordes des ceincts*. Ceinct (from *cinctus* in Latin) is one that is girded about or cinctured, as the cordeliers are with a cord (*corde* in French;); with which cord or rope they play and divert themselves, when they are within the walls of their convent; but abroad they trumpet forth its praises, and extol its merit and virtue to the skies. Some of the new editions of Rabelais have it indeed, *se jouoit és cordes des saints*: but Rabelais, even in that case, does not allude at all to church bell-ropes, but puns upon the co-incidence of sounds between *cordes* and *corps des saints*; as if he had said, they play with the bodies of saints and reliques, and make use of 'em as ways and means to get money.

(7) Writ on hairy parchment] Took a great deal of pains to no purpose. To write with a pen on hairy parchment, is losing one's labour and time too.

were

were they made, said friar John? May I be peel'd like a raw onion, if ever I heard a word of them. I'll tell you what I read of them in some ancient apologues, replied Pantagruel.

Physis (that is to say nature) at her first burthen begat beauty and harmony, without carnal copulation, being of herself very fruitful and prolifick. (8) Antiphyfis, who ever was the counterpart of nature, immediately, out of a malicious spight against her for beautiful and honourable productions, in opposition begot (9) Amodunt and Dissonance, (10) by copulation with Tellumon. Their heads were

(8) Antiphyfis, who was ever the counter-part of nature, &c.] Wrong translated. Read, Antiphyfis, who was ever an antagonist to nature, (*parte adverse de nature*, says Rabelais.) Counter-part implies agreement with something else, like a pair of indentures! whereas Rabelais's words infer absolute disagreement; and so does the Greek preposition *anti*, prefix'd to *physis* (*natura*.) Antiphyfis, is as much as to say, *contra naturam*.

(4) Amodunt or Amodun] That is, says the Dutch scholiast, *sine modo*, (from the privative *alpha*, and the noun *modus*.) A deform'd, irregular, enormous thing. Thus says our author, Amodunt and Discordance were the offspring of Antiphyfis, i. e. repugnant to, or against nature.

(10) By copulation with Tellumon] As all the learned men I have hitherto consulted (says m. du Chat) on this pretended ancient apologue, have confess'd themselves to be utterly ignorant who was the author of it; till such time as 'tis discover'd, adds he, supposing it not to be Rabelais himself, which is very possible, I shall only take notice, after Varro, in the fragments of his *De diis*; S. Augustin, l. 7. c. 23. of the city of God; and Stuckius de *Gentilium sacris*, &c. Zurich edition, 1598: I say, I shall content myself with observing, that the Romans, who made Tellumon one of their divinities, distinguish'd her from their goddesses Tel-

were round like a football, and not gently flattened on both sides, like the common shape of men. Their ears stood prick'd up like those of asses; their eyes, as hard as those of crabs, and without brows, star'd out of their heads, fix'd on bones like those of our heels; their feet were round like tennis-balls; their arms and hands turn'd backwards towards the shoulders; and they walk'd on their heads, continually turning round like a ball, topsy-turvy, heels over head.

Yet (as you know that apes esteem their young the handsomest in the world) Antiphyfis extoll'd her off-spring, and strove to prove, that their shape was handsomer and neater than that of the children of Physis; saying, that thus to have spherical heads and feet, and walk in a circular manner, wheeling round, had something in it of the perfection of the divine power, which makes all beings eternally turn in that fashion; and that to have our feet uppermost, and the head below them, was to imitate the creator of the universe; (11) the hair being like the roots, and the legs like the branches of man: for trees are better planted by their roots, than they could be by their branches. By this demonstration she implied, that her children were much more to be prais'd for being like a standing tree, than those of Physis, that made a figure of a tree upside down. As for the arms and hands, she pretended to prove that they were more justly turn'd towards the shoulders, because that part of the body ought not to be without defence, while the the fore-part is duly fenc'd with

lus in this, viz. the latter, Tellus, according to their theology, was the earth, as to conception, and Tellumon, the same earth as to production.

(11) The hair being, &c.] Hardly intelligible. Read therefore as Rabelais writ it: seeing the hair is in man like roots, and the legs like branches,

teeth,

teeth, which a man cannot only use to chew, but also to defend himself against those things that offend him. Thus, by the testimony and astipulation of the brute beasts, she drew all the witless herd and mob of fools into her opinion, and was admir'd by all brainless and nonsensical people.

Since that, she begot the hypocritical tribes of eyes-dropping dissemblers, superstitious pope-monsters, and priest-ridden bigots, the frantic (12) pistolets, the scrapers of benefices, apparitors with the devil in them, and other grinders and squeezers of livings; your mad (13) herb-stinking hermits, gulligutt dunces of the cowl, church vermin, false zealots, devourers of the substance of men, and many more other deform'd and ill-favour'd monsters, made in spite of nature.

(12) Pistolets] Under the name of pistolets, Rabelais alludes to the black and white factions, a sort of Guelphs and Gibelins, who, about the year 1300, sprung up in Italy, in the little town of Pistoia; which place likewise gave name afterwards to (Pistolets de poche) pocket-pistols. ✓

(11) Herb-stinking hermits] Enraigez putherbes, it is in Rabelais; who does not thereby allude to any herb-stinking hermits, but to a certain monk, a great enemy to our author, whose name was Puy-Herbaut; who had but ill-latinized his own name to a book he wrote against Rabelais, calling himself Putherbeus; which, in old French, signifies a well infected with herbs which make folks mad,



CHAP. XXXIII.

How Pantagruel discover'd a monstrous
physetere, or whirlpool, near the Wild
island.

A Bout sun-set, coming near the Wild island, Pantagruel spy'd afar off a huge monstrous (1) physetere, (a sort of a whale, which some call a whirlpool) that came right upon us neighing, snorting, rais'd above the waves higher than our main-tops, and spouting water all the way into the air, before itself, like a large river falling from a mountain : Pantagruel shew'd it to the pilot, and to Xenomanes.

By the pilot's advice, the trumpets of the Thalamerge were sounded, to warn all the fleet to stand close and look to themselves. This alarm being given, all the ships, gallions, frigates, brigantines (according to their naval discipline) placed themselves in the order and figure of a Greek upsilon, (Υ) the letter of Pythagoras, as cranes do in their flight ; and like (2) an acute angle, in whose cone and basis the Thala-

(1) *Physetere*] A sort of whale, seen sometimes on the French ocean, particularly towards Bayonne. The Greeks have named this fish *Physetere*, as much as to say, the blower, on account of the vast quantity of water it blows, as it were, out of a hole in the upper part of his head. See *Rondeletius de piscibus*, l. 16. c. 14. where he quotes *Pliny*, l. 9. c. 4.

(2) *An angle*] This observation on the manner of the cranes flying, is *Plutarch's*, in the treatise where he examines what creatures shew most sense.

merge

mege placed herself ready to fight smartly. Friar John, with the (3) grenadiers, got on the fore-castle.

Poor Panurge began to cry and howl worse than ever: Babillebabou (said he, shrugging up his shoulders, quivering all over with fear) there will be the devil upon dun. This is a worse business than that t'other day. Let us fly, let us fly; old Nick take me if it is not Leviathan, describ'd by the noble prophet Moses, in the life of patient Job. It will swallow us all, ships and men, shag, rag, and bobtail, like a dose of pills. Alas, it will make no more of us, and we shall hold no more room in its hellish jaws, than a sugar-plumb in an ass's throat. Look, look, 'tis upon us; let's wheel off, whip it away, and get ashoar. I believe 'tis the very individual sea monster, that was formerly design'd to devour Andromeda: we are all undone. Oh! for some valiant Perseus here now to kill the dog.

I'll do it's business presently, said Pantagruel; fear nothing. Odds-belly, said Panurge, remove the cause of my fear then. When the devil would you have a man be afraid, but when there is so much cause? If your destiny be such, as friar John was saying (4) a while ago, replied Pantagruel, you ought to be afraid of Pyrois, Eous, Æthon, and Phlegon, the sun's coach-horses, that breathe fire at the nostrils; and not of physeteres, that spout nothing but water at the snout and mouth. Their water will not endanger your life; and that element will rather save and preserve than hurt or endanger you.

Ay, ay, trust to that, and hang me, quoth Panurge: yours is a very pretty fancy. Odd's fish! did I not give you a sufficient account of the element's transmutation, and the blunders that are made of roast

(3) Grenadiers] Bombardiers in Rabelais.

(4) A while ago] In ch. 24, friar John advises Panurge not so much to fear water as fire.

for boil'd, and boild for roast? Alas, here 'tis; I'll go hide myself below. We are dead men, every mother's son of us: I see upon our main-top that merciless hag (5) Atropos, with her scissars new ground, ready to cut our threads all at one snip. Oh! how dreadful and abominable thou art; thou hast drown'd a good many besides us, who never made their brags of it. Did it but spout good brisk, dainty, delicious white-wine, instead of this damn'd bitter salt water, one might better bear with it, and there would be some cause to be patient; like (6) that English lord, who being doom'd to die, and had

(5) Atropos] The physetere, which Panurge's fear represented to him as lifting up its head higher than the main-top.

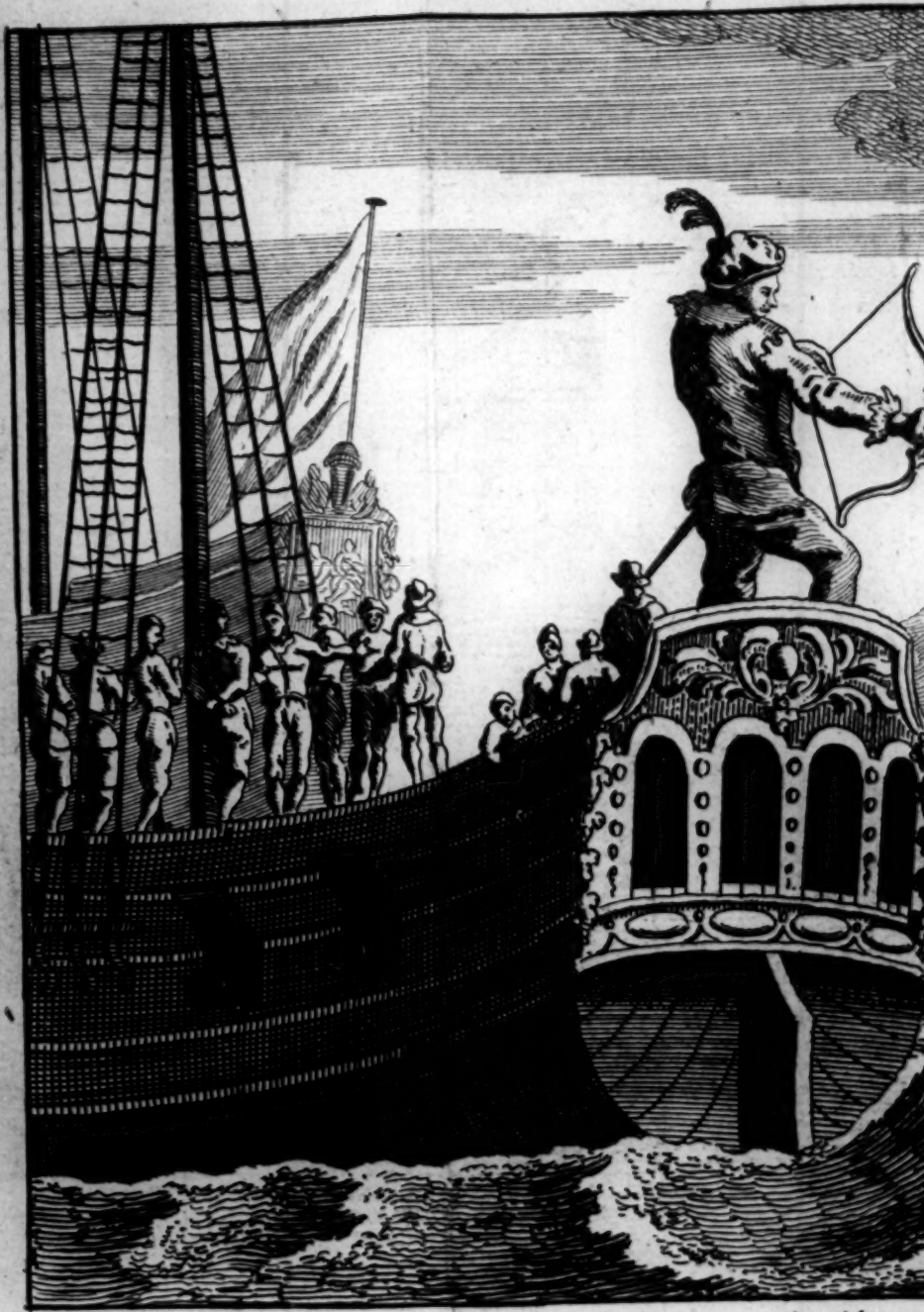
(6) That English lord] George duke of Clarence, whom his brother, Edward IV, king of England, put to that sort of death in February 1477, or, according to the Roman kalendar, 1478, thro' a conceit that Merlin's prophecies were relative to the duke of Clarence, as the person that would one day deprive his (the king's) children of the crown. See the continuation of Monstrelet, fol. 196. Fulgofus, l. 9, c. 12, and Martin du Bellai's memoirs, l. 1, on the year 1514. Some historians [see Georg. Lillii chronicon. 1568] satisfy themselves with saying, that this unfortunate duke George was suffocated in the tower of London, without specifying whether it was by means of wine, or otherwise. But supposing that the duke had really made choice of this way of going out of the world, as is related by Rabelais; yet this lord's mad fancy would not be without example: witness the following epigram, among the Tombeaux of Michael Harflob, of Berlin, printed in 8vo at Franckfort on the Oder, in the year 1571.

*In cyatho vini pleno cum musca periret,
Sic, ait Oeneus, sponte perire velim.*

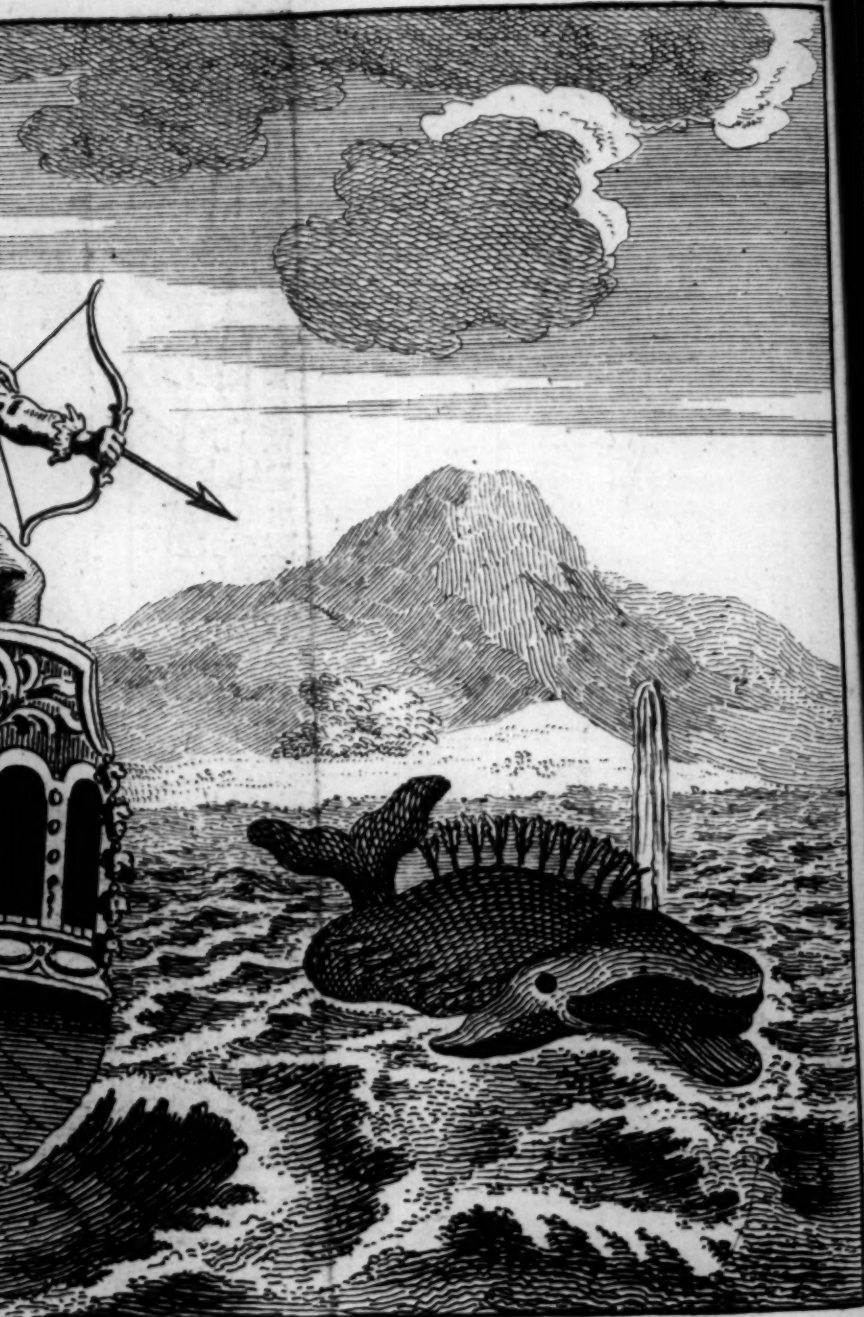
Anglicè,

*When in a cup of wine a fly was drown'd,
So, said Vinarius, may my days be crown'd!*

leave



PANTAGRUEL kills t



kills the *PHYSATERE*.

leave to chuse what kind of death he would, chose to be drown'd in a butt of malmsy. Here it is.----Oh, oh! devil! Sathanas! Leviathan! I can't abide to look upon thee, thou art so abominably ugly.----Go to the bar, go take the pertfoggers.



C H A P. XXXIV.

How the monstrous physetere was slain by
Pantagrue.

THE physetere, coming between the ships and the gallions, threw water by whole tuns upon them, as if it had been the catadupes of the Nile in Ethiopia. On the other side, arrows, darts, gleaves, javelins, spears, harping-irons, and partizans flew upon it like hail. Friar John did not spare himself in it. Panurge was half dead for fear. The artillery roar'd and thunder'd like mad, and seem'd to gaul it in good earnest, but did but little good: for the great iron and brass cannon-shot entering its skin, seem'd to melt like tiles in the sun.

Pantagrue then, considering the weight and exigency of the matter, stretched out his arms, and shew'd what he could do. You tell us, and it is recorded, that Commodus, the Roman emperor, could shoot with a bow so dexterously, that at a good distance he would let fly an arrow through a child's fingers, and never touch them. You also tell us of an Indian archer, who liv'd when Alexander the great conquer'd India, and was so skilful in drawing the bow, that at a considerable distance he would shoot his arrows through a ring, though they were three cubits long, and their iron so large and weighty, that

with them he us'd to pierce steel (1) cutlasses, thick shields, steel breast-plates, and generally what he did hit, how firm, resisting, hard and strong soever it were. You also tell us wonders of the industry of the ancient Franks, who were preferr'd to all others in point of archery; and when they hunted either black or dun beasts, us'd to rub the head of their arrows with hellebore, because the flesh of the venison, struck with such an arrow, was more tender, dainty, wholesome, and delicious (paring off, nevertheless, the part that was touch'd round about.) You also talk of the Parthians, who us'd to shoot backwards more dexterously than other nations forwards; and also celebrate the skill of the Scythians in that art, who sent once to Darius king of Persia an (2) ambassador, that made him a present of a bird, a frog, a mouse, and five arrows, without speaking one word; and being ask'd what those presents meant, and if he had commission to say any thing, answer'd, that he had not: which puzzled and gravell'd Darius very much, till Gobrias, one of the seven captains that had kill'd the magi, explain'd it, saying to Darius: By these gifts and offerings the Scythians silently tell you, that except the Persians, like birds, fly up to heaven, or, like mice, hide themselves near the center of the earth, or, like frogs, dive to the very bottom of ponds and lakes, they shall be destroyed by the power and arrows of the Scythians.

The noble Pantagruel was, without comparison, more admirable yet in the art of shooting and darting: for with his dreadful piles and darts, nearly resembling the huge beams that support the bridges of Nantes, Saumur, Bergerac, and at Paris the millers and the changers bridges, in length, size, weight, and iron-work, he, at a mile's distance, would open

(1) Cutlasses] Read Cuirasses.

(2) An ambassador] See the 4th book of Herodotus.

an oyster, and never touch the edges; he would snuff a candle, without putting it out; would shoot a magpy in the eye; take off a boot's under-sole, or a riding-hood's lining, without soiling them a bit; turn over every leaf of friar John's breviary one after another, and not tear one.

With such darts, of which there was good store in the ship, at the first blow he ran the physetere in at the forehead so furiously, that he pierc'd both its jaws and tongue; so that from that time to this it no more opened its guttural trap-door, nor drew and spouted water. At the second blow he put out its right eye, and at the third its left: and we had all the pleasure to see the physetere bearing those three horns in its forehead, somewhat leaning forwards in an equilateral triangle.

Mean while it turn'd about to and fro, staggering and straying like one stunn'd, blinded, and taking his leave of the world. Pantagruel, not satisfy'd with this, let fly another dart, which took the monster under the tail likewise sloping; then with three other on the chine, in a perpendicular line, divided its flank from the tail to the snout at an equal distance: then he larded it with fifty on one side, and after that, to make even work, he darted as many on its other side: so that the body of the physetere seem'd like the hulk of a gallion with three masts, join'd by a competent dimension of its beams, as if they had been the ribs and chain-wales of the keel; which was a pleasant sight. The physetere then giving up the ghost, turn'd itself upon its back, as all dead fishes do; and being thus overturn'd, with the beams and darts upside down in the sea, it seem'd a scolopendra or centipede, as that serpent is describ'd by the ancient sage Nicander.

CHAP. XXXV.

How Pantagruel went on shoar in the Wild island, the ancient abode of the (1) Chitterlings.

THE boat's crew of the ship Lantern tow'd the physetere ashoar on the neighbouring shoar (which happen'd to be (2) the Wild island) to make an anatomical dissection of its body, and save the fat of its kidnies, which, they said, was very useful and necessary for the cure of a certain distemper, which they call'd want of money. As for Pantagruel, he took no manner of notice of the monster; for he had seen many such, nay bigger, in the Gallic ocean. Yet he condescended to land in the Wild island, to dry and refresh some of his men (whom the physetere had wetted and bedawb'd) at a small desert sea-port towards the south, seated near a fine pleasant grove, out of which flow'd a delicious brook of fresh, clear

(1) Chitterlings] Andouilles, which is the word Rabelais has all along used, is properly, a big hog's gut stuff'd with chitterlings cut small, and other entrails cut into small pieces, and season'd with pepper and salt, not forgetting sweet herbs. You may have of 'em at the French stalls in Newport market.

(2) The wild island] There is reason to believe, that by the wild island, Rabelais means culinary fire, fire in the kitchens. The company go thither to dry themselves, and the ships crews to melt the physetere's fat. What's more; it is the very element of chitterlings; and lastly, nothing's so wild as fire is, since it devours every thing.

and

and purling water. Here they pitch'd their tents, and set up their kitchens; nor did they spare fewel.

Every one having shifted, as they thought fit, friar John rang the bell, and the cloth was immediately laid, and supper brought in. Pantagruel eating chearfully with his men, much about the second course, perceived certain little sly Chitterlings clambering up a high tree near the pantry, as still as so many mice. Which made him ask Xenomanes, what kind of creatures these were; taking them for squirrels, weefels, martins, or hermins. They are Chitterlings, reply'd Xenomanes. This is the Wild island, of which I spoke to you this morning: there hath been an irreconcilable war this long time between them and Shrovetide, their malicious and ancient enemy. I believe that the noise of the guns, which we fir'd at the physetere, hath alarm'd 'em, and made them fear their enemy was come with his forces to surprize them, or lay the island waste; as he hath often attempted to do, though he still came off but bluely; by reason of the care and vigilance of the Chitterlings, who (as Dido said to Æneas's companions, that would have landed at Carthage without her leave or knowledge) were forc'd to watch and stand upon their guard, considering the malice of their enemy, and the neighbourhood of his territories.

Pray, dear friend, said Pantagruel, if you find that by some honest means we may bring this war to an end, and reconcile them together, give me notice of it; I will use my endeavours in it, with all my heart, and spare nothing on my side to moderate and accommodate the points in dispute between both parties.

That's impossible at this time, answer'd Xenomanes. About four years ago, passing incognito by this country, I endeavour'd to make a peace, or at least a long truce among them; and I certainly had brought them to be good friends and neighbours, if both one and

the other parties would have yielded to one single article. Shrovetide would not include in the treaty of peace the wild puddings, nor the highland saufages, their ancient gossips and confederates. The Chitterlings demanded that (3) the fort of Caques might be under their government, as is (4) the castle of Sullouir, and that a parcel of I don't know what (5) stinking villains, murtherers, robbers, that held it then, should be expell'd. But they could not agree in this, and the terms that were offer'd seem'd too hard to either party. So the treaty broke off, and nothing was done. Nevertheless, they became less severe, and gentler enemies than they were before: but since the denunciation of the national council of Chefil, whereby they [the Chitterlings] were (6) roughly handled, hamper'd, and cited; whereby also Shrovetide was declared filthy, bespitten, and (7) bewrayed, in case he made any league, or agreement with

(3) The fort of Cacques] Cacque is what we call a cagg, or barrel, or other vessel, to keep salt fish in, and herrings, which two are shrovetide's chief ammunition.

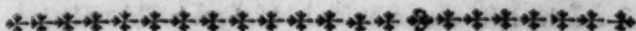
(4) The castle of Sullouir] In some editions, Salouoir. Allusion between the castle of Soleurre in Swisserland (*castrum Salodorense*) and saloir a powdering tub: which is commonly shaped like an antique tower, and the chitterlings for the most part keep garrison therein.

(5) Stinking, &c.] Stinking herrings, and putrify'd stock-fish, which are in the cags enough to poison such as come near them, or eat of 'em.

(6) Roughly handled, hamper'd and cited] Read, towz'd, groped, grabbed, ruffled, tumbled, crumpled, and berumpled. *Farfouillées*, *godelurees*, &c. It means the council branded the chitterlings with infamy, for suffering themselves and their entrails to be so handled.

(7) Bewray'd] Add unsledg'd and stock-fishify'd: *hallebrené*, and *stocfisé*. *Hallebrené*; incapable of supporting themselves, or flying, like unsledg'd wild ducklings,

with them; they are grown wonderfully inveterate, incens'd, and obstinate against one another, and there is no way to remedy it. You might sooner reconcile cats and rats, or hounds and hares together.



CHAP. XXXVI.

How the wild Chitterlings laid an ambuscade for Pantagruel.

WHILE Xenomenes was saying this, friar John spy'd twenty or thirty young slender-shap'd Chitterlings, posting as fast as they could towards their town, citadel, castle and fort of Chimney, and said to Pantagruel, I smell a rat: (1) there will be here the devil upon two sticks, or I am much out. These worshipful Chitterlings may chance to mistake you for Shrovetide, though you are not a bit like him. Let us once in our lives leave our junketing for a while, and put ourselves in a posture to give 'em a belly full of fighting, if they would be at that sport.

ducklings, call'd hallebrens. Stocfisc, excommunicated, or headless like a dry'd cod, which the Germans call stoc-fisch, from a word which in their language signifies a fish without a head. Stock-fisch, ex stock & fisch, ob capita truncata, says H. Ottius, pag. 194, of his Franco-gallia.

(1) There will be here the devil upon two sticks] Rabelais says, i'l y aura icy de l'asne, je le prevoy. We shall have the braying scene here, or I am much out. That is, says m. du Chat, there will be a scene of errors, as between the two country-bumpkins, in don Quixot, who, by their counterfeit brayings, always met each other, instead of meeting with the ass they were in quest of.

There

There can be no false Latin in this, said Xenomanes; Chitterlings are still Chitterlings, always (2) double-hearted, and treacherous.

Pantagruel then arose from table, to visit and scour the thicket, and return'd presently; having discovered on the left an ambuscade of squob Chitterlings; and on the right, about half a league from thence, a large body of huge giant-like arm'd Chitterlings, rang'd in battalia along a little hill, and marching furiously towards us at the found of bag-pipes, sheep's paunches and bladders, the merry fifes and drums, trumpets and clarions, hoping to catch us as Moss caught his mare. By the conjecture of seventy eight standards, which we told, we guess'd their number to be two and forty thousand, at a modest computation.

Their order, proud gate, and resolute looks, made us judge that they were none of your raw poultry links, but old warlike Chitterlings and Sausages. From the foremost ranks to the colours they were all arm'd cap a pié with small arms, as we reckoned them at a distance: yet, very sharp, and case-harden'd. Their right and left wings were lin'd with a great number of forest puddings, heavy patti-pans, and horse sausages, all of them tall and proper islanders, (3) banditti, and wild.

Pantagruel was very much daunted, and not without cause; tho' Epistemon told him that it might be the use and custom of the Chitterlingonians to welcome and receive thus in arms their foreign friends, as the noble kings of France are received and saluted at their first coming into the chief cities of the kingdom, after their advancement to the crown. Perhaps, said

(2) Double-hearted] He quibbles upon andouilles being (doublées) lined with small guts.

(3) Banditti] Bandoliers, Rabelais says. See du Chat.

he,

he, it may be the usual guard of the queen of the place; who having notice given her, by the junior Chitterlings of the forlorn-hope, whom you saw on the tree, of the arrival of your fine and pompous fleet, hath judg'd that it was without doubt some rich and potent prince, and is come to visit you in person.

Pantagruel, little trusting to this, call'd a council, to have their advice at large in this doubtful case. He briefly shew'd them how this way of reception, with arms, had often, under colour of compliment and friendship, been fatal. Thus, said he, the emperor Antonius Caracalla at one time destroy'd the citizens of Alexandria, and at another time cut off the attendants of Artabanus king of Persia, under colour of marrying his daughter; which by the way did not pass unpunish'd; for, a while after, this (4) cost him his life.

Thus Jacob's children destroy'd the Sichemites, to revenge the rape of their sister Dina. By such another hypocritical trick, Gallienus the Roman emperor put to death the military men in Constantinople. Thus, under colour of friendship, Antonius inticed Artavasdes king of Armenia; then, having caused him to be bound in heavy chains, and shackled, (5) at last put him to death.

We find a thousand such instances in history; and k. Charles the 6th is justly commended for his prudence to this day, in that, coming back victorious over the Ghenters and other Flemmings to his good city of Paris, and when he came to Bourget, (a league from thence) hearing that the citizens with their mal-

(4) Cost him his life] All this is taken from Herodian, l. 4. Antoninus Caracalla's life.

(5) At last put him to death] See Tacitus's annals, l. 2.

lets (whence they got the name of (6) maillotins) were march'd out of town in battalia twenty thousand strong, he would not go into the town, till they had laid down their arms, and retir'd to their respective homes; tho' they protested to him, that they had taken arms with no other design, than to receive him with the greater demonstration of honour and respect.



C H A P. XXXVII.

How Pantagruel sent for colonel Mawl-chitterling, and colonel Cut-pudding; with a discourse well worth your hearing, about the names of places and persons.

THE resolution of the council was, that, let things be how they would, it behov'd the Pantagruelists to stand upon their guard. Therefore Carpalim and Gymnaft were order'd by Pantagruel, to go for the soldiers that were on board the Cup gally, under the command of colonel Mawl-chitterling, and those on board the Vine-tub frigate, under the command of colonel Cut-pudding the younger. I'll ease Gymnaft of that trouble, said Panurge, who wanted to be upon the run: you may have occasion for him here. By this worthy frock of mine, quoth friar John, thou hast a mind to slip thy neck out of the collar, and absent thyself from the fight, thou white-liver'd son of a dunghil! upon my virginity thou'lt never come back. Well, there can be no great loss

(6) Maillotins] The Parisians had taken these two-headed hammers, (maillots) out of the town-house; and this happened in 1413.

in thee: for thou wouldst do nothing here but howl, bray, weep, and dishearten the good soldiers. I'll certainly come back, said Panurge, friar John, my ghostly father, and speedily too: do but take care that these plaguy Chitterlings don't board our ships. All the while you'll be a fighting, I'll pray heartily for your victory, after the example of the valiant captain and guide of the people of Israel, Moses. Having said this, he wheel'd off.

Then said Epistemon to Pantagruel, The denomination of these two colonels of yours, Mawl-chitterling and Cut-pudding, promiseth us assurance, success and victory, if those Chitterlings should chance to set upon us. You take it rightly, said Pantagruel, and it pleaseth me to see you foresee and prognosticate our victory by the name of our colonels.

This way of foretelling by names is not new; it was in old times celebrated, and religiously observed by the Pythagoreans. Several great princes and emperors have formerly made use of it. (1) Octavianus Augustus, second emperor of the Romans, meeting on a day a country fellow nam'd Eutychius, (that is, fortunate) driving an ass named Nicon (that is in Greek, victorious) mov'd by the signification of the ass's and ass-driver's names, remain'd assur'd of all prosperity and victory.

The emperor Vespasian, being once all alone at prayers in the temple of Serapis, at the sight and unexpected coming of a certain servant of his, nam'd Basilides (that is, royal) whom he had left sick a great way behind, took hopes and assurance of obtaining the empire of the Romans. Regilian was chosen emperor by the soldiers for no other reason, but the signification of his name. See the Cratylus of the divine Plato. (By my thirst I will read him, said Rhizotomus;

(1) Octavianus Augustus] See Suetonius, ch. 96, of the life of Augustus.

I hear you so often quote him.) See how the Pythagoreans, by reason of the names and numbers, conclude that Patroclus was to fall by the hand of Hector; Hector by Achilles; Achilles by Paris; Paris by Philoctetes. I am quite lost in my understanding, when I reflect upon the (2) admirable invention of Pythagoras, who by the number, either even or odd, of the syllables of (3) every name, would tell you of what side a man was lame, hunch-back'd, blind, gouty, troubled with the palsy, pleurisy, or any other distemper incident to human kind; allotting even numbers to the left, and odd ones to the right side of the body.

Indeed, said Epistemon, I saw this way of syllabifying try'd at Xaintes, at a general procession, in the presence of that good, virtuous, learned and just president Brian Vallée, lord of Douhait. When there went by a man or woman that was either lame, blind of one eye, or hump-back'd, he had an account brought him of his or her name; and if the syllables of the name were of an odd number, immediately, without seeing the persons, he declar'd them to be deformed, blind, lame, or crooked of the right side; and of the left, if they were even in number: and such indeed we ever found them.

By this syllabical invention, said Pantagruel, the learned have affirmed, that Achilles kneeling was wounded by the arrow of Paris in the right heel; for his name is of odd syllables: (here we ought to observe that the ancients us'd to kneel the right foot.)

(2) Admirable invention of Pythagoras, &c.] Besides Pliny, l. 2, c. 4, you may turn to Cornelius Agrippa's disc. on van. of scient. ch. 15. against Cardan, exerc. 266.

(3) Every name] Read, every person's proper name, d'ung chascun nom propre. Nom propre, is one's surname; nom de batême, one's christian name, says Boyer.

And

and that Venus was also wounded before Troy in the left hand ; for her name in Greek is ἀφροδίτη, of four syllables : Vulcan lam'd of his left foot for the same reason ; Philip king of Macedon, and Hannibal, blind of the right eye ; not to speak of sciatica's, broken bellies, and hemicrania's, which may be distinguished by this Pythagorean reason.

But returning to names : do but consider how Alexander the great, son to king Philip, of whom we spoke just now, compass'd his undertaking, merely by the interpretation of a name. He had besieged the strong city of Tyre, and for several weeks battered it with all his power : but all in vain ; his engines and attempts were still baffled by the Tyrians. Which made him finally resolve to raise the siege, to his great grief ; foreseeing the great stain, which such a shameful retreat would be to his reputation. In this anxiety and agitation of mind he fell asleep, and dream'd that a satyr was come into his tent, capering, skipping, and tripping it up and down, with his goatish hoofs, and that he strove to lay hold on him. But the satyr still slipt from him, till at last, having pen'd him up into a corner, he took him. With this he awak'd, and telling his dream to the philosophers and sages of his court, they let him know, that it was a promise of victory from the gods, and that he should soon be master of Tyre ; the word satyros, divided in two, being sa Tyros, and signifying, Tyre is thine ; and in truth, at the next onset he took the town by storm, and by a compleat victory, reduc'd that stubborn people to subjection.

On the other hand, see how by the signification of one word, Pompey fell into despair. Being overcome by Cæsar at the battle of Pharsalia, he had no other way left to escape but by flight ; which attempting by sea, he arrived near the island of Cyprus, and perceiv'd on the shore, near the city of Paphos, a beautiful and stately palace : now asking the pilot what was
the

the name of it, he told him, (4) that it was call'd *κακοβασιλία*, that is, the evil-king; which struck such a dread and terror in him, that he fell into despair, as being assured of losing shortly his life; inso-much that his complaints, sighs, and groans, were heard by the mariners and other passengers. And indeed a while after, a certain strange peasant called Achillas cut off his head.

To all these examples might be added what happen'd to (5) L. Paulus Emilius, when the senate elected him emperor, that is, chief of the army which they sent against Perfes king of Macedon. That evening returning home to prepare for his expedition, and kissing a little daughter of his call'd Trasia, she seem'd somewhat sad to him. What is the matter, said he, my chicken? Why is my (6) Trasia thus sad and melancholy? Daddy, reply'd the child, (7) Perfa is dead. This was the name of a little bitch, which she lov'd mightily. Hearing this, Paulus took assurance of a victory over Perfes.

If time would permit us to discourse of the sacred Hebrew writ, we might find a hundred noted passages, evidently shewing how religiously they observed proper names, and their significations.

He had hardly ended this discourse, when the two colonels arriv'd with their soldiers, all well arm'd

(4) That it was call'd *κακοβασιλία*]. Read *κακοβασιλεύς*. See Val. Max. l. 1, c. 5.

(5) L. Paulus Emilius] See Cicero de divinatione, &c.

(6) Trasia] Rabelais has it Tratia. It should indeed be Tertia, which being abbreviated into Tria, the printers, often none of the best gueffers, made it Tratia instead of Tertia.

(7) Perfa] Plutarch, in the life of Paulus Emilius, copy'd this passage from Tully; not being thoroughly vers'd in the Latin tongue, as he somewhere owns himself, he made of this bitch a dog, which he calls Perseus.

and

and resolute. Pantagruel made them a short speech, intreating them to behave themselves bravely, in case they were attack'd ; for he could not yet believe that the Chitterlings were so treacherous : but he bad them by no means to give the first offence ; giving them carnival for the watch-word.



C H A P. XXXVIII.

How Chitterlings are not to be slighted by men.

YOU shake your empty noddles now, jolly toppers, and don't believe what I tell you here, any more than if it were some tale of a tub. Well, well, I can't help it. Believe it if you will ; if you won't, let it alone. For my part, I very well know what I saw. It was in the Wild island, in our voyage to the holy bottle : I tell you the time and place ; what would you have more ? I would have you call to mind the strength of the ancient giants, that undertook to lay the high mountain Pelion on the top of Ossa, and set among those the shady Olympus, to dash out the gods brains, unneftle them, and scour their heavenly lodgings. Their's was no small strength, you may well think ; and yet they were nothing but Chitterlings from the waste downwards, or at least, serpents, not to tell a lye for the matter.

The serpent that tempted Eve too was of the chitterling kind ; and yet it is recorded of him, that he was more subtle than any beast of the field. Even so are Chitterlings. Nay, to this very hour they hold in some universities, that this same tempter was the Chitterling call'd Ithyphallus, into which was transform'd

form'd bawdy Priapus, arch-seducer of females (1) in paradise; that is, a garden in Greek.

Pray now tell me, Who can tell but that the Switzers, now so bold and warlike, were formerly Chitterlings? For my part, I would not take my oath to the contrary. The Himantopodes, a nation very famous in Ethiopia, according to Pliny's description, are Chitterlings, and nothing else. If all this will not satisfy your worships, or remove your incredulity, I would have you forthwith (I mean drinking first, that nothing be done rashly) visit Lusignan, Parthenay, Vouant, Mervant, and Ponzauges in Poictou. There you will find a cloud of witnesses, not of your affidavit-men of the right stamp, but credible, time out of mind, that will take their corporal oath, on Rigome's (2) knuckle-bone, that Melusina their founder, or foundress, which you please, was woman from the head to the (3) prick-purse, and thence downwards was a serpentine chitterling, or, if you'll have it otherwise, a chitterlingdiz'd serpent. She nevertheless had a genteel and noble gait, imitated to this very day by your hopmerchants of Brittany, in their paspié and country dances.

What do you think was the cause of Erichthonius's being the first inventor of coaches, litters, and chariots? Nothing but because Vulcan had begot him with chitterlingdiz'd legs; which to hide, he chose to ride in a litter, rather than on horseback: for Chitterlings were not yet in esteem at that time.

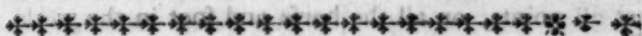
(1) In paradise, that is, a garden in greek] Read, In paradise as the Greeks call it, but garden in french.

(2) Knuckle-bone] Read, right arm.

(3) Prick-purse] Aux boursavits.

(4) The

(4) The Scythian nymph Ora was likewise half woman, and half chitterling; and yet seem'd so beautiful to Jupiter, that nothing could serve him but he must give her a touch of his godship's kindness; and accordingly he had a brave boy by her, call'd Colaxes: and therefore, I would have you leave off shaking your empty noddles at this, as if it were a story, and firmly believe that nothing is truer than the gospel.



CHAP. XXXIX.

How friar John join'd with the cooks to fight the Chitterlings.

FRiar John, seeing these furious Chitterlings thus boldly march up, said to Pantagrue; Here will be a rare battle of hobby-horses, a pretty kind of puppet-show fight, for ought I see. Oh! what mighty honour and wonderful glory will attend our victory! I would have you only be a bare spectator of this fight, and for any thing else leave me and my men to deal with them. What men? said Pantagrue. Matter of breviary, reply'd friar John. How came Potiphar, who was head cook of Pharoah's kitchens, he that bought Joseph, and whom the said Joseph might have made a cuckold, if he had not been a Joseph; how came he, I say,

(4) The Scythian nymph Ora - - - Colaxes] Herodotus, in the beginning of his fourth book, speaks of one Colaxais, son of Jupiter, and immediately after tells a story of a Scythian nymph, half a woman and half serpent, who lay with Hercules. Rabelais, writing by memory, has confounded and alter'd these two fables.

to

to be made general of all the horse in the kingdom of Egypt? Why was Nabuzardan, king Nebuchadnezzar's head-cook, chosen, to the exclusion of all other captains, to besiege and destroy Jerusalem? I hear you, reply'd Pantagruel. By St. Christopher's whiskers, said friar John, I dare lay a wager that it was because they had formerly engaged chitterlings, or men as little valu'd; whom to rout, conquer, and destroy, cooks are, without comparison, more fit than cuirassiers and gens d'armes arm'd at all points, or all the horse and foot in the world.

You put me in mind, said Pantagruel, of what is written amongst the facetious and merry sayings of Cicero. During the more than civil wars between Cæsar and Pompey, tho' he was much courted by the first, he naturally lean'd more to the side of the latter. Now one day, hearing that the Pompeians in a certain rencontre had lost a great many men, he took a fancy to visit their camp. There he perceiv'd little strength, less courage, but much disorder. From that time, foreseeing that things would go ill with them, as it since happen'd, he began to banter now one and then another, and be very free of his cutting jests: so some of Pompey's captains playing the good fellows, to shew their assurance, told him, Do you see how many (1) eagles we have yet? (They were then the devise of the Romans in war). They might be of use to you, reply'd Cicero, if you had to do with magpies.

Thus seeing we are to fight Chitterlings, pursued Pantagruel, you infer thence that it is a culinary war, and have a mind to join with the cooks. Well, do as you please. I'll stay here in the mean time, and wait for the event (2) of the battel.

(1) See Plutarch's apophthegms.

(2) Of the battel] Read, of these rhodomontades, de ces fanfares.

Friar John went that very moment among the sutlers into the cooks tents, and told them in a pleasing manner; I must see you crown'd with honour and triumph this day, my lads: to your arms are reserv'd such atchievements, as never yet were perform'd within the memory of man. Odd's belly, do they make nothing of the valiant cooks? let us go fight yonder fornicating chitterlings! I'll be your captain. But first let's drink, boys---come on---let us be of good cheer. Noble captain, returned the kitchen tribe, this was spoken like yourself; bravely offer'd: huzza! we are all at your excellency's command, and will live and die by you. Live, live, said friar John, a God's name: but die by no means. That's the chitterlings lot; they shall have their belly full on't: come on then, let us put ourselves in order; Nabuzardan's the word.



CHAP. XL.

How friar John fitted up the sow; and of the valiant cooks that went into it.

THEN, by friar John's order, the engineers and their work-men fitted up the great sow that was in the ship Leathern-bottle. It was a wonderful machine, so contriv'd, that by means of large engines that were round about it in rows, it threw forked iron bars, and four-square steel bolts; and in its hold two hundred men at least could easily fight, and be shelter'd. It was made after the model of the sow of Riolo, by the means of which

Bergerac was retaken from the English in the reign of (1) Charles the sixth.

Here are the names of the noble and valiant cooks who went into the sow, as the Greeks did into the Trojan horse.

Sour sawce.	Bray mortar.
Sweet meat.	Lick sawce.
Greedy gut.	Hog's foot.
Liquorish chops.	Hodgepodge.
Sows'd pork.	Carbonadoe.
Slap sawce.	Sop in pan.
Cock broth.	Pick fowl.
Slipslop.	Mustard pot.
Crisp pig.	Hog's haslet.
Greasy slouch.	Choapt phiz.
Fat gut.	Gallimaufrey.

All these noble cooks, in their coat of arms, did bear, in a field gules, a larding-pin vert, charg'd with a chevron argent.

Lard, hogs lard.	Pick lard.
Nibble lard.	Save lard.
Filch lard.	Snatch lard.
Fat lard.	Gnaw lard.
Pinch lard.	Scrape lard.
Top lard.	Chew lard.

(1) Charles Vth] Rabelais mistakes. It was in Charles Vth's reign, in the year 1378, two years before that prince's death. Froissart, vol. 2. c. 2. on that year. Ils envoyerent querir à la Riolle un grant engin, qu'on appelle truie, &c. They sent to Riolle for a huge machine, call'd a sow, which was so contriv'd as to cast prodigious stones, and cou'd easily shelter a hundred men at arms, in their approaches to attack the town.

(2) Gail-

(2) Gaillard (by syncope) born near Rambouillet. The said culinary doctor's name was Gaillardlardon, in the same manner as you use to say idolatrous for idololatrous.

Stiff lard.
Watch lard.
Sweet lard.
Eat lard.
Snap lard.
Catch lard.
Cut lard.
Mince lard.

Dainty lard.
Fresh lard.
Rusty lard.
Waste lard.
Ogle lard.
Weigh lard.
Gulch lard.
Eye lard.

Names unknown among the (3) Marranes and Jews.

Ballocky.
Pick fallad.
Broil rasher.
Cony skin.
Dainty chops.
Pye wright.
Pudding pan.
Save dripping.
Water creese.
Scrape turnip.
Trivet.
Monsieur ragoust.
Crack pipkin.
Scrape pot.
Porridge pot.
Lick dish.

Tofs pot.
Mustard sawce.
Claret sawce.
Swill broth.
Thirsty.
Kitchin stuff.
Verjuice.
Salt gullet.
Snail dresser.
Soup monger.
Browis belly.
Chine picker.
Suck gravy.
Macaroon.
Skewer maker.

(2) Gaillard] Read Gaillardon, as 'tis in Rabelais : else the syncope should be apotope ; for his true name was Gaillardlardon, as appears in the next line.

(3) Marranes, &c.] Who abominate bacon, and all sorts of lardings.

Smell-smock; he was afterwards taken from the kitchen, and remov'd to chamber-practice, for the service of the noble (4) cardinal Hunt-venison.

Rot roast.	Flesh smith.
Dishclout.	Cram gut.
Save sewet.	Tuzzymussy.
Fire fumbler.	Jacket liner.
Pillicock.	Guzzle drink.
Long tool.	Fox tail.
Prick pride.	Fly flap.
Prick madam.	Old grizzle.
Pricket.	Ruff belly.
Hog's gullet.	Saffron sawce.
Sirloin.	Strutting tom.
Spit mutton.	Slash'd snout.
Fritter fryer.	Smutty face.

(5) Mondam, that first invented madam's sawce, and for that discovery, was thus call'd in the Scotch-French dialect.

Loblolly.	Gully guts.
Slabber chops.	Rinse pot.
Scum pot.	Drinkspiller.

(4) Cardinal Hunt-venison] In Rabelais, Cardinal de Veneur. John le Veneur Carrouges, bishop of Liffieux, made cardinal at Marseilles by pope Clement VII, in 1533. He was such a lover of partridge, that he had 'em kept all the year round at his country-house.

(5) Mondam, &c.] Our author ridicules the Scotch pronunciation of the French tongue, which Brantome likewise says is perfect jargon in the mouth of a Scotchman, whose natural speech is in itself rurale, barbare, malfonnante, and malseante. See dam. illust. of Brantome disc. 3. Before in l. 2. c. 9. Saint Treignan s'outya veus d'Escouff, qu j'ay failly a entendre.

Sloven.	Trencher-man.
Swallow-pitcher.	Goodman goosescap.
Wafer-monger.	Munch turnip.
Snap gobbet.	Pudding-bag.
Scurvy phiz.	Pig-sticker.

Robert : he invented Robert's sawce, so good and necessary for roasted conies, ducks, fresh pork, poach'd eggs, salt fish, and a thousand other such dishes.

Cold eel.	Thick brawn.
Thornback.	Tom t--d.
Gurnard.	Mouldy crust.
Grumbling gut.	Hasty.
Alms-scrip.	Red herring.
Taste all.	Cheesecake.
Scrap merchant.	Big snout.
Belly-timberman.	Lick-finger.
Hashee.	Tit bit.
Frig palate.	Sawce-box.
Powdering-tub.	All fours.
Fryingpan.	Whimwham.
Man of dough.	Baste-roast.
Sawce-doctor.	Gaping hoyden.
Waste butter.	Calf's pluck.
Shitbreech.	Leather breeches.

All these noble cooks went into the sow, merry, cheery, hale, brisk, old dogs at mischief, and ready to fight stoutly. Friar John, ever and anon waving his huge scimitar, brought up the rear, and double-lock'd the doors on the inside.

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CHAP.



CHAP. XLI.

How Pantagruel broke the chitterlings at the knees.

THE chitterlings advanc'd so near, that Pantagruel perceiv'd that they stretch'd their arms, and already began to charge their lances; which caus'd him to send Gymnast to know what they meant, and why they thus, without the least provocation, came to fall upon their old trusty friends, who had neither said nor done the least ill thing to them. Gymnast being advanced near their front, bow'd very low, and said to them as loud as ever he could: We are friends, we are friends; all, all of us your friends, yours, and at your command; we are for carnival, your old confederate. Some have since told me, that he mistook, and said (1) cavernal instead of carnival.

Whatever it was, the word was no sooner out of his mouth, but a huge wild squob sausage, starting out of the front of their main body, would have grip'd him by the collar. By the helmet of Mars, said Gymnast, I'll swallow thee; but thou shalt only come in in chips and slices; for, big as thou art, thou could'st never come in whole. This spoke, he hug'd out his trusty sword, kiss-mine-arse, (so he call'd it) with both his fists, and cut the sausage in

(1) Cavernal instead of Carnival] Gymnast had said, after the manner of the Gaskoons, Gradimars, instead of Mardigras; which provok'd the chitterlings wrath: for they imagin'd he did it on purpose to affront their good friend Mardigras (which here means our shrove tuesday, or rather all the whole carnival.)

twain,

twain. Bless me, how fat the foul thief was ! It puts me in mind of the huge bull of Berne that was slain at Marignan, when the drunken Switzers were so maw'd there. Believe me, it had little less than four inches lard on its paunch.

The sausage's job being done, a crowd of others flew upon Gymnast, and had most scurvily dragg'd him down, when Pantagruel, with his men, came up to his relief. Then began the martial fray, highly pigledy. Mawl-chitterling did mawl chitterlings ; Cut-pudding did cut puddings ; Pantagruel did (2) break the chitterlings at the knees ; friar John play'd at least in sight within his sow, viewing and observing all things ; when the patty-pans, that lay in ambuscado, most furiously sallied out upon Pantagruel.

Friar John, who lay snug all this while, by that time perceiving the rout and hurly-burly, set open the doors of his sow, and sallied out with his merry greeks, some of them arm'd with iron spits, others with andirons, racks, fire-shovels, frying-pans, kettles, gridirons, oven-forks, tongs, dripping-pans, brooms, iron pots, mortars, pestles, all in battle array like so many house-breakers, hollowing and roaring out all together most frightfully, Nabuzardan, Nabuzardan, Nabuzardan. Thus shouting and hooting they fought like dragons, and charg'd thro' the patty-pans and sausages. The chitterlings perceiving this fresh reinforcement, and that the others would be too hard for 'em, betook themselves to

(2) Break the chitterlings at the knees] A proverbial expression for attempting impossibilities ; as is that of breaking chitterlings by mere strength of arm. Amadis, l. 8. c. 53. " The gods have permitted the death of your brother. They have preserved my father ; they are pleased to frustrate your designs, and favour his ; and you are for breaking the eel at your knees."

their heels, scampering off with full speed, as if the devil had been come for them. Friar John, with an iron crow, knock'd 'em down as fast as hops : his men too were not sparing on their side. O ! what a woeful sight it was ! the field was all over strow'd with heaps of dead or wounded chitterlings ; and history relates, that had not heaven had a hand in it, the chitterling tribe had been totally routed out of the world, by the culinary champions. But there happened a wonderful thing ; you may believe as little or as much of it as you please.

From the north flew towards us a huge, fat, thick, grizzly swine, with long and large wings, like those of a windmill ; (3) its plumes red crimson, like those of a phenicoptere (which in Languedoc they call flaman ;) its eyes were red, and flaming like a carbuncle ; its ears green like a prasin emerald ; its teeth like a topaz ; its tail long and black like jet ; its feet white, diaphonous, and transparent like a diamond, somewhat broad, and of the splay kind, like those of geese, and as (4) queen Dick's us'd to be at Tholouse in the days of yore. About its neck it wore a gold collar, round which were some ionian characters, whereof I could pick

(3) Its plumes red crimson] If, as some imagine, the chitterlings of this chapter are the Swissers at the battle of Marignan, this phenicoptere may mean the cardinal of Sion ; and the mustard, which he laid to their wounds, may be the gold with which he pacified them.

(4) Queen Dick] La Royne Pedaucque. Pié d'oie : Goose-foot. At Toulouse there's a bridge call'd queen Pedaucque's bridge. Menage says, that the statue of that queen, with goose feet, is to be seen at Dijon in the porch of St. Benigne's church, and at Nevers in the cathedral church there ; and he asserts, that she was call'd Pedaucque, because of her splay-footedness.

cut

out but two words, **ΣΥΣ ΑΘΗΝΑΝ** : hog-teaching Minerva.

The sky was clear before ; but at that monster's appearance, it chang'd so mightily for the worse, that we were all amaz'd at it. As soon as the chitterlings perceiv'd the flying hog, down they all threw their weapons, and fell on their knees, lifting up their hands, join'd together, without speaking one word, in a posture of adoration. Friar John, and his party, kept on mincing, felling, braining, mangling, and spitting the chitterlings like mad : but Pantagruel founded a retreat, and all hostility ceas'd.

The monster having several times hovered backwards and forwards between the two armies, with a tail-shot voided above twenty-seven butts of mustard on the ground ; then flew away through the air, crying all the while, Carnival, carnival, carnival.



C H A P. XLII.

How Pantagruel held a treaty with Niphleseth, queen of the chitterlings.

THE monster being out of sight, and the two armies remaining silent, Pantagruel demanded a parly with the lady Niphleseth, queen of the chitterlings, who was (1) in her chariot by the standards ; and it was easily granted. The queen alighted, courteously received Pantagruel, and was glad

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(1) In her chariot] In chap. 38. it is said, that E-richthonius first brought into use coaches and litters to hide

to see him, Pantagruel complain'd to her of this breach of peace: but she civilly made her excuse, telling him, that a false information had caused all this mischief; her spies having brought her word, that Shrovetide, their mortal foe, was landed, and spent his time in examining the urine of physeteros.

She therefore intreated him to pardon them their offence; telling him, that six-reverence was sooner found in chitterlings than gall; and offering, for herself, and all her successors, to hold of him, and his, the whole island and country; to obey him in all his commands, be friends to his friends, and foes to his foes; and also to send every year, as an acknowledgment of their homage, a tribute of seventy-eight thousand royal chitterlings, to serve him at his first course at table, (2) six months in the year; which was punctually perform'd. For, the next day, she sent the aforesaid quantity of royal chitterlings to the good Gargantua, under the conduct of young Niphleseth, infant of the island.

The good Gargantua made a present of them to the great king of Paris. But by change of air, and for want of mustard, (the natural balsam and restorer of chitterlings) most of them died. By the great king's particular grant, they were buried in heaps in a part of Paris, to this day call'd, La rue pavée d'andouilles; the street pav'd with chitter-

hide the ugliness of his legs; which is taken from Servius, on these verses of the 3d book of the georgics:

Primus Erichthonius currus & quatuor ausus
Jungere equos, rapidisque rotis insistere victor.

It was with the same view that Niphleseth chose to appear in her chariot.

(2) Six months in the year] Chitterlings are not eaten above six months in the year at most.

lings.

lings. At the request of the ladies of his court, young Niphleseth was preserv'd, honourably us'd, and since that married to heart's content; and was the mother of many children, for which heaven be prais'd.

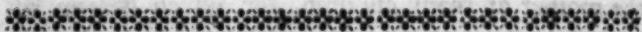
Pantagruel civilly thank'd the queen, forgave all offences, refus'd the offer she had made of her country, and gave her (3) a pretty little knife. After that he ask'd her several nice questions concerning the apparition of that flying hog. She answer'd, that it was the idea of carnival, their tutelary god in time of war, first founder, and original of all the chitterling race; for which reason he resembled a hog; for chitterlings drew their extraction from hogs.

Pantagruel asking to what purpose, and curative indication, he had voided so much mustard on the earth? the queen reply'd, that (4) mustard was their sang-real, and celestial balsam, of which laying but a little in the wounds of the fallen chitterlings, in a very short time the wounded were healed, and the dead restor'd to life. Pantagruel held no further discourse with the queen, but retir'd a ship-board. The like did all the bon companions,

(3) Gave her a pretty little knife] As they do the savages of America. These knives are call'd parquois corruptly for pragois, being made at Prague in Bohemia. To confirm this etymology of the word, m. du Chat quotes Busbequius's embassy to Turkey. Ante me, says he, proximè pedites aliquot ambulabant: horum unus veluti ansatus subnixis nudis brachiis ingrediebatur, quorum utrumque supra cubitum cultello (quod genus nos Pragenfes vocamus) transfixum habebat.

(4) Mustard, &c.] Henry V, king of England, was wont to say in the same sense, that war without fire was not worth a rush, any more than sausages without mustard. See J. Juvenal des Ursin's hist. on ch. vi, on the year 1420.

with their implements of destruction, and their huge
sow.



CH A P. XLIII.

How Pantagruel went into the island of Ruach.

TWO days after, we arrived at the island of Ruach; and I swear to you by the celestial hen and chickens, that I found the way of living of the people so strange and wonderful, that I can't for the heart's blood of me half tell it you. They live on nothing but wind, eat nothing but wind, and drink nothing but wind. They have no other houses but weather-cocks. They sow no other seeds but the three sorts of wind-flowers, rue, and herbs that make one break wind to the purpose: these scour them off charmingly. The common sort of people, to feed themselves, make use of feather, paper, or linen fans, according to their abilities. As for (1) the rich, they live by the means of windmills.

(1) The rich live by the means of windmills] Rabelais introduces into the isle of winds divers sorts of persons, and even more than one nation. By the common sort of people, who make use of fans of various kinds, we may understand literally, the great number of male and female dealers in fans; who not only make fans for Paris, and all France, but also send them abroad to England, and other countries. As for the rich, who feed on windmills, they are the proprietors of such sort of useful country-houses (explained in the Trevoux dictionary under the word *usines*) which are very frequent about Paris, and bring in a considerable revenue to the owners,

When

When they would have some noble treat, the tables are spread (2) under one or two windmills. There they feast as merry as beggars, and, during the meal, their whole talk is commonly of the goodness, excellency, salubrity, and rarity of winds; as you, jolly topers, in your cups philosophize and argue upon wines. The one praises the south-east, the other the south-west: this the west and by south, and this the east and by north: another the west, and another the east? and so of the rest. As for lovers, and amorous sparks, no gale for them like a smock-gale. For the sick they use bellows, as we use clysters among us.

Oh! (said to me a little diminutive swoln bubble) that I had now but a bladder full of that same Languedoc wind which they call *cierce*. (3) The famous physician Scurron, passing one day by this country, was telling us, that it is so strong, that it will make nothing of overturning a loaded waggon. Oh! what good would it not

(2) Under one or two windmills] In Italy and South-France they make use of large fans, which are hung to the cieling, and are wav'd to and fro by a servant to cool the rooms, particularly at meals.

(3) The famous physician Scurron] His name was Schyron; witness the inscription over the gate of the anatomy-theatre at Montpellier, built by K. Henry II. Curantibus Johanne Schyronio, Antonio Saporta, Guilielmo Rondeletio, & J. Bocatio, 1556. See Teissier's additions to G. Rondelet's *elogium*. Schyron was counsellor of the king, royal professor, and chancellor of the university of Montpellier, and dy'd very old in the aforesaid year 1556, after he had made a figure among the learned from the year 1530. See the hist. of the univ. of Montpellier, writ in Latin by J. Stephen Strobelberger, and printed in 16°, at Nuremberg, anno 1625.

do my (4) oedipodic leg. The biggest are not the best: but, said Panurge, rather would I had here a large butt of that same good Languedoc wine that grows at Mirevoux, Cantepredrix, and Frontignan.

I saw a good likely sort of a man there, much resembling Ventrose, tearing and fuming in a grievous fret, with a tall burly groom and a pimping little page of his, laying them on, like the devil, with a buskin. Not knowing the cause of his anger, at first I thought that all this was by the doctor's advice, as being a thing very healthy to the master to be in a passion, and to his man to be bang'd for't. But at last I heard him taxing his man with stealing from him, like a rogue as he was, the better half of a large leathern bag of an excellent (5) southerly wind, which he had carefully laid up, like a hidden reserve, (6) against the cold weather.

They neither exonerate, dung, piss, nor spit in that island; but, to make amends, they belch, fizzle, funk, and give tail-shots in abundance. They are troubled with all manner of distempers: and, indeed,

(4) Oedipodic leg] Lame or gouty leg, from *οἰδῶν*, *tumeo*, & *πῆξ*, *pes*. See Robertson's lexicon. Cotgrave says, *oidema* is a painless swelling only; but Robertson, *tumor quilibet*, & special. *tumor ex pituita*.

(5) Southerly wind] Read, south-west. *Vent buarbin* in Rabelais.

(6) Against the cold weather] Read, against the sultry hot weather, not cold weather. *Arriere-saison* means autumn, vintage, or harvest-time. In Lower Languedoc they call *garbin* a certain cool breeze of wind, which freshens up in that country about noon, in autumn. It comes very seasonably for the harvesters and vintagers, who, without it, would never be able to endure the excessive heats of that season. Which makes the author say, that he had carefully laid it up *comme une viande rare*, as a tid-bit.

all distempers are engender'd and proceed from ventosities, as Hippocrates demonstrates, lib. de flatibus. But the most epidemical among them is the wind-cholic. The remedies which they use are large blisters, whereby they void store of windiness. They all die of dropfies and tympanies; the men farting, and the women fizzling: so that their soul takes her leave at the back door.

Some time after, walking in the island, we met three hair-brain'd airy fellows, who seem'd mightily puffed up, and went to take their pastime, and view the (7) plivers, who live on the same diet as themselves, and abound in the island. I observ'd, that as you true toppers, when you travel, carry flasks, leathern bottles, and small runlets along with you, so each of them had at his girdle a pretty little pair of bellows. If they happen'd to want wind, by the help of those pretty bellows they immediately drew some fresh and cool, by attraction and reciprocal expulsion: for, as you well know, wind, essentially defin'd, is nothing but fluctuating and agitated air.

A while after we were commanded, in the king's name, not to receive, for three hours, any man or woman of the country on board our ships; some having stole from him a (8) rousing fart, of the very individual

(7) The plivers, or plovers, &c.] The 32d novel of the heptameron: You live then upon faith and hope, as the plover does upon wind? You are very easy to maintain, and are subsisted at a cheap rate. This is a vulgar error of the plovers living on wind. See Belon, l. 5, c. 18, of his ornithologia.

(8) A rousing fart] Une veze does not mean a fart, much less a rousing one: it sometimes signifies a fizzle, but even that is but the secondary meaning of the word veze; whose primary meaning (and so it must certainly be understood here) is a borracho; a great leather bottle, or budget, like a bottle, made commonly of a goat's skin,

dividual wind which old goodman Æolus, the snorer, gave Ulysses to conduct his ship, whenever it should happen to be becalm'd. Which fart the king kept religiously, like another sangreal, and perform'd a world of wonderful cures with it, in many dangerous diseases, letting loose, and distributing to the patient only as much of it as might frame a virginal fart; which is, if you must know, what our sanctimonials, alias nuns, in their dialect, call (9) ringing backwards.

skin, and used for the conveying of wine, oil, &c. thro' places which cannot be pass'd by carts. The French call 'em outres, from the antiquated Latin word utris (a bladder blown) as that comes from uterus, the paunch. The borracha (for that's the true Spanish word, borracho being a drunkard) when empty falls together like a purse. M. du Chat quotes the following words of the French Ariost. canto 44, to confirm this sense of the word veze. Et leur bailla Astolphe le trouble Auster à porter dedans le cloistre uterin, je dy, que dans le ventre de cuyr il leur donna enclos de vent, &c. If the reader will ever so little consider the sense of the whole period, he will see veze can mean no other than a vas ventosum, not ventus itself. Rabelais says, on luy (from the king) avoit robbé une veze pleine du vent propre, que jadis à Ulysses donna le bon ronfleur Eolus pour guider sa nauf eu temps calme.

(9) Ringing backwards] The translator, tho' a Frenchman, somewhat mistakes Rabelais's meaning; at least, I think so. Rabelais says, les sanctimoniales appellent ung pet sonnet; i. e. the nuns call a fart, sonnet. Had Rabelais said sonner or sonnette, instead of sonnet, it might have meant ringing; whether backwards or not, is another question. Sonner is to ring, and une sonnette is a little chamber-bell of silver, brass, &c. But sonnet I take to be a diminutive of the word son (sound) and means a sort of a small, still, silent (or, if you will, silentish) sound. Sonnet likewise signifies a song, or tune, as in English. I had writ this note before I was apprized that M. du Chat had made any on this article; but since

he

C H A P. XLIV.

How a small rain lays a high wind.

Pantagrue commended their government and way of living, and said to their hypenemian mayor; If you approve Epicurus's opinion, placing the summum bonum in pleasure (I mean pleasure that's easy and free from toil) I esteem you happy; for your food being wind, costs you little or nothing, since you need but blow. True, sir, returned the mayor; but alas! nothing is perfect here below: for too often, when we are at table feeding on some good blessed wind of God, as on celestial manna, merry as so many friars, down drops on a sudden some small rain, which lays our wind, and so robs us of it. Thus many a meal is lost for want of meat.

Just so, quoth Panurge, Jenin Toss-pot of Quinquenois, evacuating some wine of his own burning [urine] on his wife's posteriors, laid the ill-fum'd wind that blow'd out of their centre, as out of some magisterial æolipyle. Here's a kind of a whim on that subject, which I made formerly:

he has done so, I'll e'en give it in his own words. [Saintimoniales, &c. nonnains, dont le parler même est si chaste, que faisant scrupule d'appeller un pet par son nom, elles ne le nomment que sonnet.] That is, nuns, whose very speech is so chaste, that they scruple to call a fart by its name; and an escape of that nature is never mentioned by them, any otherwise, than by the term of sonnet.

One

One evening, when Tofs-pot had been at his butts,
And Joan, his fat spouse, cram'd with turnips her
guts;

Together they pigg'd; nor did drink so besot him.
But he did what was done when his daddy begot him.
Now when, to recruit, he'd fain have been snoring,
Joan's back-door was filthily puffing and roaring:
So, for spite, he bepifs'd her, and quickly did find,
That a small rain lays a very high wind.

We are also plagu'd yearly with a very great calamity, cry'd the mayor: for a giant, call'd Widenoftrils, who lives in the island of Tohu, comes hither every spring to purge, by the advice of his physicians; and swallows us, like so many pills, a great number of windmills, and of bellows also, at which his mouth waters exceedingly.

Now this is a sad mortification to us here, who are fain to fast over three or four whole lents every year for this, besides certain petty lents, ember weeks, and other orison and starving tides. And have you no remedy for this, ask'd Pantagruel? By the advice of our mezarims, reply'd the mayor, about the time that he uses to give us a visit, we garrison our wind mills with good store of cocks and hens. So the first time that the greedy thief swallow'd them, they had like to have done his business at once: for they crow'd and cackled in his maw, and flutter'd up and down athwart and along in his stomach, which threw the glutton into a lipothymy cardiac passion, and dreadful and dangerous convulsions, as if some serpent creeping in at his mouth, had been frisking in his stomach.

Here is a comparative, as, altogether incongruous and impertinent, cry'd friar John, interrupting them; for I have formerly heard, that if a serpent chance to get into a man's stomach, it will not do him the least hurt, but will immediately get out, if you do but hang

hang the patient by the heels, and lay a pan full of warm milk near his mouth. You were told this, said Pantagruel, and so were those who gave you this account: but none ever saw or read of such a cure. On the contrary, Hippocrates, in his fifth book of Epidem. writes, That such a case happening in his time, the patient presently died of a spasm and convulsion.

Besides the cocks and hens, said the mayor, continuing his story, all the foxes in the country whip'd into Widenostrils mouth, posting after the poultry; which made such a stir with Reynard at their heels, that he grievously fell into fits each minute of an hour.

At last, by the advice of a (1) baden enchanter, at the time of the paroxysm, he us'd to (2) flea a fox, by the way of antidote and counter poison. Since that he took better advice, and eases himself with taking a clyster made with a decoction of wheat and barley corns, and of livers of goslings; to the first of which the poultry run, and the foxes to the latter. Besides, he swallows some of your badgers or fox-dogs, by the way of pills and bolus's. This is our misfortune.

Cease to fear, good people, cry'd Pantagruel, this huge Widenostrils, this same swallower of windmills is no more, I'll assure you: he dy'd, being stifled and choak'd with eating a lump of fresh butter at the mouth of a hot oven, by the advice of his physicians.

(1) Baden enchanter] Ung enchanteur badin (not baden.) It only means a juggler, or mountebank quack, or tumbler.

(2) Flea a fox] This proverbial expression for vomiting, does admirably well here, in speaking of Widenostrils disemboquing the foxes that were got down to the bottom of his maw.

C H A P. XLV.

How Pantagruel went ashore in the island of Pope-figland.

THE next morning, we arrived at the island of Popefigs: formerly a rich and free people, call'd the Gaillardets; but now, alas! miserably poor, and (1) under the yoke of the papimen. The occasion of it was this.

On a certain yearly (2) high holiday, the burger-master, syndics and topping rabbies of the Gaillardets, chanc'd to go into the neighbouring island of

(1) Under the yoke of the papimen] Read Papimanes, as in the original. It is a word compos'd of papa, pope, and mania, madness (in Greek,) and means such whole love and zeal for the pope is so excessive, that it may be counted madness. Here m. du Chat observes, that Spain is a true papimany country: therefore, adds he, it is not at all unlikely that by the island of Pope-figland, subject to the Papimanes, Rabelais means Navarre, after that, about the year 1512, Ferdinand the catholic had seized that kingdom, by virtue of a certain pretended bull, which had put it under an interdict for adhering, as was pretended, to the council conven'd at Pisa against pope Julius II.

(2) High holiday] Festes à doubles bastons: for that's the true reading, according to Rabelais's copy; not bastons, as some editions read it. These festivals à batons are those grand solemn holidays, when the chanters of the church, the feast whereof is celebrating, walk processionally in their habits of ceremony with their staves, (batons) which are a sort of pilgrims staves, cover'd with very thick leaves of silver.

Papimany

Papimany to see the festival, and pass away the time. Now one of them having espy'd the pope's picture, (with the sight of which, according to a laudable custom, the people were bless'd on high-offering holidays) made mouths at it, and cry'd, A fig for't! as a sign of manifest contempt and derision. To be revenged of this affront, the papimen some days after, without giving the others the least warning, took arms, and surpriz'd, destroy'd, and ruin'd the whole island of the Gaillardets; putting the men to the sword, and sparing none but the women and children; and those too only on condition to do what the inhabitants of Milan were condemn'd to, by the emperor Frederic Barbarossa.

These had rebell'd against him in his absence, and ignominiously turn'd the empress out of the city, mounting her (3) a horseback on a mule call'd (4) Thacor, with her breech foremost toward the old jaded mule's head, and her face turn'd towards the crupper. Now Frederic being return'd, master'd them, and caus'd so careful a search to be made, that he found out, and got the famous mule Thacor. Then the hangman, by his order, clap'd a fig into the mule's jim-crack, in the presence of the enslav'd cits that were brought into the middle of the great market-place, and proclaim'd, in the emperor's name, with trumpets, that whosoever of them would save his own life, should publickly pull the fig out with his teeth, and after that put it in again in the very individual cranny whence he had draw'd it, without

(3) A horseback, &c.] This infamous punishment is still inflicted in Germany, on profess'd prostitutes.

(4) Thacor] A scab or pile in the fundament, Cotgrave says; but, according to the Cambridge dictionary, it means the fundament itself. See under the word anus. The Hebrew word is tachor, not thacor; for the Hebrews have two sorts of T's, a T simple, and a Th. With the first of these Tachor is spelt.

using

using his hands ; and that whoever refus'd to do this, should presently swing for't, and die in his shoes. Some sturdy fools, standing upon their punctilio, chose honourably to be hang'd, rather than submit to so shameful and abominable a disgrace ; and others, less nice in point of ceremony, took heart of grace, and ev'n resolv'd to have at the fig, and a fig for't, rather than make a worse figure with a hempen collar, and die in the air, at so short warning : accordingly when they had neatly pick'd out the fig with their teeth from old Thacor's snatch-blatch, they plainly show'd it the heads-man, saying, Ecco lo fico, (behold the fig.)

By the same ignominy the rest of these poor distressed Gaillardets sav'd their bacon, becoming tributaries and slaves ; and the name of Pope-figs was given them, because they said, A fig for the pope's image. Since this, the poor wretches never prospered, but every year the devil was at their doors, and they were plagu'd with hail, storms, famine, and all manner of woes, as an everlasting punishment for the sin of their ancestors and relations. Perceiving the misery and calamity of that generation, we did not care to go further up into the country ; contenting ourselves with going into a little chapel near the haven, to take some holy water. It was dilapidated and ruin'd, wanting also a cover (like St. Peter at Rome). When we were in, as we dipp'd our fingers in the sanctify'd cistern, we spy'd in the middle of that holy pickle a fellow muffled up with stoles all under water, like a diving duck, except the tip of his snout to draw his breath. About him stood three priests, true shavelings, clean shorn and poll'd, who were muttering strange words to the devils out of a conjuring book.

Pantagruel was not a little amaz'd at this, and, inquiring what kind of sport these were at, was told, that, for three years last past, the plague had so dread-
fully

fully rag'd in the island, that the better half of it had been utterly depopulated, and the lands lay fallow and unoccupied. Now the mortality being over, this same fellow, who was crept into the holy tab, having (5) a large piece of ground, chanc'd to be sowing it with white winter wheat, at the very minute of an hour that a kind of a silly sucking devil, who could not yet write or read, or hail and thunder, unless it were on parly or colworts, had got leave of his master Lucifer to go into this island of Pope-figs, where the devils were very familiar with the men and women, and often went to take their pastime.

This same devil being got thither, directed his discourse to the husband-man, and ask'd him what he was doing. The poor man told him, that he was sowing the ground with corn, to help him to subsist the next year. Ay, but the ground is none of thine, mr. plough-jobber, cry'd the devil, but mine: for since the time that you mock'd the pope, all this land has been proscrib'd, adjudg'd, and abandon'd to us. However, to sow corn is not my province: therefore I will give thee leave to sow the field; that is to say, provided we share the profit. I will, reply'd the farmer. I mean, said the devil, that of what the land shall bear, two lots shall be made, one of what shall grow above ground, the other of what shall be cover'd with earth: the right of chusing belongs to me; for I am a devil of noble and ancient race; thou

(5) A large piece of ground] In the original, it is not only ung champ grand, (a large piece of ground) but restile also, which mr. Motteux leaves out. Champ restile means ground that is sow'd and bears fruit every year; the same as the Latin restibilis, from whence the French borrow it. Some editions, the publishers whereof not knowing what restile meant, have it, ridiculously, sterile. These observations, tho' purely grammatical, may be of use, to such gentlemen as are possess'd of those erroneous editions of Rabelais in French,

art a base clown. I therefore chuse what shall lie under ground, take thou what shall be above. When dost thou reckon to reap, hah? About the middle of July, quoth the farmer. Well, said the devil, I'll not fail thee then: in the mean-time, slave as thou oughtest. Work, clown, work: I am going to tempt to the pleasing sin of whoring, (6) the nuns of dryfart, the sham-saints of the cowl, and the gluttonish crew: I am more than sure of these. They need but meet, and the job's done: true fire and tinder, touch and take: down falls nun, and up gets friar.



C H A P. XLVI.

How a junior devil was fool'd by a husband-man of Pope-figland.

IN the middle of July, the devil came to the place aforesaid, with all his crew at his heels, a whole choir of the younger fry of hell; and having met the farmer, said to him; Well, clod-pate, how hast thou done, since I went? Thou and I must now share the concern. Ay, master devil, quoth the clown, 'tis but reason we should. Then he and his men began to cut and reap the corn: and on the other side, the devil's imps fell to work, grubbing up, and pulling out the stubble by the root.

(6) The nuns of dryfart] Nonnains de pettefec. In ch. 19, of l. 2, it is said of the English Thaumast, that with very grief and vexation, he let a baker's fart, bran and all: for so bren means sometimes; not always reverence.

The

The countryman had his corn thrash'd, winnow'd it, put it into sacks, and went with it to market. The same did the devil's servants, and sat them down there by the man, to sell their straw *. The countryman sold off his corn at a good rate, and with the money fill'd an old kind of a demy-buskin, which was fasten'd to his girdle. But the devil a sous the devils took: far from taking hansel, they were flouted, and jeer'd by the country louts.

Market being over, quoth the devil to the farmer, Well clown, thou hast chous'd me once, 'tis thy fault; chouse me twice, 'twill be mine. Nay, good fir devil, reply'd the farmer, how can I be said to have chous'd you, since 'twas your worship that chose first? The truth is, that by this trick you thought to cheat me, hoping that nothing would spring out of the earth for my share, and that you should find whole under ground the corn which I had sow'd, and with it tempt the poor and needy, the close hypocrite, or the covetous griper, thus making them fall into your snares. But troth, you must e'en go to school yet; you are no conjurer, for aught I see: for the corn that was sow'd is dead and rotten, its corruption having caus'd the generation of that which you saw me sell: so you chose the worst, and therefore (1) are curs'd in the gospel. Well, talk no more on't, quoth the devil: what canst thou sow our field with for next year? If a man would make the best on't, answer'd the ploughman, 'twere fit he sow it with radishes. Now cry'd the devil, thou talk'st like an honest fellow, bumpkin: well, sow

(*) Straw] Read stubble.

(1) Are curs'd in the gospel] An old proverb: which involves slanderers and devils in one and the same malediction; for as much as the former, chusing rather to speak evil than good of their neighbour, are like the devils, who in the day of judgment shall fall on the wicked, and let good men alone.

me good store of radishes, I'll see and keep them safe from storms, and will not hail a bit on them. But harkye me, this time I bespeak for my share what shall be above ground; what's under shall be thine. Drudge on, looby, drudge on. I am going to tempt hereticks; their souls are (2) dainty victuals, when broil'd in rashers, and well powder'd. My lord Lucifer has the griping in the guts; they'll make a dainty warm dish for his honour's maw.

When the season of radishes was come, our devil fail'd not to meet in the field with a train of rascally underlings, all waiting devils, and finding there the farmer and his men, he began to cut and gather the leaves of the radishes. After him the farmer with his spade digg'd up the radishes, and clapt them up into pouches. This done, the devil, the farmer, and their gangs hy'd them to market, and there the farmer presently made good money of his radishes: but the poor devil took nothing; nay, what was worse, he was made a common laughing-stock by the gaping hoydons. I see thou hast play'd me a scurvy trick, thou villainous fellow, (cry'd the angry devil): at last I am fully resolv'd e'en to make an end of the business betwixt thee and myself about the ground, and these shall be the terms; we'll clapperclaw each other, and whoever of us two shall first cry, hold, shall quit his share of the field, which shall wholly belong to the conqueror. I fix the time for this trial of skill on this day se'nnight; assure thyself that I'll claw thee off like a devil. I was going to tempt your fornicators, bailiffs, perplexers of causes, scriveners, forgers of deeds, two-handed counsellors, prevaricating solicitors, and other such vermin: but

(2) Dainty victuals] These whom the devil, in those days, tempted to burn the Lutherans, did really believe his devilship's mouth water'd at the souls of those suppos'd strayers from the fold of the church.

they were so civil as to send me word by an interpreter, that they are all mine already. Besides, our master Lucifer is so cloy'd with their souls, that he often sends them back to the smutty scullions, and slovenly devils of his kitchen, and they scarce go down with them, unless now and then, when they are (3) high-season'd.

Some say there is no breakfast like a student's, no dinner like a lawyer's, no afternoon's nunchion like (4) a vintner's, no supper like a tradesman's, no (5) second supper like a serving wench's, and none of these (6) meals equal to a frockify'd hobgoblin's. All this is true enough. Accordingly, at my lord Lucifer's first course, hobgoblins, alias imps in cowls, are a standing dish. He willingly us'd to breakfast on students; but alas, I do not know by what ill luck, they have of late years (7) join'd the holy bible to their studies: so the devil a one we can get down among us; and I verily believe that unless the hypocrites of the tribe of Levi help us in it, taking from the enlightned book-mongers their

(3) High-season'd] 'Tis said such sort of souls soon corrupt.

(4) Vintner's] Read, vine-dresser. Vigneron.

(5) Second supper] Ragou billoner: to steal an after-supper; banquet late a-nights; as servants frequently do, when their masters and mistresses are in bed.

(6) Meals equal to a frockify'd hobgoblin's, i.e. monk's]

Nil mendicatis fociorum dulcius offis.

Il n'est vie que de coquin, no life like a beggar's, says the old proverb.

(7) Join'd the holy bible, &c.] Here Rabelais smells of the faggot, says m. du Chat. A French way of speaking, significative of the danger one runs of being burnt for a heretic. Thus, *cette doctrine, cette opinion sent le fagot*; is as much as to say, a doctrine that's heretical, dangerous, and combustible (*digne du feu.*)

St. Paul, either by threats, revilings, force, violence, fire and faggot, we shall not be able to hook-in any more of them, to nibble at below. He dines commonly on counsellors, mischief-mongers, multipliers of law-suits, such as wrest and pervert right and law, and grind and fleece the poor : he never fears to want any of these. But who can endure to be wedded to a dish ?

He said t'other day at a full chapter, that he had a great mind to eat the soul of one of the fraternity of the cowl, that had forgot to speak for himself, in his sermon ; and he promis'd double pay, and a large pension, to any one that should bring him such a tid-bit piping-hot. We all went a hunting after such a rarity, but came home without the prey : for they all admonish the good women to remember their convent. As for afternoon nuncheons, he has left them off, since he was so wofully grip'd with the cholic ; his fosterers, sutlers, charcoal-men, and boiling cooks having been sadly mawl'd and pepper'd off (8) in the northern countries.

His high devilship sups very well on tradesmen, usurers, apothecaries, cheats, coiners, and adulterers of wares. Now and then, when he is on the merry pin, his second supper is of serving wenches ; who, after they have by stealth soak'd their faces with their masters good liquor, fill up the vessel with it at second hand, or with other stinking water.

Well, drudge on, boor, drudge on : I am going to tempt (9) the students of Trebifonde, to leave father

(8) In the northern countries] This seems to regard the expulsion of the monks out of England, under Henry VIII, and Edward VI ; and also that of the religious out of the two northern kingdoms.

(9) The students of Trebifonde] Read Trebizonde, with an z, as Rabelais spells it. The author seems here

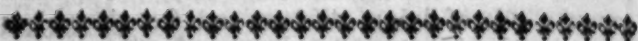
ther and mother, forego forever the establish'd and common rule of living, disclaim and free themselves from obeying their lawful sovereign's edicts, live in absolute liberty, proudly despise every one, laugh at all mankind, (10) and taking the fine jovial little cap of poetic licence, become so many (11) pretty hobgoblins.

CHAP.

to derive the name of the imperial city of Trebizonde from the Greek *τραπεζα*, mensa, a table, for the opportunity of insinuating as if none but gormondizers, and idle-bellies, wou'd take up with a cloister'd life.

(10) And taking the fine jovial little cap of poetic licence] Rabelais says, And taking the fine jovial little biggin of poetic innocence. On which m. du Chat observes beguin (biggin in English) is the capuche or monachal hood, invented to distinguish from seculars, (or people of the world) such persons as make profession of a benignity and an innocence worthy of the golden age of the poets. In Flanders, they call'd benigns and benignes, (some years after the establishment of the two first orders of religious medicants) certain men and certain women, who, without making vows, devoting themselves in an especial manner to works of charity and mercy, took, in imitation of the said religious, a sort of hood as a badge that should prevent peoples looking upon 'em to be entirely of the secular kind. From those words it is that they have since, corruptly, been call'd beguins and beguines, and at length their hood too was call'd beguin. Friar James de Guise, in his chronicles of Hainault, vol. 3. ch. 133. says, The countess of Flanders began the benignage, and instituted the first chappellany. And lower, And there instituted brother begnins and sister begnines ---- in the same place where her sister Margaret afterwards enlarg'd the grand begninage and the hospital. Beguin, the name of a family of Dijon, is thought to be no other than benigne, the name of a martyr, venerated at Dijon.

(11) Pretty hobgoblins] Farfadets gentils, Gentleman hobgoblins, i. e. gentlemen monks. The author ridicules



CHAP. XLVII.

How the devil was deceiv'd by an old woman of Pope-figland.

THE country lob trudg'd home very much concern'd and thoughtful, you may swear; inasmuch that his good woman, seeing him thus look moping, ween'd that something had been stolen from him at market: but when she had heard the cause of his affliction, and seen his budget well lin'd with coin, she bad him be of good cheer, assuring him that he'd be never the worse for the scratching bout in question; wishing him only to leave her to manage that business, and not trouble his head about it: for she had already contriv'd how to bring him off cleverly. Let the worst come to the worst, said the husbandman, it will be but a scratch; for I'll yield at the first stroke, and quit the field. Quit a fart, reply'd the wife; he shall have none of the field: rely upon me, and be quiet; let me alone to deal with him. You say he's a pimping little devil, that's enough; I'll soon make him give up the field, I'll warrant you. Indeed had he been (1) a great devil, it had been somewhat.

The day that we landed in the island happened to be that which the devil had fix'd for the combat. Now the countryman, having like a good catholic very fairly confessed himself and (2) received, be- the benedictins and bernardins, who assume the title of dom (from dominus) as if they were all gentlemen.

(1) A great devil] Less a novice.

(2) A vulgar curtail'd phrase for the highest and most solemn act of religion.

times in the morning, by the advice of the vicar, had hid himself, all but the snout, in the holy-water pot, in the posture in which we found him: and just as they were telling us this story, news came that the old woman had fool'd the devil, and gain'd the field. You may not be sorry perhaps to hear how this happen'd.

The devil, you must know, came to the poor man's door, and rapping there, cry'd, So ho! ho the house! ho, clod-pate! where art thou? Come out with a vengeance; come out with a wannion; come out and be damn'd; now for clawing. Then briskly and resolutely entring the house, and not finding the countryman there, he spy'd his wife lying on the ground piteously weeping and howling. What's the matter? ask'd the devil. Where is he? What does he? Oh! that I knew where he is, reply'd threescore and five, the wicked rogue, the butcherly dog, the murtherer! He has spoil'd me; I am undone; I die of what he has done to me. How, cry'd the devil, what is it? I'll tickle him off for you, by and by. Alas, cry'd the old dissembler, he told me, the butcher, the tyrant, the tearer of devils, told me, that he had made a match to scratch with you this day, and to try his claws, he did but just touch me with his little finger, here betwixt the legs, and has spoil'd me for ever. Oh! I am a dead woman; I shall never be myself again: do but see! Nay, and besides he talk'd of going to the smith's, to have his pounces sharpen'd and pointed. Alas! you are undone, mr. devil; good sir, scamper quickly, I am sure he won't stay; save your self, I beseech you. While she said this, she uncover'd herself up to the chin, after the manner in which the (3) Persian women met their children, who fled from

(3) Persian women, &c. See Plutarch] These women, when their sons were flying from the enemy,

from the fight, and plainly shew'd (4) her what d'ye call it. The frighted devil, seeing the enormous solution of the continuity in all its dimensions, blest'd himself, and cry'd out, Mahon, Demiourgon, Megæra, Alesto, Persephone; s'life, catch me here when he comes! I am gone: s'death, what a gasp! I resign him the field.

Having heard the catastrophe of the story, we retired a ship-board, not being willing to stay there any longer. (5) Pantagruel gave to the poors-box of the fabrick of the church, eighteen thousand gold royals, in commiseration of the poverty of the people, and the calamity of the place.

C H A P. XLVIII.

How Pantagruel went ashore at the island of Papimany.

HAVING left the desolate island of the Popefigs, we sailed for the space of a day very fairly and merrily, and made the blessed island of Papimany. As soon as we had dropt anchor in the road, before we had well-moor'd our ship with ground tackle, four persons in different garbs row'd towards us in a skiff. One of them was drefs'd like a monk in his frock, draggle-tail'd and booted: the other like a falconer, with a lure and a long-wing'd hawk on his

pull'd up their cloaths, and in scorn bade them come and hide themselves once more in their mothers bellies.

(4) Her what d'ye call it] Son comment ha nom.

(5) Pantagruel gave, &c.] A good lesson for princes, to be generous and liberal, on occasion. Pantagruel went no where but he bestow'd his favours liberally, and left all the marks of a princely munificence.

fist;

fist : the third like a solicitor, with a large bag, full of informations, subpoenas, breviates, bills, writs, cases, and other implements of pettifogging. The fourth look'd like one of your vine barbers about Orleans, with a jantee pair of canvas trowsers, a dosser and a pruning knife at his girdle.

As soon as the boat had clapp'd them on board, they all with one voice ask'd, Have you seen him, good passengers, have you seen him? Who, ask'd Pantagruel? You know who, answer'd they. Who is it? ask'd friar John. 'Sblood and oonds, I'll thrash him thick and threefold. This he said, thinking that they enquir'd after some robber, murtherer, or church-breaker. Oh wonderful, cry'd the four, do not you foreign people know the one? Sirs, reply'd Epistemon, we do not understand those terms: but if you will be pleas'd to let us know what you mean, we'll tell you the truth of the matter without any more ado. We mean, said they, he that is, Did you ever see him? He that is, return'd Pantagruel, according to our theological doctrine, is God, (1) who said to Moses, I am that I am. We never saw him, nor can he be beheld by mortal eyes. We mean nothing less than that supreme God who rules in heaven, reply'd they; we mean the god on earth.

(1) Who said to Moses, I am that I am] Instead of those words, Rabelais only says: *Et en tel mot se declaira à Moses, i. e. and in that word he declared himself to Moses.* What word? He that is: not, I am that I am. God said not to Moses, I am that I am, but, I am he that is. And therefore Rabelais makes him say so too. Our English bibles indeed have it, I am that I am, and so has the Latin, *Eheje qui sum*: but the former should be as I said before, I am he that is, and the latter *Eheje qui est*. The septuagint translation has it right, *ἐγώ εἰμι ὁ ὢν*, I am he that is. Accordingly Rabelais begins this period with *He that is*; for no being besides God truly is.

Did you ever see him? Upon my honour, cry'd Carpalim, they mean the pope. Ay, ay, answer'd Panurge; yea verily, gentlemen, I have seen three of them, whose sight has not much better'd me. How! cry'd they, our sacred decretals inform us, that there never is more than one living. I mean successively, one after the other, return'd Panurge; otherwise, I never saw more than one at a time.

O thrice and four times happy people! cry'd they; you are welcome and more than double welcome! They then kneel'd down before us, and would have kiss'd our feet: but we would not suffer it, telling them, that, should the pope come thither in his own person, 'tis all they could do to him. No, certainly, answer'd they, for we have already resolv'd upon the matter. We would kiss his bare arse, without boggling at it, and eke his two pounders: for he has a pair of them, the holy father, that he has; we find it so by our fine decretals, otherwise he could not be pope. So that, according to our subtle decretalin philosophy, this is a necessary consequence: he is pope; therefore, he has genitories [genitals;] and should genitories no more be found in the world, the world could no more have a pope.

While they were talking thus, Pantagruel enquir'd if one of the coxswain's crew, who those persons were? He answer'd, that they were the four estates of the island; and added, that we should be made as welcome as princes, since we had seen the pope. Panurge, having been acquainted with this by Pantagruel, said to him in his ear; I swear and vow, sir, 'tis even so; he that has patience may compass any thing. Our seeing the pope hath done us no good: now, in the devil's name, 'twill do us a great deal. We then went ashore, and the whole country, men, women and children came to meet us in a solemn procession. Our four estates cry'd out to them with a loud voice; They have seen him! they have seen

seen him! they have seen him! That proclamation being made, all the mob kneeled down before us, lifting up their hands towards heaven, and crying; O happy men! O most happy! And this acclamation lasted above a quarter of an hour.

Then came the Busby of the place, with all his pedagogues, ushers, and school-boys, whom he magisterially flogg'd, as they us'd to whip children in our country, formerly, when some criminal was hang'd, that they might remember it. This displeas'd Pantagruel, who said to them; Gentlemen, if you do not leave off whipping these poor children, I'm gone. The people were amaz'd, hearing his stentorean voice; and I saw a little hump with long-fingers, say to the hypodidascal; What! in the name of wonder, do all those that see the pope grow as tall as yon huge fellow that threatens us? Ah! how I shall think time long, till I have seen him too, that I may grow and look as big. In short, the acclamations were so great, that (2) Homenas (so they call their bishop) hastened thither on an unbridled mule, with green trappings, attended by his aposts (as they said) and his supposts or officers, bearing crosses, banners, standards, canopies, torches, holy-water pots, &c. He too wanted to kiss our feet (as the good christian Valsinier did to pope Clement) saying, that one of their hypothetes, that's one of the scavengers, scowerers and commentators of their holy decretals, had written, that, in the same manner as the Messiah, so long and so much expected by the Jews, at last appear'd among them; so, on some happy day of God, the pope would come into that island; and that, while they waited

(2) Homenas] This word is a production of that of homme. They use it in Languedoc, when they would say, a great loggerheaded booby, that has neither wit nor breeding.

for that blessed time, if any who had seen him at Rome, or elsewhere, chanc'd to come among them; they should be sure to make much of them, feast them plentifully, and treat them with a great deal of reverence. However, we civilly desir'd to be excus'd.

CHAP. XLIX.

How Homenas, bishop of Papimany, shew'd us the (1) uranopet decretals.

Homenas then said to us: 'Tis enjoin'd us by our holy decretals to visit churches first, and taverns after. Therefore not to decline that fine institution, let us go to church: we will afterwards go and feast ourselves. Man of God, quoth friar John, do you go before, we'll follow you: you spoke in the matter properly, and like a good christian; 'tis long since we saw any such. For my part, this rejoices my mind very much, and I verily believe that I shall have the better stomach after it. Well, 'tis a happy thing to meet with good men! Being come near the gate of the church, we 'spy'd a huge thick book, gilt, and cover'd all over with precious stones, as rubies, emeralds, diamonds, and pearls, more, or at least as valuable as those which Augustus consecrated to Jupiter Capitolinus. This book hang'd in the air, being fasten'd with two thick chains of gold to the (2) zoophore of the porch. We look'd
on

(1) Uranopet] Descending from heaven, or ascending to heaven.

(2) Zoophore] Cotgrave defines it, A painted carved girdle, or border about a porch or pillar. But he does not

on it, and admir'd it. As for Pantagruel, he handled it, and dandled it, and turn'd it as he pleas'd, for he could reach it without straining; and he protested, that whenever he touch'd it, he was seiz'd with a pleasant tickling at his fingers end, new life and activity in his arms, and a violent temptation in his mind to beat one or two serjeants, or such officers, (3) provided they were not of the shaveling kind. Homenas then said to us; The law was formerly given to the Jews by Moses, written by God himself. At Delphos, before the portal of Apollo's temple, this sentence, ΓΝΩΘΙ ΣΕΑΥΤΟΝ, was found writ-

not tell us whence it's derived. The Cambridge dictionary, under the word zophorus, [which certainly is misspelt, for zoophorus] says, A freeze or border in pillars, or other works, set off with the shapes of several things, [he should have said, living creatures, Ζωα, and other things] graven upon it. I shall only add, that the Greeks sometimes mean by it the oblique circle of the heavens, call'd the zodiac, fill'd with the representations of animals, &c. Architects call it, as I said before, the freeze, which every body knows is between the architrave and cornice.

(3) Provided they were not of the shaveling kind] Because by the decretals 'tis forbid under pain of excommunication, on any account whatever, to strike either clerics, or laics that were tonsured. Now before the year 1425, there were in France multitudes of serjeants clerical, and others laical, who had undergone tonsure, and who, under favour of that, committed several grievous offences in the execution of their offices, without being liable to any punishment: and though in that year, and even in 1518, endeavours were used to redress those grievances, both by arret and edict, the disorder still continu'd in some when our author wrote this.

ten with a divine hand. And sometime after it, EI (4) was also seen, and as divinely written and transmitted from heaven. Cybele's image was brought out of heaven, into a field call'd Pessunt in Phrygia: so was that of Diana to Tauris, if you will believe Euripides; the oriflambe, or holy standard, was transmitted out of heaven to the noble and most christian kings of France, to fight against the unbelievers. In the reign of (5) Numa Pompilius, second king of the Romans, the famous copper buckler, call'd Ancile, was seen to descend from heaven. At Acropolis, near Athens, (6) Minerva's statue formerly fell from the empireal heaven. In like manner the sacred decretals, which you see, were written with the hand of (7) an angel, of the cherubim kind. You outlandish people will hardly believe this, I fear. Little enough of conscience, said Panurge.-----And then, continued Homenas, they were miraculously transmitted to us here from the very heaven of heavens; in the same manner as the river Nile is call'd Diipetes, by Homer the father of all philosophy, (the holy decretals always excepted.) Now because you have seen the pope, their evangelist and everlasting protector, we will

(4) EI was also seen] Plutarch has wrote a treatise, shewing the signification of this mysterious EI: which two letters were also divinely written, and transmitted from heaven, says the Dutch scholiast.

(5) Numa] See Plutarch.

(6) Minerva] See Pausanias's attacks.

(7) An angel, &c.] Erasmus, in his *exequiæ seraphicæ*: *Christus legem evangelicam promulgavit; Franciscus legem suam, angeli manibus his descriptam, tradidit seraphicis fratribus.* This tradition could not but be known to Homenas; but, as it would have derogated from the dignity of the decretals, he did not think himself obliged to take any notice of it, much less to lay any stress upon it.

give

give you leave to see and kiss them on the inside, if you think it meet. But then you must fast three days before, and canonically confess; nicely and strictly mustering up, and inventorising your sins, great and small, so thick that one single circumstance of them may not 'scape you; as our holy decretals, which you see, direct. This will take up some time. Man of God, answer'd Panurge, we have seen and descry'd decrees, and eke decretals enough o'conscience; some on paper, others on parchment (8) fine and gay like any painted paper lantern, some on vellum, some in manuscript, and others in print: so you need not take half this pains to shew us these. We'll take the good-will for the deed, and thank you as much as if we had. Ay marry, said Homenas; but you never saw these that are angelically written. Those in your country are only transcripts from ours; as we find it written by one of our old decretaline scholiasts. For me, do not spare me; I do not value the labour, so I may serve you: do but tell me whether you will be confess'd, and fast only three short little days of God? As for confessing, answer'd Panurge, there can be no great harm in it; but this same fasting, master of mine, will hardly down with us at this time: for we have so very much overfasted ourselves at sea, that the spiders have spun their cobwebs over our grinders. Do but look on this good friar John des Entomeures, (Homenas then courteously demy-clipp'd him about the neck) some moss is growing in his throat, for want of bestirring and exercising his chaps. He speaks the truth, vouch'd friar John; I have so much fasted, that I'm (9) almost grown hump-shoulder'd. Come then, let's go into

(8) Fine and gay like any painted lantern] Parchemin lanterné means only transparent, as the horn of a lantern.

(9) Almost grown hump-shoulder'd] It shou'd be, grown

into the church, said Homenas ; and pray forgive us if for the present we do not sing you a fine high mass. The hour of mid-day is past, and after it our sacred decretals forbid us to sing mass, I mean your high and lawful mass. But I'll (10) say a low and dry one for you. I had rather have one moistened with some good Anjou wine, cry'd Panurge ; fall to, fall to your low mass, and dispatch. Od's bodikins, quoth friar John, it frets me to the guts that I must have an empty stomach at this time of day. For, had I eaten a good breakfast, and fed like a monk, if he should chance to sing us the requiem æternam dona eis domine, I had then brought thither bread and wine for the (11) traits passez, (those that are gone before). Well, patience ; pull away, and save tide (12) : short and sweet, I pray you, and this for a cause.

C H A P.

grown quite hump-shoulder'd or hump-back'd. Tout bossu, in French. The abbot Guyet was of opinion it should be moussu, mossy, not bossu, hump-back'd : but in all the editions m. du Chat had met with, it was bossu, and he's of opinion it ought to be so, i. e. hump-back'd. This expression, adds he, being taken from the correspondency there is between a stomach that's empty, and a sack that is so, which can't stand on end, but falls together of a heap.

(10) A low and dry mass] A little mass, or low mass: a mass without communion. Messa bassa, messa senza comunione, says Oudin.

(11) Traits passez, &c.] Rabelais plays upon the word trepassez (the dead.) You must know that, to go to mass for the dead, is, say the Italians, andar alla messa doppo haver fatta collatione, perche visi porta pane e vino, i. e. to go to mass after having taken a repast, because then you carry with you bread and wine, (in your belly suppose.) This is what friar John merrily alludes to.

(12) Short and sweet] Don't be long about your mass. Rabelais says troussiez la court, de paour (peur)
que



CHAP. L.

How Homenas shew'd us the arch-type, or
representation of a pope.

MASS being mumbled over, Homenas took a huge bundle of keys out of a trunk near the head altar, and put thirty two of them into so many key-holes; put back so many springs; then with fourteen more master'd so many padlocks, and at last opened an iron window strongly bar'd above the said altar. This being done, in token of great mystery, he cover'd himself with wet sackcloth, and drawing a

que ne se crotte. Tuck it up short, for fear of its daggling. Thus in the play, call'd the passion of Jesus Christ, with four dramatis personæ, St. John, to the headsmen who was come to dispatch him:

Amy, puis que finer me fault,

Pour tenir justice & raison,

Accorde que face oraison,

A dieu, par pensée devoute.

Grongnart, Bourreau.

Fay le donc court, que ne se crotte;

Je ne veuil plus attendre a l' huis,

Anglicè,

Friend, since I must suffer death

For having been sincere,

Grant me to finish my last breath,

To God in humble pray'r.

Grumblesby, the headsmen.

Then make it short for fear of daggling;

I cannot stand much longer haggling.

curtain

curtain of crimson sattin, show'd us an image daub'd over coarsly enough, to my thinking : then he touch'd it with a pretty long stick, and made us all kiss the part of the stick that had touch'd the image. After this he said unto us, What think you of this image ? It is the likenes of a pope, answer'd Pantagruel : I know it by the tripple crown, his furr'd aumusse, his rochet, and his slipper. You are in the right, said Homenas ; it is the idea of that same good god on earth, whose coming we devoutly await, and whom we hope one day to see in this country. O happy, wish'd for, and much expected day ! and happy, most happy you, whose propitious stars have so far favour'd you, as to let you see the living and real face of this good god on earth ! by the single sight of whose picture we obtain full remission of all the sins which we remember that we have committed, as also a third part, and (1) eighteen quarantaines of the sins which we have forgot : and indeed we only see it on high annual holidays.

This caus'd Pantagruel to say, that it was a work (2) like those which Dædalus us'd to make ; since, tho' it were deform'd and ill drawn, nevertheless some divine energy, in point of pardons, lay hid and conceal'd in it. Thus, said friar John, at Seville, the rascally beggars being one evening on a solemn

(1) Eighteen quarantaines of the sins which we have forgot] This is the stile of the penitential canons.

(2) Like those which Dædalus us'd to make] Wrong ; it should have been translated, A work like that which once upon a certain occasion was made by Dædalus. For Dædalus was a most ingenious artificer, and this work here alluded to was as clumsily made as possibly he could make it, and that for a cause, which the reader will see in m. du Chat's note : a pleasant story enough about Juno's jealousy, but too long to be here inserted.

holiday

holiday at supper in the spittle, one brag'd of having got six blancs, or two pence half-penny; another, eight liards, or two pence; a third, seven carolus's, or sixpence: but an old mumper made his vaunts of having got three testons, or five shillings. Ah, but (cry'd his comrades) thou hast (3) a leg of God; as if, continu'd friar John, some divine virtue could lie hid in a stenching ulcerated rotten shank. Pray, said Pantagruel, when you are for telling us some such nauseous tale, be so kind as not to forget to provide a bason, friar John: I'll assure you, I had much ado to forbear bringing up my breakfast. Fie! I wonder a man of your coat is not ashamed to use thus the sacred name of God, in speaking of things so filthy and abominable; fie! I say. If among your monking tribes such an abuse of words is allow'd, I beseech you leave it there, and do not let it come out of the cloysters. Physicians, said Epistemon, thus attribute a kind of divinity to some diseases: Nero also extoll'd mushrooms, and, in a Greek proverb, term'd them divine food, because with them he had poison'd Claudius his predecessor. But methinks, gentlemen, this same picture is (4) not overlike our late popes. For I have seen them, not with their pallium, aumusse, or rochet on, but with helmets on their heads, more like the top

(3 A leg of God] Both a Hebrew and Greek expression for a rotten ulcerated leg. See Henry Stephens's dial. du nouv. lang. Fr. Ital. and Plutarch c. 33. of the dialogue about which are the most sensible beasts.

(4) Not over-like our late popes] Alexander VI, and Julius II. But chiefly the last, who in 1511, with a helmet on his head, and cuirasse on his back and breast, appear'd before Miranda, to hasten the siege of that place, which he thought his generals were slack in carrying on. It is of this pontiff that John le Maire de Belges speaks, in these verses of K. Louis XII's epistle to Hector of Troy:

top of a Persian turbant; and while the christian common wealth was in peace, they alone were most furiously and cruelly making war. This must have been then, return'd Homenas, against the rebellious, heretical protestants; reprobates, who are disobedient to the holiness of this good god on earth. 'Tis not only lawful for him to do so, but it is enjoin'd him by the sacred decretals; and if any dare transgress one single iota against their commands, whether they be emperors, kings, dukes, princes, or commonwealths, he is immediately to pursue them with fire and sword, strip them of all their goods, take their kingdoms from them, proscribe them, anathematize them, and destroy not only their bodies, those of their children, relations, and others, but damn also their souls to the very bottom of the most hot and burning cauldron in hell. Here, in the devil's name, said Panurge, the people are no hereticks; such as was our Raminagobis, and as they are in Germany and

Ill fait beau veoir un ancien prebstre en armes
Crier l'assault, enhorter aux allarmes,
Souillé de sang, en lieu de sacrifice,
Contre l'estat de son tres digne office.

Fine sight! to see an antient priest in arms,
Cry, on, and storm, exhorting to alarms,
Disgracing his high office, and all o'er,
Instead of sacrificing, stain'd with gore.

Of the same Julius IId. Budæus in l. 4. of his de asse, says: Enimvero visendum spectaculum, patrem non modo sanctissimum, sed etiam senio & canitie spectabilem, quasi ad tumultum gallicum è Bellonæ fano suos evocatos cientem, non trabea, non augustis insignibus venerandum, non pontificiis gestaminibus sacrosanctum, sed paludamento & cultu barbarico conspicuum: sed furiali (ut ita dicum) confidentia succinctum, fulminibus illis brutis & inanibus luridum, eminente in truci vultu cultuque spirituum atrocitate,

England,

England. You are christians of the best edition, all pick'd and cull'd, for ought I see. Ay, marry are we, return'd Homenas, and for that reason we shall all be saved. Now let us go and bless ourselves with holy-water, and then to dinner.



CHAP. LI.

Table-talk in praise of the decretals.

NOW topers, pray observe that while Homenas was saying his dry mafs, three collectors, or licens'd beggars of the church, each of them with a large basin, went round among the people, saying with a loud voice; Pray remember the blessed men who have seen his face. As we came out of the temple, they brought their basins brim full of papimany chink to Homenas, who told us that it was plentifully to feast with; and that, of this contribution and voluntary tax, one part should be laid out in good drinking, another in good eating, and the remainder in both: according to an admirable exposition hidden in a corner of their holy decretals: which was performed to a T, and that at a noted tavern not much unlike that of (1) Will's at Amiens. Believe me, we tickled it off there with copious cramming, and numerous swilling.

I made

(1) Will's at Amiens] It has been already said in a note on ch. XI. of this book, how it came about there were formerly so many cook's shops at Amiens. We shall here take notice of what John de la Bruiere Champier, l. 15. ch. 1. of his *de re cibaria*, says of one Guillot, (anglicé Will or Billy,) who about the beginning of the 16th century, kept the best and nicest ordinary in all France.

I made two notable observations at that dinner: the one, that there was not one dish serv'd up, whether of cabrillas, capons, hogs (of which latter there's (2) great plenty in Papimany) pigeons, conies, leverets, turkies, or others, without abundance of magistral stuffing: the other, that every course, and the fruit also, were serv'd up by unmarried females of the place, tight lasses, I'll assure you, waggish, fair, good-condition'd and comely, spruce and fit for business. They were clad all in fine long white albes, with two girts; their hair interwoven with narrow tape, and purple ribbond, stuck with roses, gillyflowers, marjoram, daffidown-dillies, thyme and other sweet flowers.

At every cadence, they invited us to drink and hang it about, dropping us neat and genteel courties: nor was the sight of them unwelcome to all the company; and as for friar John, he leer'd on them sideways, like a cur that steals a capon. When the first course was taken off, the females melodiously sung us an epode in praise of the sacrosanct decretals; and then the second course being serv'd up, Homenas, joyful and cheery, said to (3) one of the she butlers, Light her, Clerica. Immediately one of the girls brought

France. *Nostrâ memoriâ, says he, novimus in Gallia Belgica Ambiani unum popinarium, nomine Gulielmum (Guilotum vulgus cognominat) qui etiamnum citius dicto exquisitissimis omnis generis avitii (fowl, from avis) cibis, aut ferinæ, aut piscium cœnas instruebat, quæ vel regibus dari dignissimè potuissent. Hic facile inter popinarios gallicos palmam jure obtinuit.*

(2) Great plenty in Papimany] The sneerers, among the catholicks, call their canons God Almighty's hogs.

(3) One of the she butlers, Light here, Clerica] Rabelais's words are Clerice, esclaire icy. A sensible pun to such as speak French. Light here, clerk. Words properly of a curate ordering his young clerk to light

brought him a tall-boy brim-full of (4) extravagant wine. He took fast hold of it, and (5) fetching a deep sigh, said to Pantagruel; My lord, and you my good friends, here's t'ye, with all my heart: you are all very welcome. When he had tipp'd that off, and given the tall-boy to the pretty creature, he lifted up his voice and said; O most holy decretals, how good is good wine found through your means! This is the best jest we have had yet, observ'd Panurge. But 'twould still be a better, said Pantagruel, if they could turn bad wine into good.

O seraphic sextum! (continu'd Homenas) how necessary are you not to the salvation of poor mortals! O cherubic clementinæ! how perfectly the perfect institution of a true christian is contain'd and describ'd in you! O angelical extravagants! how many poor souls that wander up and down in mortal bodies, through this vale of misery, would perish, were it not for you! When, ha! when shall this special gift of grace be bestow'd on mankind, as to lay aside all other studies and concerns, to use you, to peruse you,

light him with his lantern, in administering the sacraments to a sick person. Homenas makes-use of it here, to let his servants know, they should fill him nothing but bumpers, (*lampées* in French) which likewise alludes to lamp-light.

(4) Extravagant wine] Tythe wine, granted to Homenas's church by some extravagante, i. e. extraordinary constitution added to the body of the canon law.

(5) Fetching a deep sigh] Much cause indeed to sigh, like the fat prior, in Marot, who cry'd.

Qu'on ha de maulx pour servir saincte eglise!

O! how much we go thro' who serve the church!

Not unlike a parson I knew, possess'd of one of your fat goose livings of 400 l. a year, stroaking his hand, over his pot-belly after dinner, in his elbow-chair: O my God! said he, very devoutly.

to understand you, to know you by heart, to practise you, to incorporate you, to turn you into blood, and incenter you into the deepest ventricles of their brains, the inmost marrow of their bones, and most intricate labyrinth of their arteries? Then, ha then! and no sooner than then, nor otherwise than thus, shall the world be happy! While the old man was thus running on, Epistemon arose and softly said to Panurge; For want of a close stool, I must e'en leave you for a moment or two: this stuff has unbung'd the orifice of my mustard-barrel; but I'll not tarry long.

Then, ah then! continu'd Homenas, no hail, frost, ice, snow, overflowing, or vis major: then plenty of all earthly goods here below. Then uninterrupted and eternal peace through the universe, an end of all wars, plunderings, crudgeries, robbing, assassins, unless it be to destroy these cursed rebels the hereticks. Oh then, rejoicing, cheerfulness, jollity, solace, sports and delicious pleasures, over the face of the earth. Oh! what great learning, inestimable erudition, and godlike precepts, are knit, link'd, rivetted and mortais'd in the divine chapters of these eternal decretals!

Oh! how wonderfully, if you read but one demy canon, short paragraph, or single observation of these sacrosanct decretals, how wonderfully, I say, do you not perceive to kindle in your hearts, a furnace of divine love, charity towards your neighbour (6), provided he be no heretic, bold contempt of all casual and sublunary things, firm content in all your affections, and extatic elevation of soul even to the third heaven.

(6) Provided he be no heretick] Homenas, good soul! believes, like a true bigot, a man may want charity towards a heretic, and be ne'er the worse christian for't.



C H A P. LII.

A continuation of the miracles caus'd by
the decretals.

(1) **W**isely, brother Timothy, quoth Panurge;
did 'em, did 'em? He says blew: but for
my part, I believe as little of it as I can. For, one day
by chance I happened to read a chapter of them at
Poitiers, at the most decretalipotent Scotch doctor's,
and old Nick turn me into bumfodder, if this did not
make me so hide-bound and costive; that for four or
five days I hardly scumber'd one poor but of fir-reve-
rence; and that too was full as dry and hard, I pro-
test, as Catullus tells us were those of his neighbour
Furius:

Nec toto decies cacas in anno,
Atque id durius est fabâ, & lapillis:
Quod tu si manibus teras, fricesque,
Non unquam digitum inquinare posses,

Oh, ho, cry'd Homenas, (2) by'r lady, it may be
you were then in the state of mortal sin, my friend.

(1) Wisely, &c.] All this circumlocution of words,
is taken out of Cotgrave, for the rendering dire d'orgues:
but the thing is, this: orgues meaning organs, Panurge
does as much as say to Homenas, You have heard others
talk thus, and upon that footing you affirm it; and so
you do just like the organs, which yield a delightful
sound, when well manag'd: but for my part, I'll not
believe you without good vouchers.

(2) By'r lady] Inian, in the original: i. e. by St.
John: a childish oath, says Cotgrave.

Well turn'd, cry'd Panurge ; this was a new strain egad,

One day, said friar John, at Seville I had applied to my posteriors, by way of hind-towel, a leaf of an old clementinæ, which our rent-gather John Guimard had thrown out into the green of our cloyster ; now the devil broil me like a black pudding, if I was not so abominably plagu'd with chaps, chawns and piles at the fundament, that the orifice of my poornockandroe was in a most woeful pickle for I don't know how long. By'r lady, cry'd Homenas, 'twas a plain punishment of God, for the sin that you had committed in bewraying that sacred book, which you ought rather to have kiss'd and ador'd ; I say with an adoration of latria, or of hyperdulia at least : (3) the Panormitan never told a lie in the matter.

Saith Ponocrates ; At Montpelier, John Choüart having bought of the monks of St. Olary a delicate set of decretals, written on fine large (4) parchment of Lamballe, to beat gold between the leaves, not so much as a piece that was beaten in them came to good, but all were dilacerated and spoil'd. Mark this, cry'd Homenas ; 'twas a divine punishment and vengeance.

At Mans, said Eudemon, Francis Cornu, apothecary, had turn'd an old set of extravagantes into waste paper : may I never stir, if whatever was lapt up in them was not immediately corrupted, rotten and spoil'd ; incense, pepper, cloves, cinnamon, saffron, wax, cassia, rhubarb, tamarinds, all, drugs and spices, were lost without exception. Mark, mark, quoth Homenas, an effect of divine justice ! This

(3) The Panormitan] Nicolas de Fudeschis, a Sicilian, archbishop of Palermo, in 1425. His commentary on the clementinæ was printed in 8vo at Paris 1516. See Draudius's bibliothèque.

(4) Parchment of Lamballe] A town of Bretagne, famous for the manufactory of parchment.

comes of putting the sacred scriptures to such prophane uses.

At Paris, said Carpalim, Snip Groignet the taylor had turn'd an old clementinæ into patterns and measures, and all the clothes that were cut on them were utterly spoil'd and lost; gowns, hoods, cloaks, cassocks, jerkins, jackets, waistcoats, capes, doublets, petticoats, corps de robes, vardingals, and so forth. Snip thinking to cut a hood, would cut you out a codpiece; instead of a cassock, he'd make you a high crown'd hat; for a waistcoat, he'd shape you out a rochet; on the pattern of a doublet, he'd make you a thing like a frying-pan: then his journey-men having stitch'd it up, did jag it and pink it at the bottom, and so it look'd like a pan to fry chefnuts. Instead of a cape, he made a buskin; for a vardingal, he shap'd a montero-cap; and thinking to make a cloak, he'd cut out a pair of your big out-strouting Switzers breeches, with panes like the outside of a tabor. Inasmuch that Snip was condemn'd to make good the stuffs to all his customers; and to this day poor cabbage's hair grows through his hood, and his arse through his pocket-holes. Mark, an effect of heavenly wrath and vengeance! cry'd Homenas.

At Cahusac, said Gymnast, a match being made by the lords of Estissac and viscount Lausun to shoot at a mark, Perotou had taken to pieces a set of (5) decretals, and set one of the leaves for the white to shoot at: now I sell, nay I give and bequeath for ever and aye, the mould of my doublet to fifteen hundred hampers full of black devils, if ever any archer in the

(5) Decretals] Add, printed on canonge paper. A beautiful large paper, call'd by Vives, charta grandis, augustana, five imperialis; quæ, says he, de rebus sacris hieratica nominatur, qualis videtur in libris sacrorum ædium. See his dialogue intitl'd scriptio. See in du Chat the derivation of the word canonge.

country (tho' they are singular marksmen in Guienne) could hit the white. Not the least bit of the holy scribble was contaminated or touch'd: nay, and Sansornin the elder, who held stakes, swore to us, figures dioures, hard figs (his greatest oath) that he had openly, visibly, and manifestly seen the bolt of Carquelin moving right to the round circle in the middle of the white; and that just on the point, when it was going to hit and enter, it had gone aside above seven foot and four inches wide of it towards the bakehouse.

Miracle! (cry'd Homenas) miracle! miracle! Clerica, come wench, light, light here. Here's to you all, gentlemen; I vow you seem to me very sound christians. While he said this, the maidens began to snicker at his elbow, grinning, giggling, and twittering among themselves. Friar John began to paw, neigh, and whinny at the snout's end, as one ready to leap, or at least to play the ass, and (6) get up and ride tantivy to the devil, like a beggar on horseback.

Methinks, said Pantagrue, a man might have been more out of danger near the white of which Gymnast spoke, than was formerly Diogenes near another. How's that? ask'd Homenas; what was it? Was he one of our decretalists? Rarely fallen in egad, said Epistemon returning from stool; I see he will hook his decretals in, tho' by the head and shoulders.

Diogenes, said Pantagrue, one day for pastime, went to see some archers that shot at butts, one of whom was so unskilful, that, when it was his turn

(6) Get up and ride tantivy, &c.] It is in the original, monter dessus, comme Herbault sus paovres gens. Which has two meanings: one is, fall upon them, as your gentlemen's dogs fall upon beggars at the gates: the other is, ride 'em, worry 'em, and harrafs 'em, as some lords of manors do their poor tenants,

to shoot, all the by-standers went aside, lest he should mistake them for the mark. Diogenes had seen him shoot extremely wide of it: so when the other was taking aim a second time, and the people remov'd at a great distance to the right and left of the white, he plac'd himself close by the mark; holding that place to be the safest, and that so bad an archer would certainly rather hit any other.

One of the lord d'Estissac's pages at last found out the charm, pursu'd Gymnast, and by his advice Perottou put in another white, made up of some papers of Pouillac's law suit, and then every one shot cleverly.

At Landerouffe, said Rhizotomus, at John Delif's wedding were very great doings, as 'twas then the custom of the country. After supper, several farces, interludes, and comical scenes were acted: they had also several morrice-dancers with bells and tabors; and divers sorts of masks and mummers were let in. My school fellows and I, to grace the festival to the best of our power (for, fine white and purple liveries had been given to all of us in the morning) contriv'd a merry mask with store of cockle-shells, shells of snails, periwinkles, and such other. Then for want of cuckoe-pint or priest-pintle, lousebur, clote and paper, we made ourselves false faces with the leaves of an old sextum, that had been thrown by, and lay there for any one that would take it up; cutting out holes for the eyes, nose and mouth. Now, did you ever hear the like since you were born? when we had play'd our little boyish antick tricks, and came to take off our sham faces, we appear'd more hideous and ugly than the little devils that acted the passion at (7) Douay: for our faces were utterly spoil'd at the places which had been touch'd by those leaves: one had there the small pox; another, God's token, or

(7) Douay] Read Doué. One's in France, t'other in Flanders.

the plague spot; a third, the crinckums; a fourth, the measles; a fifth, botches, pushes, and carbuncles: in short, he came off the least hurt, who only lost his teeth by the bargain. Miracle! bawl'd out Homenas, miracle!

Hold, hold, cry'd Rhizotomus, 'tis n't yet time to clap. My sister Kate, and my sister Ren, had put the crepines of their hoods, their ruffles, snuffekins, and neck-ruffs new wash'd, starch'd, and iron'd, into that very book of decretals; for, you must know, it was cover'd with thick boards, and had strong clasps. Now, by the virtue of God-----Hold, interrupted Homenas, what God do you mean? There is but one, answer'd Rhizotomus. In heaven, I grant, reply'd Homenas; but we have another here on earth, d'ysee. Ay, marry have we, said Rhizotomus; but on my soul I protest I had quite forgot it.-----Well then, by the virtue of god the pope, their pinners, neck-ruffs, bibs, coifs, and other linen, turn'd as black as a charcoal-man's sack. Miracle! cry'd Homenas. Here, Clerica, light me here; and pr'ythee, girl, observe these rare stories. How comes it to pass then, ask'd friar John, that people say,

- (8) Ever since decrees had tails,
- (9) And gens d'arms lugg'd heavy mails,
- Since each monk would have a horse,
- All went here from bad to worse,

Depuis

(8) Ever since decrees had tails] It shou'd be ever since decrees had wings. On which m. du Chat has this long, but not tedious, note. The decretals, says he, which are of so great weight and authority with the canonists, were not only added to the body of the ancient decrees, as wings, ailes, to the main pile of a building; but they are likewise the wings of the decrees in another sense; inasmuch as by the means and help of these wings, the popes, whom the ancient canons kept pretty low, have soar'd to their present height, and have assum'd the power

power they now exercise over the Latin church. Prendre des ailes, or, as they speak in Languedoc, prendre ales, to take the wing, is to forget one's self so far as to lose sight of the lowliness of one's true condition; as some years ago was the case of a certain arrogant fop, not far from Montpellier, according to the following tale, made upon occasion of his taking too much upon him :

Certain bourgeois, trenchant du gentilhomme,
Avec un gros de nobles campagnars,
En rang d'oignons, soupoit un jour, & comme
Il se donoit l'air de faire les parts,
Coupoit dindons, levrauts, perdrix, canars ;
On s'apperçut que l'ecuyer habile
Tout en rangeant les morceaux sur les plats
Avoit grand soin de ne s'oublier pas.
D' ailes surtout de perdrix une pile
Sur son assiette on voioit s'élever.
Lors un d'entre eux qui se sentit grever,
D'un tour de main racrochant les plus belles,
Voulez en avez, dit-il, plus qu'il ne faut :
Pas ne vous fied, monsieur, d'avoir tant d'ailes ;
Vous ne prenez déjà qu'un vol trop haut.

A certain upstart citizen of late,
Would cut a figure, and would needs look great.
A knot of country gentlemen were met ;
And, like a row of onions, all were set,
And he amidst them.-----Supper being serv'd,
To this and that and t'other man he carv'd.
Ducks, levrets, partridge, turky-pout he cuts,
And on their plates what part he pleases, puts.
In dealing out their pittances, the elf
Took special care, not to forget himself.
Well-stor'd his plate was with the choicest things ;
But, above all, a pile of partridge wings.
One, that lov'd partridge wings as well as cit,
Whips from his plate the best---“ Sir is it fit,”
Said he to monsieur carver, “ is it right,
“ You should have all the wings, in our despite, }
“ You, who already take too high a flight ? }

Depuis que decrets eurent ales,
 Et gens-d'armes porterent males,
 Moines allerent à cheval,
 En ce monde abonda tout mal.

I under-

H. Stephens, who in the above quatrain of the decretals, instead of four verses gives them in five, in ch. 39 of his apology for Herodotus, took them, it may be, from the collection of adages, &c. published by Peter Grosnet of Auxerre, about the year 1536. I will give you a Latin version of the first of those four French verses, as done by Gentillet, the suppos'd Latin and French author of the anti-machiavel. *Ex quo decretum sumptis se sustulit alis.* And in the French part of his book, this first verse runs thus, *Depuis que decret eut prins ales.* This quatrain had not suffer'd so many alterations, if people had known that formerly ales was used for ailes, and that in Languedoc, where this old word is still continu'd, avoir or prendre ales, is to give one's self false airs. This was well known to those, who liv'd near the borders of Languedoc, and consequently to Gentillet. Neither was Beza, tho' a Burgundian, nor Duaren, tho' a Bas-Briton, unacquainted therewith. *Ad decretalia veniamus*, said Beza in 1553, in his *passavant*, & *alios libros sequentes*, *de quibus nemo est qui nesciat proverbium quod dicitur, postquam decretum habuit alas, totum mundum fuisse maledictum.* In *eo decretalium volumine*, said the latter, some few years after (in his preface to his *de sacris ecclesiæ ministeriis*) *multa intueri licet, quæ à prisca illa disciplina, quæ decretorum liber à Gratiano editus continet, multum degenerent.* Atque hinc natum est illud apud nostrates tritum ac vulgo jactatum, *malè cum rebus humanis actum esse, ex quo decretis alæ accesserunt.*

(9) Andgens d'arms lugg'd heavy mails] Beza, l. 4, of his ecclesiastical history, says, this is an allusion to the proverb *mulæ mariani*: which see explain'd in Sartorius. But Beza's reasoning thereupon is so confus'd, and his application so inexact and incoherent, that there's no making head or tail of what he says. It is more likely that what made the gens d'arms carrying port-mantles,
 or

I understand you, answer'd Homenas : this is one of the (10) quirks and little satires of the new fangled hereticks,



CHAP. LIII.

How, by the virtue of the decretals, gold is subtilly drawn out of France to Rome.

I Would, said Epistemon, it had cost me a pint of the best tripe that ever can enter into gut, so we had but compar'd with the original, the dreadful chapters; execrabilis : de multa : si plures : de annatis per totum : nisi essent : cum ad monasterium : quod dilectio : mandatum ; and certain others, that draw every year out of France to Rome, four hundred thousand ducats and more.

Do you make nothing of this ? ask'd Homenas. Tho' methinks, after all, 'tis but little, if we consider that France the most christian, is the only nurse the see of Rome has. However, find me in the whole world a book, whether of philosophy, physick, law, mathematicks, or other humane learning, nay, even, by my god, of the holy scripture itself, that

or mails, so odious to the people, was, that, after they had submitted to carry that luggage, nothing escap'd them wherever they quarter'd or march'd, but they would pouch up a thousand things they took a fancy to at people's houses, or in the fields.

(10) Quirks, &c.] Homenas is mistaken. Nothing was more common than that proverb, or had been so for a long time,

O S .

will

will draw as much money thence ? None, none, (1) pshaw, tush, blurt, pish ; none can. You may look till your eyes drop out of your head, nay, till doomsday in the afternoon, before you can find another of that energy ; I'll pass my word for that.

Yet these devilish hereticks refuse to learn and know it. Burn 'em, tear 'em, nip 'em with hot pincers, drown 'em, hang 'em, spit 'em at the bung-hole, pelt 'em, paut 'em, bruise 'em, beat 'em, cripple 'em, dismember 'em, cut 'em, gut 'em, bowell 'em, paunch 'em, thrash 'em, slash 'em, gash 'em, chop 'em, slice 'em, slit 'em, carve 'em, saw 'em, bethwack 'em, pare 'em, hack 'em, hew 'em, mince 'em, flea 'em, (2) boil 'em, broil 'em, roast 'em, toast 'em, bake 'em, fry 'em, crucify 'em, crush 'em, squeeze 'em, grind 'em, batter 'em, burst 'em, quarter 'em, unlimb 'em, behump 'em, bethump 'em, belamp 'em, belabour 'em, pepper 'em, spitchcock 'em, and carbonade 'em on grid-irons, these wicked hereticks ! decretalifuges, decretalicides, worse than homicides, worse than patricides, decretalitions of the devil of hell !

(1) Pshaw, &c.] Nargues, nargues, in the original. A term of contempt. We say, a fig for 't. So here *Homenas's* nargues, i. e. a fig for other books ; or nazardes, a rap o' the nose for such as say there's any book to compare with the decretals. The anti-choppin, p. 46 and 47. *Et sic tu facis non plus non minus quam pueri sese ludentes cum fimiis & guenonibus* (guenon, a she monkey, in French) quibus ex una parte cultri offerunt buccellam pomi vel partem nucis, & de altera dant illis narques super nasum. Narques & zargues, which before, in ch. xvii, Rabelais had coin'd into a couple of islands, are synonymous to nazarde.

(2) Boil them.] Punishments then in fashion. *Mat. Corderius*, ch. 49, n. 28, of his *de corr. ferm. emendatione* : They are going to execute him, i. e. to hang, or burn, or behead, or quarter, or boil him. *Ad capitale supplicium perductus est.*

As for you other good people, I must earnestly pray and beseech you to believe no other thing, to think on, say, undertake, or do no other thing than what's contain'd in our sacred decretals, and their corollaries, this fine sextum, these fine clementinæ, these fine extravagantes. O deific books! So shall you enjoy glory, honour, exaltation, wealth, dignities, and preferments in this world; be rever'd and dreaded by all, preferr'd, elected, and chosen above all men.

For, there is not under the cope of heaven a condition of men, out of which you'll find persons fitter to do and handle all things, than those who by divine prescience, eternal predestination, have applied themselves to the study of the holy decretals.

Would you chuse a worthy emperor, a good captain, a fit general in time of war, one that can well foresee all inconveniencies, avoid all dangers, briskly and bravely bring his men on to a breach or attack, still be on sure grounds, always overcome without loss of his men, and know how to make a good use of his victory? Take me a decretist.----No, no, I mean a decretalist. (3) Ho, the foul blunder, whisper'd Epistemon.

Would you, in time of peace, find a man capable of wisely governing the state of a commonwealth, of a kingdom, of an empire, of a monarchy; sufficient to maintain the clergy, nobility, senate and commons

(3) Ho, the foul blunder] O le gros rat! O the huge rat! A Poitevine expression, to rally one that makes a slip with his tongue, speaks one word for another, as Homenas does here. In ch. xxvii, of lib 5, O les gros rats à la table, O the bouncing table-rats, means the fat monks (tats signify'd shavelings as well as rats) who eat up mankind. There friar John means that they are never more like real rats well fed, than at table, when they lay about 'em in emptying the plates.

in wealth, friendship, unity, obedience, virtue, and honesty? Take a decretalist.

Would you find a man who, by his exemplary life, eloquence, and pious admonitions, may in a short time, without effusion of human blood, conquer the Holy land, and bring over to the holy church the misbelieving Turks, Jews, Tartars, Muscovites, Mammelucs, and Sarrabonites? Take me a decretalist.

What makes, in many countries, the people rebellious and deprav'd, pages sawcy and mischievous, students sottish and duncical? Nothing but that their governors, esquires, and tutors were not decretalists.

But what, on your conscience, was it, d'ye think, that establish'd, confirm'd and authoriz'd those fine religious orders, with whom you see the christian world every where adorn'd, grac'd, and illustrated, as the firmament is with its glorious stars? The holy decretals.

What was it that founded, underprop'd, and fix'd, and now maintains, nourishes, and feeds the devout monks and friars in convents, monasteries and abbies; so that did they not daily and mightily pray without ceasing, the world would be in evident danger of returning to its primitive chaos? The sacred decretals.

What makes, and daily encreases the famous and celebrated patrimony of St. Peter in plenty of all temporal, corporeal and spiritual blessings? The holy decretals.

What made the holy apostolick see and pope of Rome, in all times, and at this present, so dreadful in the universe, that all kings, emperors, potentates, and lords, willing, nilling, must depend on him, hold of him, be crown'd, confirm'd, and authoriz'd by him, come thither to strike sail, buckle, and fall down before his holy slipper, whose picture you have seen? The mighty decretals of God.

I will discover you a great secret. The universities
of

of your world have commonly a book, either open or shut, in their arms and devises : what book do you think it is ? Truly, I do not know, answer'd Pantagruel ; I never read it. It is the decretals, said Homenas, without which the privileges of all universities would soon be lost. You must own, I have taught you this ; ha, ha, ha, ha, ha !

Here Homenas began to belch, to fart, to funk, to laugh, to flaver, and to sweat ; and then he gave his huge greasy four-corner'd cap to one of the lasses, who clapt it on her pretty head with a great deal of joy, after she had lovingly buss'd it, as a sure token that she should be first married. (4) Vivat, cry'd Epistemon, fifat, bibat, pipat.

O apocalyptic secret, continued Homenas ! light, light, Clerica, light here (5) with double lanterns. Now for the fruit, virgins.

I was saying then, that giving yourselves thus wholly to the study of the holy decretals, you'll gain wealth and honour in this world : I add, that in the next you'll infallibly be saved in the blessed kingdom of heaven, whose keys are given to our good god and decretaliarch. O my good god, whom I adore and never saw, by thy special grace open unto us, at the point of death at least, this most sacred treasure of our holy mother church, whose protector, preserver, butler, chief larder, administrator, and disposer thou art ; and take care, I beseech thee, O lord, that the precious works of supererogation, the goodly pardons,

(4) Vivat, fifat, pipat, bibat] Germanis vivere, bibere est, is the saying in France, on occasion of this cry of the Germans, which Epistemon pronounces after the German fashion. See Misson, lett. 9, of his travels into Italy.

(5) With double lanterns] Bring a couple of bumpers, (lampeés in French) which equivocates to lanterns in sense.

do not fail us in time of need : so that the devils may not find an opportunity to gripe our precious souls, and the dreadful jaws of hell may not swallow us. If we must pass thro' purgatory, thy will be done. It is in thy power to draw us out of it when thou pleasest. Here Homenas began to shed huge hot briny tears, to beat his breast, (6) and kiss his thumbs in the shape of a cross.

CHAP. LIV.

How Homenas gave Pantagruel some bon-christian pears.

EPistemon, friar John, and Panurge, seeing this doleful catastrophe, began under the cover of their napkins to cry, meeow, meeow, meeow ; feigning to wipe their eyes all the while as if they had wept. The wenches were doubly diligent, and brought brimmers of (1) clementine wine to every one,

(6) Kiss his thumbs in the shape of a cross] Allusion to what is usually done by bigots, whose devotion consists so essentially in kissing the cross, that, in order to have a cross always at hand, they do [What? carry their wives with 'em? No] form a cross with their two thumbs, and in that shape are continually lifting them to their mouths. In Languedoc they say of a man that bestirs him rigorously in an affair, and seems to have it at heart, he kisses his thumbs a-cross that it may succeed.

(1) Clementine wine] Clement the Vth, who was of Bourdeaux, and under whose name the clementines were compil'd, had planted in the territory of Pessac, a village within a league of Bourdeaux, a vineyard, which still bears the name of that pope. See du Chesne's antiquities

one, besides store of sweatmeats ; and thus the feasting was reviv'd.

Before we arose from table, Homenas gave us a great quantity of fair large pears ; saying, Here, my good friends, these are singular good pears ; you'll find none such any where else, I dare warrant. (2) Every soil bears not every thing, you know ; India alone boasts black ebony ; the best incense is produc'd in Sabæa ; the sphragitid earth at (3) Lemnos : so this island is the only place where such fine pears grow. You may, if you please, make seminaries with their kernels in your country.

I like their taste extremely, said Pantagruel. If they were slic'd, and put into a pan on the fire with wine and sugar, I fancy they would be very wholesome meat (4) for the sick, as well as for the healthy. Pray what do you call 'em ? No otherwise than you have heard, reply'd Homenas. We are a plain downright sort of people, as God would have it, and call figs, figs ; plumbs, plumbs ; and pears, pears. Truly, said Pantagruel, if I live to go home, (which I hope will be speedily, God willing) I'll set and graff some in my garden in Touraine, by the banks

tiquities of the cities, &c. l. 3, c. 2. But this is not what Rabelais has his eye to here. There is a great deal more likelihood that he means wine of a certain growth, the tythe whereof had been granted to Homenas's church by some clementine.

(2) Every soil, &c.] *Nec verò terræ ferre omnes omnia possunt*, says Virgil, l. 2, of his georgics. And lower :

- - - - - *Sola India nigrum*

Fert chenum, solis est thurea virga Sabæis.

(3) Lemnos] See Pliny, l. 37. c. 8.

(4) For the sick, as well as for the healthy] Pliny, l. 28, c. 7, says, all pears are heavy and hard of digestion, especially to unhealthy people ; but in the same chapter he excepts baked pears.

of the Loire, and will call them bon-christian or good-christian pears: for I never saw better christians than are these good papimans. I'd like him two to one better yet, said friar John, would he but give us two or three cart-loads of yon buxom lasses. Why, what would you do with them; cry'd Homenas? Quoth friar John, No harm, only bleed the kind-hearted souls straight between the two great toes, with certain clever lancets of the right stamp: by which operation good-christian children would be inoculated upon them, and the breed be multiplied in our country, in which there are not many over good, the more's the pity.

Nay verily, reply'd Homenas, we cannot do this; for you would make them tread their shoes awry, crack their pipkins, and spoil their shapes: you love mutton I see, you'll run at sheep; I know you by that same nose and hair of yours, tho' I never saw your face before. Alas, alas, how kind you are! And would you indeed damn your precious soul? Our decretals forbid this. Ah, I wish you had them at your fingers-end. Patience, said friar John: but, si tu non vis dare, (5) præsta, quæsumus. Matter of breviary. As for that, I defy all the world, and I fear no man that wears a head and a hood, tho' he were a chrystallin, I mean a decretalin doctor.

Dinner being over, we took our leave of the right reverend Homenas, and of all the good people, humbly giving thanks; and, to make them amends for their kind entertainment, promised them that at our coming to Rome, we would make our applications so effectually to the pope, that he would speedily be sure to come to visit them in person. After this we went o'board.

(5) Præsta, quæsumus] These words are in the stile of the oremus, in the breviary and prayer-books.

Pantagruel,

Pantagruel, by an act of generosity, and as an acknowledgment for the sight of the pope's picture, gave Homenas nine pieces of double friz'd cloth of gold, to be set before the grates of the window. He also caus'd the church box, for its repairs and fabric, to be quite fill'd with double crowns of gold; and order'd nine hundred and fourteen angels to be deliver'd to each of the lasses, who had waited at table, to buy them husbands when they could get them.



C H A P. LV.

How Pantagruel, being at sea, heard various unfrozen words.

WHEN we were at sea, junketting, tippling, discoursing, and telling stories, Pantagruel rose and stood up to look out; then ask'd us, Do you hear nothing, gentlemen? Methink I hear some people talking in the air, yet I can see no body. Hark! According to his command we listen'd, and with full ears suck'd in the air, as some of you suck oysters, to find if we could hear some sound scatter'd through the sky; and to lose none of it, like the emperor Antoninus, some of us laid their hands hollow next to their ears: but all this would not do, nor could we hear any voice. Yet Pantagruel continued to assure us he heard various voices in the air, some of men, and some of women.

At last we began to fancy that we also heard something, or, at least, that our ears tingled; and the more we listen'd, the plainer we discern'd the voices, so as to distinguish articulate sounds. This mightily frighten'd us, and not without cause; since we could see nothing, yet heard such various sounds and voices

voices of men, women, children, horses, &c. inso-much that Panurge cry'd out, Cods belly, there's no fooling with the devil; we are all beshit, let's fly. There's some ambuscado hereabouts. Friar John, art thou here, my love? I pr'ythee, stay by me, old boy. Hast thou got thy swindging tool? See that it do not stick in the scabbard; thou never scourest it half as it should be. We are undone. Hark! They are guns, gad judge me: let's fly, I do not say with hands and feet, as Brutus said at the battle of Pharsalia, I say, with sails and oars: let's whip it away: I never find myself to have a bit of courage at sea; in cellars, and elsewhere, I have more than enough. Let's fly, and save our bacon. I do not say this for any fear that I have; for I dread nothing but danger, that I don't; I always say it, that shou'd n't. The free archer of Baignolet said as much. Let's hazard nothing therefore, I say, lest we come off blue-ly. Tack about, helm a lee, thou son of a batchelor. Wou'd I were now well in (1) Quinquenois, tho' I were never to marry. Haste away, let's make all the sail we can; they'll be too hard for us; we are not able to cope with them; they are ten to our one, I'll warrant you; nay, and they are on their dunghill, while we do not know the country. They'll be the death of us. We'll lose no honour by flying: (2) Demosthenes saith, that the man that runs away, may fight another day. At least, let us retreat to the leeward. Helm a lee; bring the main tack aboard, hawl the bowlins, hoist the top-gallants; we are all dead men; get off, in the devil's name, get off.

Pantagruel, hearing the sad outcry which Panurge made, said, Who talks of flying? Let's first see who

(1) In Quinquenois] Before, in ch. 13, the good wine of that place is mentioned with great praises.

(2) Demosthenes saith, &c.] See Aulus Gellius, lib. 17, cap. 21.

they are ; perhaps they may be friends : I can discover no body yet, tho' I can see a hundred miles round me. But let's consider a little : I have read that a philosopher, named (3) Perron, was of opinion, that there were several worlds, that touch'd each other in an equilateral triangle ; in whose centre, he said, was the dwelling of truth : and that the words, ideas, copies, and images of all things past, and to come, resided there ; round which was the age : and that with success of time part of them used to fall on mankind, like rheums and mildews ; just as the dew fell on Gideon's fleece, till the age was fulfilled.

I also remember, continu'd he, that Aristotle affirms Homer's words to be flying, moving, and consequently animated. Besides, (4) Antiphanes said, that Plato's philosophy was like words, which, being spoken in some country during a hard winter, are immediately congeal'd, frozen up, and not heard : for what Plato taught young lads, could hardly be understood by them when they were grown old. Now, continued he, we should philosophize and search whether this be not the place where those words are thaw'd.

You'd wonder very much, shou'd this be the head and lyre of Orpheus. When the Thracian women had torn him to pieces, they threw his head and lyre into the river Hebrus ; down which they floated to the Euxine sea, as far as the island of Lesbos ; the head continually uttering a doleful song, as it were, lamenting the death of Orpheus, and the lyre, with the wind's impulse, moving its strings, and harmoniously accompanying the voice. Let's see if we cannot discover them hereabouts.

(3) Perron] Read Petron. See Plutarch, in his discourse concerning the cessation of oracles.

(4) Antiphanes said, &c.] See Plutarch.

C H A P. LVI.

How among the frozen words Pantagruel found some odd ones.

THE skipper made answer : Be not afraid, my lord, we are on the confines of the frozen sea, on which, about the beginning of last winter, happened a great and bloody fight between the Arimaspians and the Nephelibates. Then the words and cries of men and women, the hacking, flashing, and hewing of battle-axes, the shocking, knocking, and jolting of armours and harnesses, the neighing of horses, and all other martial din and noise, froze in the air ; and now, the rigour of the winter being over, by the succeeding serenity and warmth of the weather, they melt and are heard.

By jingo, quoth Panurge, the man talks somewhat like ; I believe him : but cou'd n't we see some of 'em ? I think I have read, that on the edge of the mountain on which Moses receiv'd the judaïc law, the people saw the voices sensibly.-----Here, here, said Pantagruel, here are some that are not yet thaw'd. He then throw'd us on the deck whole handfuls of frozen words, which seem'd to us like your rough sugar plums, of many colours, like those us'd in heraldry ; some words gules, [this means also jests and merry sayings] some vert, some azur, some black, some or, [this means fine fair words ;] and when we had somewhat warm'd them between our hands, they melted like snow, and we really heard them, but could not understand them, for it was a barbarous gibberish. One of them only, that was pretty big, having been warmed between friar John's hands,

gave

gave a sound much like that of chesnuts when they are thrown into the fire without being first cut, which made us all start. This was the report of a field-piece in its time, cry'd friar John.

Panurge pray'd Pantagruel to give him some more: but Pantagruel told him that to give words was the (1) part of a lover. Sell me then some, I pray you, cry'd Panurge. That's the part of a lawyer, return'd Pantagruel. I would sooner sell you silence, tho' at a dearer rate; as Demosthenes formerly sold it by the means of his (2) argentangina, or silver quinsy. X

However,

(1) The part of a lover] Verba dat omnis amans, says Ovid.

(2) Argentangina] M. du Chat taking no notice of this argentangina, any further than by referring to Erasmus's adages; and the old Dutch scholiast saying only, that it was a distemper which Demosthenes was reproached with when he declin'd speaking against the Milesian ambassador's request; [See Aul. Gel. l. 2, c. 9.] I thought it might not be disagreeable to quote what Sartonius says upon this phrase, argentanginam patitur. Ἀργυράγχην πάσχει, such a one labours under an argentangina. Hy heeft die gelt zucht, say the Hollanders; i. e. he has (not the mully-grubs, but) the money-grubs, as near as I can make the English answer to the Dutch. Gelt, every body knows, is money, and zucht is properly a swelling caus'd by bad humours (gezwollenheid outstaande uyt quaade vochtigheden.) So here, metaphorically, gelt-zucht is an ailment caus'd by money, which takes a man in the mouth, and hinders him from speaking, as was the orator Demosthenes's case, which gave occasion to this proverb. Natum a Demosthene, qui cum diei unius reticentiam Milesiorum legatis viginti talentis vendidisset, hoc est, duodecim coronatorum millibus, postero die prodiit in concionem, collo multa lana obducto, ut qui anginam pateretur. Quidam verò

However, he threw three or four handfuls of them on the deck; among which I perceiv'd some very sharp words, and some bloody words, which, the pilot said, us'd sometimes to go back, and recoil to the place whence they came, but 'twas with a slit weefand: we also saw some terrible words, and some others not very pleasant to the eye.

When they had been all melted together, we heard a strange noise, hin, hin, hin, hin, his, tick, rock, taack, brededin, brededack, fr, fr, fr, bou, bou, bou, bou, bou, bou, bou, bou, track, track, trr, trr, trr, trrr, trrrrr; on, on, on, on, on, on, ouououon, gog, magog, and I do not know what other barbarous words; which, the pilot said, were

verò è populo, cui simulatio fabolebat, exclamabat eum non *συνάχην*, sed *ἀργυράχην* pati. Est autem synanche, quod vulgò squinantiam vocant. Demosthenes being bought off by the Milesian ambassadors, who had given him twenty talents, that is, twelve thousand crowns, for only one day's silence, the orator came next day into the senate-house, his neck muffled about with rollers, and his chin bolster'd up with wooll, as if he had a fore throat: but one of the assembly smelt a rat, and cry'd out, Demosthenes has not got a cold, but gold; as near as I can imitate the Greek pun. The Greeks have another proverb to the same purpose: Βὲς ἐπὶ γλώτῃ; Bos in lingua: he has an ox on his tongue. [Hem is een stuck specks in de mont geworpen, say the Dutch. Somebody has thrown a piece of bacon into his mouth; when a man is brib'd to be silent.] As for the ox on the tongue, the reader must know the Athenian coin was stamp'd with the figure of an ox. Plautus in *Perfa*: boves bini hic sunt in crumena, he has a pair of oxen in his purse. Such therefore as were corrupted into silence, were said to have an ox stamp'd on their tongue: bovem in lingua habere. He has a bone in his mouth, say the French: il a un os dans la bouche.

the

the noise made by the charging squadrons, the shock and neighing of horses.

Then we heard some large ones go off like drums and fifes, and others like clarions and trumpets. Believe me, we had very good sport with them. I would fain have sav'd some merry odd words, and have preserv'd them in oil, as ice and snow are kept, and between clean straw. But Pantagruel would not let me, saying, that 'tis a folly to hoard up what we are never like to want, or have always at hand: odd, quaint, merry, and fat words of gules, never being scarce among all good and jovial Pantagruelists.

Panurge somewhat vex'd friar John, and put him in the pouts: for he took him at his word, while he dreamt of nothing less. This caus'd the friar to threaten him with such a piece of revenge as was put upon G. Jousseume; who having taken the merry Patelin at his word, when he had overbid himself in some cloth, was afterwards fairly taken by the horns like a bullock, by his jovial chapman, whom he took at his word like a man. Panurge, well knowing that threaten'd folks live long, bob'd, and made mouths at him, in token of derision; then cry'd, Would I had here the word of the holy bottle, without being thus obliged to go further in pilgrimage to her,

CHAP.

C H A P. LVII.

How Pantagruel went ashoar at the dwelling of Gaster, the first (1) master of arts in the world.

THAT day Pantagruel went ashoar in an island, which, for situation and governor, may be said not to have its fellow. When you just come into it, you find it rugged, craggy, barren, unpleasant to the eye, painful to the feet, and almost as inaccessible as the (2) mountain of Dauphiné, which is somewhat like a toad stool, and was never climb'd, as any can remember, by any but (3) Doyac, who had the charge of king Charles the VIIIth's train of artillery.

This

(1) Master of arts] Alluding to the *magister artis*, *ingeniique largitor venter*, of the poet Persius.

(2) Mountain of Dauphiné] This mountain is one of the four wonders which Louis XI took notice of in Dauphiné. It is within three leagues of Grenoble, going towards Embrun, near the Grande Chartreuse; and being shap'd like a pyramid revers'd, it has got the name of inaccessible.

(3) Doyac, &c.] John. The continuation of Monstrelet, fol. 209, calls him Doyac, and fol. 229, de Doyac; but Seyssel calls him plain Oyac, which seems to suit best with the first condition of that man, who, from a hosier, as he was in Auvergne at Montferrant, the place of his birth, rose to be the chief favourite of Louis XI. See more of him, and of his fate, in du Chat. But this was not the person that form'd and executed the bold design of climbing the mountain in question; it was one Damp Julian, a Lorrainer, a captain of Montelimar, who by
means

This same Doyac, with strange tools and engines, gain'd that mountain's top, and there he found an old ram. It puzzled many a wise head to guess how it got thither. Some said that some eagle, or great horn-coot having carry'd it thither while 'twas yet a lambkin, it had got away and sav'd itself among the bushes.

As for us, having with much toil and sweat overcome the difficult ways at the entrance, we found the top of the mountain so fertile, healthful, and pleasant, that I thought I was then in the true garden of Eden, or earthly paradise, about whose situation our good theologues are in such a quandary, and keep such a pother.

As for Pantagruel, he said, that here was the seat of Arete (that's as much as to say, virtue) describ'd by Hesiod. This, however, with submission to better judgments. The ruler of this place was one master Gaster, the first master of arts in the world. For, (4) if you believe that fire is the great master of arts, as Tully writes, you very much wrong him and yourself: alas! (5) Tully never believed this. On the other side, if you fancy Mercury to be the first inventor of arts, as our ancient druids believ'd of old, you are mightily beside the mark. The satirist's sen-

means of engines he had contriv'd himself, climb'd to the top of it the 26th of June, 1492. We are told this in the chevalier Bayard's life, writ by Symphorian Champier; and the thing is yet more satisfactorily particulariz'd in the registers of the parliament of Dauphiné, which have been follow'd by Salvaing de Boissieux, in the Latin poem he wrote to celebrate the wonders of this mountain.

(4) If you believe that fire, &c.] Opinion of Heraclitus, &c. See Plutarch.

(5) Tully never believed this] Indeed he confutes this opinion in his *de natura deorum*, l. 3.

tence, that affirms master Gaster to be master of all arts, is true. With him peacefully resided old goody Penia, alias Poverty, the mother of the ninety-nine muses, on whom (6) Porus, the lord of plenty, formerly begot Love, that noble child, the mediator of heaven and earth, as Plato affirms in *Symposio*.

We were all obliged to pay our homage, and swear allegiance to that mighty sovereign: for he is impatient, severe, blunt, hard, uneasy, inflexible: you cannot make him believe, represent to him, or persuade him any thing.

He does not hear: and as the Egyptians said, that Harpocrates, the god of silence, nam'd (7) Sigalion in Greek, was astomé, that is, without a mouth; so Gaster was created (8) without ears, even like the image of Jupiter in Candia.

He only speaks by signs: but those signs are more readily obeyed by every one, than the statutes of senates, or commands of monarchs; neither will he admit the least let or delay in his summons. You say, that when a lion roars, all the beasts at a considerable distance round about, as far as his roar can be heard, are seiz'd with a shivering. This is written, 'tis true; I have seen it. I assure you, that at master Gaster's command, the very heavens tremble, and all the earth shakes: his command is call'd, Do this or die. Needs must when the devil drives; there's no gain-saying of it.

The pilot was telling us how on a certain time, after the manner of the members that mutiny'd against the belly, as *Æsop* describes it, the whole kingdom

(6) Porus] See Plato's banquet, and Plutarch in his discourse of Isis and Osiris.

(7) Sigalion] Auson. Ep. 25, v. 27.

Aut tua Sigalion *Ægyptius* oscula fignet.

(8) Without ears] See Plutarch in the same discourse.

of the (9) Somates went off into a direct faction against Gaster, resolving to throw off his yoke: but they soon found their mistake, and most humbly submitted: for otherwise they had all been famish'd.

What company soever he is in, none dispute with him for precedence or superiority; (10) he still goes first, tho' kings, emperors, or even the pope was there. So he held the first place at the council of Basle; tho' some will tell you, that the council was tumultuous, by the contentions and ambition of many for priority.

Every one is busied, and labours to serve him; and indeed, to make amends for this, he does this good to mankind, as to invent for them all arts, machines, trades, engines, and crafts: he even instructs brutes in arts which are against their nature, making poets of ravens, jackdaws, chattering jays, parrots and starlings, and poetresses of magpies, teaching them to utter human languages, speak and sing; and all for the gut. He reclaims and tames eagles, gerfaulcons, faulcons gentle, sakers, lanners, gosse-hawks, spar-hawks, merlins, hagarads, passengers, wild rapacious birds; so that setting them free in the air, whenever he thinks fit, as high and as long as he pleases, he keeps them suspended, straying, flying, hovering and courting him above the clouds: then on a sudden he makes them stoop, and come down amain from heaven next to the ground; and all for the gut.

(9) Somates] From *σῶμα*, the body. Now the author makes a kingdom of it, where lives messer Gaster (a Greek word likewise, signifying the belly, stomach, and paunch.)

(10) He still goes first] The belly will be foremost, especially if it is more than ordinary large and prominent.

Elephants, lions, rhinocerotes, bears, horses, mares, and dogs, he teaches to dance, prance, vault, fight, swim, hide themselves, fetch and carry what he pleases; and all for the gut.

Salt and fresh-water fish, whales, and the monsters of the main, he brings up from the bottom of the deep; wolves he forces out of the woods, bears out of the rocks, foxes out of their holes, and serpents out of the ground; and all for the gut.

In short, he is so unruly, that in his rage he devours all men and beasts: as was seen among the (11) Vascons, when Q. Metellus besieged them in the Sertorian wars; among the Saguntines besieged by Hannibal; among the Jews besieged by the Romans, and six hundred more; and all for the gut. When his regent Penia takes a progress, wherever she moves, all senates are shut up, all statutes repeal'd, (12) all orders and proclamations vain: she knows, obeys, and has no law. All shun her, in every place chusing rather to expose themselves to shipwrecks at sea, and venture through fire, rocks, caves and precipices, than be seiz'd by that most dreadful tormentor,

(11) Among the Vascons, &c.]

— Sed qui mordere cadaver

Sustinuit—

Vascones, ut fama est, alimentis talibus usi

Produxere animas, —

Says Juvenal, sat. 15. See Florus, l. 3, c. 22, and Val. Max. l. 7. c. 6.

(12) All orders, &c. vain] Necessity has no law, as the proverb says.

C H A P. LVIII.

How, at the court of the master of ingenuity, Pantagruel detested the Engastrimythes and the Gastrolaters.

AT the court of that great master of ingenuity, Pantagruel observ'd two sorts of troublesome and (1) too officious apparitors, whom he very much detested. The first, were call'd Engastrimythes; the others, Gastrolaters.

The first pretended to be descended of the ancient race of (2) Eurycles; and for this brought the authority of Aristophanes, in his comedy call'd, the wasps: whence of old they were call'd Euryclians, as (3) Plato writes, and Plutarch in his book of the cessation of oracles. In the holy decrees, 26 qu. 3, they are stil'd Ventriloqui; and the same name is given them in Ionian by Hippocrates, in his fifth book of epid. as men who speak from the belly. Sophocles calls them Sternomantes. These were southsayers, enchanters, cheats, who gull'd the mob, and seem'd not to speak and give answers from the mouth, but from the belly.

Such a one, about the year of our Lord 1513,

(1) Too officious apparitors] Servants, incommodious to Gaster their master, by preventing him in all his appetites. See Cæl. Rhodig. l. 9, c. 13, of his ancient readings.

(2) Eurycles] The name of an Engastrimuthe in Aristophanes's comedy of the wasps.

(3) Plato] In his dialogue intituled the sophist,

was (4) *Jacoba Rodogina*, an Italian woman of mean extract: from whose belly, we, as well as an infinite number of others at Ferrara, and elsewhere, have often heard the voice of the evil spirit speak; low, feeble, and small indeed; but yet very distinct, articulate and intelligible, when she was sent for, out of curiosity, by the lords and princes of the (5) *Cisalpine Gaul*. To remove all manner of doubt, and be assur'd that this was not a trick, they us'd to have her stripp'd stark naked, and caus'd her mouth and nose to be stopp'd. This evil spirit would be call'd *Curs'd-pate*, or *Cincinnatiulo*, seeming pleas'd when any call'd him by that name; at which, he was always ready to answer. If any spoke to him of things past or present, he gave pertinent answers, sometimes to the amazement of the hearers: but if of things to come, then the devil was gravell'd, and us'd to lie as fast as a dog can trot. Nay, sometimes he seem'd to own his ignorance; instead of an answer, letting out a rousing fart, or muttering some words with barbarous and uncouth inflexions, and not to be understood.

As for the (6) *Gastrolaters*, they stuck close to one another in knots and gangs. Some of them merry,

(4) *Jacoba Rodogina*] Or of Rouïgue, a town of Italy, of which likewise was *Cælius Rhodiginus*, who, l. 50, c. 10, of his ancient reading, had related this story, but without specifying the year.

(5) *Cisalpine Gaul*] Beyond the Alps in respect of France, and the contrary with respect of Rome: 'tis an ancient part of Gaul, between mount Cenis and the river Rubicon, near Rimini, comprehending Piedmont, Montferrat, Milan, Mantua, and Ferrara. Dutch scholiast.

(6) *Gastrolaters*, &c.] The same who are afterwards call'd by Rabelais, *coquillons* or *cucullated gentry*, are properly the monks, to whom he bore an old grudge.

wanton,

wanton, and soft as so many (7) milkfops; others lowring, grim, dogged, demure and crabbed; all idle, mortal foes to business, spending half their time in sleeping, and the rest in doing nothing, a rent-charge and dead unnecessary weight on the earth, as Hesiod saith; afraid, as we judg'd, of offending or lessening their paunch. Others were mask'd, disguis'd, and so odly dress'd, that 'twould have done you good to have seen them

There's a, saying, and several ancient (8) sages write, that the skill of nature appears wonderful in the pleasure which she seems to have taken in the configuration of sea-shells, so great is their variety in figures, colours, streaks, and imitable shapes. I protest, the variety we perceiv'd in the dresses of the gaitrolatrous coquillons was not less. They all own'd Gaster for their supreme god, ador'd him as a god, offer'd him sacrifices as to their omnipotent deity, own'd no other god, serv'd, lov'd, and honour'd him above all things.

You would have thought that the holy apostle spoke of those, when he said, Phil. chap. 3, Many walk, of whom I have told you often, and now tell you even weeping, that they are enemies of the cross of Christ: whose end is destruction, whose God is their belly. Pantagruel compar'd them to the cyclops Polyphemus, whom (9) Euripides brings in speaking thus: I only sacrifice to myself (not to the gods) and to this belly of mine, the greatest of all the gods.

(7) Milkfops] According to their natural disposition, and in proportion to their income.

(8) Sages] See Pliny, l. 9, c. 33.

(9) Euripides] In his tragedy of the cyclops. See Plutarch in cessation of oracles.



C H A P. LIX.

Of the ridiculous statue Manduce ; and
how, and what the Gastrolaters sacrifice
to their ventripotent god.

WHILE we fed our eyes with the sight of the
phyzzes and actions of these loundging gulli-
guttèd Gastrolaters, we on a sudden heard the sound
of a musical instrument call'd a bell ; at which all
of them plac'd themselves in rank and file, as for
some mighty battle, every one according to his office,
degree and seniority.

In this order, they mov'd towards master Gaster,
after a plump, young, lusty gorbellied fellow, who,
on a long staff fairly gilt, carried a wooden statue
grossly carv'd, and as scurvily daub'd over with paint ;
such a one as (1) Plautus, Juvenal, and Pomp. Fe-
stus describe it. At Lyons, during the carnival, 'tis
called Maschecrouste, or (2) Gnaw crust ; they call
this Manduce.

(1) Plautus, &c.] Plautus in his comedy of the cable ;
Juvenal, Sat. and Pompon. Festus, l. xi.

(2) Gnaw crust] They don't now carry it about at
Lyons, tho' they still talk of it there, and frighten their
children with threatening to throw 'em to Masche-creute,
to be devoured by him. If it is true, as is affirm'd, that
in several places of Flanders they call Kermès such ano-
ther image, which is carry'd about on flesh-days, it must
be on account of the terrible snapping noise, made by the
jaws of that statue when they are mov'd ; since in Hol-
land they also call kermès the din and tumultuous noise,
which runs thro' all fairs, where 'tis hardly possible to
hear one another speak.

It

It was a monstrous, ridiculous, hideous figure, fit to fright little children : its eyes were bigger than its belly, and its head larger than all the rest of its body ; well mouth-cloven however, having a goodly pair of wide, broad jaws, lin'd with two rows of teeth, upper teer and under teer, which, by the magic of a small twine hid in the hollow part of the golden staff, were made to clash, clatter, and rattle dreadfully one against another ; as they do at Metz with (3) St. Clement's dragon.

Coming near the Gastrolaters, I saw they were follow'd by a great number of fat waiters and tenders, laden with baskets, doffers, hampers, dishes, wallets, pots and kettles. Then under the conduct of Manduce, and singing I don't know what dithyrambics, crepalocomes, and epenons, opening their baskets and pots, they offer'd their god,

White hippocras, with	Gravy soupe.
dry toasts.	Hotch pots.
White bread.	Soft bread.
Brown bread.	Houshold bread.
Carbonadoes, six forts.	Capirotadoes.
Brawn.	Cold loins of veal, with
Sweet breads.	spice.
Fricassees, nine forts.	Zinziberine.
Monastical brewes.	Beatille pyes.

(3) Clement's dragon] The people call it graulli, either from the German word greulich, horrible, terrible, or rather corruptly for gargouille, (which see explain'd elsewhere.) This image is carry'd in procession on St. Mark's day, and during the rogation week : but this not being the same figure Rabelais saw, the jaws of the graulli have now no motion. Only, on the end of his tongue, which is of iron, is fix'd a small white loaf, which, together with as many more as each baker furnishes, before whose stall the procession passes, makes up the stipend or salary of the poor man who carries the graulli.

Brewels.

cabbage.

Marrow-bones, toast and

Hafhes.

Eternal drink intermix'd. Brisk delicate white-wine led the van; claret and champaign follow'd, cool, nay, as cold as the very ice, I say; fill'd and offer'd in large silver cups. Then they offer'd,

Chitterlins garnish'd with

Puddings.

mustard.

Carvelats.

Sausages.

Bolonia sausages.

Neats tongues.

Hams.

Hung beef.

Brawn heads.

Chines and pease.

Powder'd venison, with

Hog's hasslets.

turnips.

Scotch collops.

Pickled olives.

All this associated with sempiternal liquor. Then they hous'd within his muzzle,

Legs of mutton with shal-
lots.

Bitterns.

Ollas.

Shovelers.

Lumber pies, with hot
sauce.

Curlues.

Ribs of pork, with onion
sauce.

Wood hens.

Roast capons, basted with
their own dripping.

Coots, with leeks.

Caponets.

Fat kids.

Caviar and toast.

Shoulders of mutton, with
capers.

Fawns, deer.

Sir-loins of beef.

Hares, leverets.

Breasts of veal.

Partridges, and young
partridges.

Phefants, and pheasant
poots.

Pluvers.

Peacocks.

Dwarf-herons.

Storks.

Teals.

Woodcocks.

Duckers.

Snipes.

Hortolans.

Turky cocks, hen turkeys,
and turkey poots.

Stoek

Stock doves, and wood-
culvers.

Pigs, with wine sauce.

Black-birds, owfels, and
rayles.

Moor-hens.

Bustards, and bustard
poots.

Fig peckers.

Young Guiney hens.

Flemmings.

Cignets.

A reinforcement of vine-
gar intermixt.

Venison pasties.

Lark pies.

Dormice pies.

Cabretto pasties.

Roe-buck pasties.

Pigeon pies.

Kid pasties.

Capon pies.

Bacon pies.

Souc'd hog's feet.

Fry'd pasty crust.

Forc'd capons.

Parmesan cheese.

Red and pale hippocras.

Gold peaches.

Artichokes.

Dry and wet sweetmeats,
78 sorts.

Boil'd hens, and fat ca-
pons marinated.

Pullets with eggs.

Chickens.

Rabbets, and sucking rab-
bets.

Quails, and young quails.

Pigeons, squobbs, and
squeakers.

Herons, and young he-
rons.

Feldfares.

Olives.

Thrushes.

Young sea ravens.

Geese, goslings.

Queests.

Widgeons.

Mavises.

Grouses.

Turtles.

Doe-connys.

Hedge-hogs.

Snytes. —

Then large puffs.

Thistle finches.

Whore's farts.

Fritters.

Cakes, sixteen sorts.

Crisp wafers.

Quince tarts.

Curds and cream.

Whipp'd cream.

Preserv'd myrabolans.

Gellies.

Welch barrapyclids.

Macaroons.

Tarts, twenty sorts.

Lemon cream, Raspberry
cream, &c.

Comfits, 100 colours.

Cream wafers.

Cream cheese.

Vinegar brought up the rear to wash the mouth, and for fear of the squinfy; also toasts to scower the grinders.



CHAP. LX.

What the Gastrolaters sacrific'd to their god on interlarded fish-days.

PAntagrue did not like this pack of rascally scoundrels, with their manifold kitchen sacrifices, and would have been gone, had not Epistemon prevail'd with him to stay and see the end of the farce. He then ask'd the skipper, what the idle lobcocks us'd to sacrifice to their gorbellied god on interlarded fish-days? For his first course, said the skipper, they give him:

Caviar.	out of old elders) sparagus, woodbind, and a world of others.
Botargoes.	
Fresh butter.	
Pease soup.	Red herrings.
Spinage.	Pilchards.
Fresh herrings full-roed.	Anchovies.
Sallats, a hundred varieties, of creeses, sodden hop-tops, bishops-cods, cellery, sives, rampions, jew's ears, (a sort of mushrooms that sprout	Fry of tunny.
	(1) Colly flowers.
	(2) Beans.
	Salt salmon.
	Pickled griggs.
	Oysters in the shell.

(1) Colly flowers] Not mere colly flowers, but emb'ellish'd, i. e. with oil. See this explain'd before, in ch. 32.

(2) Beans] It is not plain beans in Rabelais, but *sagenées de febues*, which Cotgrave says is a porridge, or mess of beans, sallat oil, and some verjuice or vinegar.

Then

Then he must drink, or the devil would gripe him at the throat: this therefore they take care to prevent, and nothing's wanting. Which being done, they give him lampreys with hippocras sauce:

Gurnards.	Flounders.
Salmon trouts.	Sea nettles.
Barbels, great and small.	Mullets.
Roaches.	Gudgeons.
Cockrells.	Dabs, aad sandings.
Minews.	Haddocks.
Thornbacks.	Carps.
Sleeves.	Pykes.
Sturgeons.	Botitoes.
Sheath-fish.	Rochets.
Mackerels.	Sea bears.
Maids.	Sharplings.
Plaice.	Tunnyes.
Fry'd oyfters.	Silver eels.
Cockles.	Chevins.
Prawns.	Cray-fish.
Smelts.	Pallours.
Rock-fish.	Shrimps.
Gracious lords.	Congers.
Sword-fish.	Porpoes.
Skate-fish.	Bases.
Lamprills.	Shads.
Jegs.	Murenes, a sort of lam-
Pickerells.	preys.
Golden carps.	Craylings.
Burbates.	Smys.
Salmons.	Turbuts.
Salmon-peels.	Trouts, not above a foot
Dolphins.	long.
Barn trouts.	Salmons.
Miller's thumbs.	Meagers.
Precks.	Sea breams.
Bret-fish.	Halibuts.

Soles.	Faufens, and griggs.
Dog's tongue, or kind fool.	Eel pouts.
Muscles.	Tortoises.
Lobsters.	Serpents, i. e. wood-eels.
Great prawns.	Dorees.
Dace.	Moor-game.
Bleaks.	Pearches.
Tenchcs.	Loaches.
Ombcrs.	Crab-fish.
Fresh cods.	Snails, and whclks.
Dried melwells,	Frogs.
Darefish.	

If, when he had cramm'd all this down his guttural trap-door, he did not immediately make the fish swim again in his paunch, death would pack him off in a trice. Special care is taken to antidote his godship with vine-tree syrrup. Then is sacrific'd to him, haberdines, poor-jack, minglemangled mish-mashed, &c.

Eggs fry'd, beaten, but-	Stock fish.
ter'd, poach'd, harden'd,	Green fish.
boil'd, broil'd, stew'd,	Sea batts.
flic'd, roasted in the	Cod's ounds.
embers, tofs'd in the	Sea pikes.
chimney, &c.	

Which to concoct and digest the more easily, vinegar is multiply'd. For the latter part of their sacrifices they offer,

Rice milk, and hasty	Frumenty, and bonyclaber.
pudding.	Stew'd prunes, and bak'd
Butter'd wheat, and flum-	bullace.
mery.	Pistachoes, or fistick nuts.
Watergruel, and milk	Figs.
porridge.	Almond butter.

Skirret .

Skirret root.

White pot.

Raisins.

Dates.

Chestnuts and wallnuts.

Filberds.

Parfenips.

Arthichokes.

Perpetuity of soaking with the whole.

'Twas none of their fault, I'll assure you, if this same god of theirs was not publickly, preciously, and plentifully serv'd in his sacrifices, better yet than Heliogobalus's idol; nay, more than Bel and the dragon in Babylon under king Belshazzar. Yet Gaster had the manners to own that he was no god, but a poor, vile, wretched creature. And as king (3) Antigonus, first of the name, when one Hermodotus, (as poets will flatter, especially princes) in some of his fustian dubb'd him a god, and made the sun adopt him for his son, said to him; My lyfanophore, (or, in plain English, my groom of the close-stool) can give thee the lye; so master Gaster very civilly us'd to send back his bigotted worshippers to his close-stool, to see, smell, taste, philosophise, and examine what kind of divinity they could pick out of his reverence.



CHAP. LXI.

How Gaster invented means to get and preserve corn.

THOSE gastrolatrous hobgoblins being withdrawn, Pantagruel carefully minded the famous master of arts, Gaster. You know that by the

(3) Antigonus, &c.] See Plutarch in his apophthegms, and in his treatise of Isis and Osiris.

institution

institution of nature, bread has been assign'd him for provision and food; and that, as an addition to this blessing, he should never want the means to get bread.

Accordingly, from the beginning he invented the smiths art, and husbandry to manure the ground, that it might yield him corn: he invented arms, and the art of war, to defend corn; physic and astronomy, with other parts of mathematicks, which might be useful to keep corn a great number of years in safety from the injuries of the air, beasts, robbers, and purloiners: he invented water, wind, and hand-mills, and a thousand other engines to grind corn, and turn it into meal; leaven to make the dough ferment, and the use of salt to give it a flavour; for he knew that nothing bred more diseases than heavy, unleaven'd, unfavoury bread.

He found a way to get fire to bake it; hour-glasses, dials, and clocks to mark the time of its baking; and, as some countries wanted corn, he contriv'd means to convey it out of one country into another.

He had the wit to pimp for asses and mares, animals of different species, that they might copulate for the generation of a third, which we call mules, more strong and fit for hard service than the other two. He invented carts and waggons, to draw him along with greater ease: and, as seas and rivers hinder'd his progress, he devis'd boats, gallies, and ships, (to the astonishment of the elements) to waft him over to barbarous, unknown, and far distant nations, thence to bring, or thither to carry corn.

Besides, seeing that, when he had tilled the ground, some years the corn perish'd in it for want of rain in due season, in others rotted, or was drown'd by its excess, sometimes spoil'd by hail, (1) eat by worms in the ear, or beaten down by storms, and so his stock

was

(1) Eat by worms in the ear] Egrener, is to shake out the grain, or corn, from the ear: so les vens egre-
noient

was destroy'd on the ground; we were told that ever since the days of yore, he has found out a way to conjure the rain down from heaven only with cutting certain grass, common enough in the field, yet known to very few, some of which was then shewn us. I took it to be the same as the plant, one of whose boughs being dipp'd by Jove's priest into the (2) Agrian fountain, on the Lycian mountain in Arcadia, in time of drought, rais'd vapours which gather'd into clouds, and then dissolv'd into rain, that kindly moisten'd the whole country.

Our master of arts was also said to have found a way to keep the rain up in the air, and make it fall into the sea; also to annihilate the hail, suppress the winds, and remove storms as the (3) Mathanensians of Trœzene us'd to do. And as in the fields thieves and plunderers sometimes stole, and took by force the corn and bread which others had toil'd to get, he invented the art of building towns, forts, and castles, to hoard and secure that staff of life. On the other hand, finding none in the fields, and hearing that it was hoarded up and secur'd in towns, forts, and castles, and watch'd with more care than ever were the golden pippins of the Hesperides, he turn'd engineer, and found ways to beat, storm, and demo-

noient les grains, is the grain was shaken out by the winds. Mr. Motteux, instead of vents, winds, translates it as if it were vers, worms; but that's wrong, tho' agreeable to all the old editions. Worms (vers) do indeed ronger le grain, eat the corn; but winds (vents) egrenent les epis, shake out the grain from the ear.

(2) Agrian fountain] Read the fountain Agria. See Nicolas Leonicus, l. 1, c. 67, of his various histories. In Pausanias's arcadics, this fountain is call'd Ἀγρια, and Rhodoginus, l. 13, c. 17, likewise has call'd it Agnò.

(3) Mathanensians] This is taken from the same work of Nicolas Leonicus, l. 2, c. 38. See Pausanias's corinthiacs.

lish forts and castles, with machines, and warlike thunderbolts, battering rams, balists, and catapults, whose shapes were shown us, not over-well understood by our engineers, architects, and other disciples of Vitruvius; as master Philebert de l'Orme (4) king Megistus's principal architect, has own'd to us.

And seeing that sometimes all these tools of destruction were baffled by the cunning subtilty, or the subtle cunning (which you please) of fortifiers, he lately invented cannons, field-pieces, culverins, mortar-pieces, basilisks, murdering instruments that dart iron, leaden, and brazen balls, some of them outweighing huge anvils. This by the means of a most dreadful powder, whose hellish compound and effect has even amaz'd nature, and made her own herself out-done by art; the (5) Oxydracian thunders, hails, and storms, by which the people of that name immediately destroy'd their enemies in the field, being but mere potguns to these. For, one of our great guns, when us'd, is (6) more dreadful, more terrible, more diabolical, and maims, tears, breaks, slays, mows down, sweeps away more men, and causes a greater consternation and destruction, than a hundred thunderbolts.

(4) King Megistus, &c.] Henry II, in whose reign Philebert de l'Orme was architect and intendant of the buildings, as he continu'd to be under the kings Francis II, and Charles IX. The different works of this ingenious Lyonnois were printed in fol. in 1569, at Paris, by Frederic Moral.

(5) Oxydracian, &c.] See Apollonius's life by Philostratus, l. 2, c. 14.

(6) More dreadful, &c.] Polydore Virgil had before express'd himself much after the same manner, in his treatise de rerum inventoribus.



C H A P. LXII.

How Gaster invented an art to avoid being hurt or touch'd by cannon balls.

GASTER having secur'd himself with his corn within strong holds, has sometimes been attack'd by enemies ; his fortresses, by that thrice three-fold curst instrument, levell'd and destroy'd ; his dearly belov'd corn and bread snatch'd out of his mouth, and sack'd by a tyrannick force : therefore he then sought means to preserve his walls, bastions, rampiers, and sconces from cannon shot, and to hinder the bullets from hitting him, stopping them in their flight, or at least from doing him, or the besiegers and walls any damage. He shew'd us a trial of this, which has been since us'd by Fronton, and is now common among the pastimes and harmless recreations of the Thelemites. I'll tell you how he went to work, and pray for the future be a little more ready to believe what Plutarch affirms to have try'd. Suppose a herd of goats were all scampering as if the devil drove 'em, do but put a bit of eringo into the mouth of the hindmost nanny, and they will all stop stock still, in the time you can tell three. ✓

Thus Gaster, having caus'd a brags falcon to be charg'd, with a sufficient quantity of gunpowder, well purg'd from its sulphur, and curiously made up with fine camphire ; he then had a suitable ball put into the piece, with twenty four little pellets like hail shot, some round, some pearl fashion : then taking his aim, and levelling it at a page of his, as if he would have hit him on the breast ; about sixty strides off the piece, half way between it and the page in a right line,

line, he hang'd on a gibbet by a rope a very large siderite, or iron-like stone, otherwise call'd herculean, formerly found on Ida in Phrygia by one Magnes, as (1) Nicander writes, and commonly call'd load-stone : then he gave fire to the prime on the piece's touch-hole, which in an instant consuming the powder, the ball and hail-shot were with incredible violence and swiftness hurried out of the gun at its muzzle, that the air might penetrate to its chamber, where otherwise would have been a vacuum ; which nature abhors so much, that this universal machine, heaven, air, land, and sea would sooner return to the primitive chaos, than admit the least void any where. Now the ball and small shot, which threaten'd the page with no less than quick destruction, lost their impetuosity, and remain'd suspended and hovering round the stone ; nor did any of them, notwithstanding the fury with which they rush'd, reach the page.

Master Gaster could do more than all this yet, if you'll believe me : for he invented a way how to cause bullets to fly backwards, and recoil on those that sent 'em, with as great a force, and in the very numerical parallel for which the guns were planted. And indeed, why should he have thought this difficult, seeing the herb (2) ethiopis opens all locks whatsoever ; and an echineis or remora, a silly weakly fish, in spite of all the winds that blow from the 32 points of the compass, will in the midst of a hurricane make you the biggest first rate remain stock still, as if she were becalm'd, or the blustering tribe had blown their last : nay, and with the flesh of that fish, preserv'd with salt, you may fish (3) gold out of the deepest well that was ever sounded with a plummet ; for it will

(1) Nicander] See Pliny, l. 36, c. 16.

(2) Ethiopis, &c.] See Pliny, l. 24, c. 17, &c.

(3) Gold, &c.] See Pliny, l. 9, c. 25.

certainly

certainly draw up the precious metal. (4) Since, as Democritus affirm'd, and Theophrastus believ'd and experienc'd, that there was an herb at whose single touch an iron wedge, tho' never so far driven into a huge log of the hardest wood that is, would presently come out: and 'tis this same herb your hickways, alias woodpeckers, use, when with some mighty ax any one stops up the hole of their nests, which they industriously dig and make in the trunk of some sturdy tree. Since stags and hinds, when deeply wounded with darts, arrows, and bolts, if they do but meet the herb call'd dittany, which is common in Candia, and eat a little of it, presently the shafts come out, and all's well again: even as kind Venus cur'd her beloved by-blow Æneas, when he was wounded on the right thigh with an arrow by Juturna, Turnus's sister. Since the very wind of laurels, fig-trees, or sea calves, makes the thunder sheer off, infomuch that it never strikes them. Since at the sight of a ram, mad elephants recover their former senses. Since mad bulls coming near wild fig trees, call'd caprifici, grow tame, and will not budge a foot, as if they had the cramp. Since the venomous rage of vipers is assuag'd, if you but touch them with a beechen bough. Since also (5) Euphorion writes, that in the isle of Samos, before Juno's temple was built there, he has seen some beasts call'd neades, whose voice made the neighbouring places gape and sink into a chasm and abyss. In short, since elders grow of a more pleasing sound, and fitter to make flutes, in such places where the crowing of cocks is not heard, as the an-

(4) Since Democritus, &c.] Though Democritus was reckon'd by Pliny to be a great liar, yet in the point before us, Theophrastus, who is one of Pliny's heroes, gives full credit to Democritus's assertion. See Pliny for all or most of these particulars.

(5) Euphorion] See Ælian, l. 17, c. 28.

cient sages have writ, and Theophrastus relates: as if the crowing of a cock dull'd, flatten'd, and perverted the wood of the elder, as it is said to astonish and stupify with fear that strong and resolute animal, a lion. I know that some have understood this of wild elder, that grows so far from towns or villages, that the crowing of cocks cannot reach near it; and doubtless that sort ought to be preferr'd to the stenching common elder, that grows about decay'd and ruin'd places: but others have understood this in a higher sense, not literal, but allegorical, according to the method of the (6) Pythagoreans: as when it was said that Mercury's statue could not be made of every sort of wood; to which sentence they gave this sense; that God is not to be worshipp'd in a vulgar form, but in a chosen and religious manner. In the same manner by this elder, which grows far from places where cocks are heard, the ancients meant, that the wise and studious ought not to give their minds to trivial or vulgar musick, but to that which is celestial, divine, angelical, more abstracted, and brought from remoter parts, that is, from a region where the crowing of cocks is not heard: for, to denote a solitary and unfrequented place, we say, cocks are never heard to crow there.

(6) Pythagoreans] Pythagoras used to say allegorically, that all sorts of wood ought not to be employ'd indifferently in making Mercury's statue: which has been explain'd by Apuleius, in his first apology for magic; by Alex. ab Alex. l. 4, c. 12, of his genial days; and by Erasmus, in his adages.

C H A P. LXIII.

How Pantagruel fell asleep near the island of Chaneph, and of the problems propos'd to be solv'd when he wak'd.

THE next day, merrily pursuing our voyage, we came in sight of the island of (1) Chaneph, where Pantagruel's ship could not arrive, the wind chopping about, and then failing us so that we were becalm'd, and could hardly get o'head, tacking about from starboard to larboard, and from larboard to starboard, tho' to our sails we had added drabblers.

With this accident we were all out of sorts, moping, drooping, metagrabolized, as dull as dun in the mire, in C sol fa ut fiat out of tune, off the hinges, and I don't know howish, without caring to speak one single syllable to each other.

Pantagruel was taking a nap, slumbering and nodding on the quarter deck, by the cuddy, with an Heliodorus in his hand; for still 'twas his custom to sleep (2) better by book than by heart. } 8

Epistemon was conjuring, with his astrolabe, to know what latitude we were in.

Friar John was got into the cook-room, examining by the ascendant of the spits, and the horoscope of

(1) Chaneph] It means hypocrisy, in the Hebrew language. In this island, Rabelais places a sort of pretended saints, who, under a mortify'd exterior, conceal'd, according to him, morals full of cynical indiscretions.

(2) Better by book, &c.] He chose rather to sleep over a book than absolutely to do nothing.

ragoufts

ragoufts and fricassees, what time o'day it might then be.

Panurge (sweet baby!) held a stalk of pantagruelion, alias hemp, next his tongue, and with it made pretty bubbles and bladders.

Gymnast was making tooth-pickers with lentisk.

Ponocrates, dozing, doz'd, and dreaming, dreamed; tickled himself to make himself laugh, and with one finger scratch'd his noddle where it did not itch.

Carpalim, with a nut-shell, and a trencher of verne, [that's a card in Gascony] was making a pretty little merry windmill, cutting the card long-ways into four slips, and fastening them with a pin to the convex of the nut, and its concave to the tar'd side of the gunnel of the ship.

Euthenes, bestriding one of the guns, was playing on it with his fingers, as if it had been a trumpet-marine.

Rhizotomus, with the soft coat of a field tortoise, alias eclip'd a mole, was making himself a velvet purse.

Xenomanes was patching up an old weather-beaten lantern, with a hawk's jesses.

Our pilot (good man!) was pulling maggots out of the seamens noses.

At last friar John, returning from the fore-castle, perceiv'd that Pantagruel was awake. Then hearing this obstinate silence, he briskly and cheerfully asked him how a man should kill time, and raise good weather, during a calm at sea?

Panurge, whose belly thought his throat cut, backed the motion presently, and ask'd for a pill to purge melancholy.

Epistemon also came on, and ask'd how a man might be ready to bepifs himself with laughing, when he has no heart to be merry?

Gymnast

Gymnaſt ariſing, demanded a remedy for a dimneſs of eyes ?

Ponocrates, after he had a while rub'd his noddle, and ſhak'd his ears, aſk'd, how one might avoid dog-ſleep ? Hold, cry'd Pantagruel, the peripateticks have wiſely made a rule, that all problems, queſtions and doubts, which are offer'd to be ſolv'd, ought to be certain, clear, and intelligible. What do you mean by (3) dog-ſleep ? I mean, answered Ponocrates, to ſleep faſting in the ſun at noon-day, as the dogs do.

Rhizotomus, who lay ſtooping on the pump, rais'd his drowſy head, and lazily yawning, by natural ſympathy, ſet almoſt every one in the ſhip (4) a yawning too : then he aſk'd for a remedy againſt oſcitations and gapings.

Xenomanes, half puzzled, and tir'd out with new vamping his antiquated lantern, aſk'd, how the hold of the ſtomach might be ſo well ballaſted and freighted from the keel to the main hatch, with ſtores well ſtowed, that our human veſſels might not heel, or be walt, but well trimmed, and ſtiff ?

Carpalim, twirling his diminutive windmill, aſk'd how many motions are to be felt in nature, before a gentleman may be ſaid to be hungry ?

Euthenes, hearing them talk, came from between decks, and from the capſtern call'd out to know why a man that's faſting, bit by a ſerpent alſo faſting, is in greater danger of death, than when man and ſerpent have eat their breakfaſts ? Why (5) a man's

(3) Dog's ſleep] In Oudin's dictionary. Ital. and Fr. to ſleep like a dog, is to ſleep indifferently at all hours, and in all places.

(4) A yawning, &c.] Oſcitante uno, deinde oſcitatur & alter. Prov.

(5) A man's faſting-spittle] See Aristotle of animals, l. 8, c. 29, and Pliny, l. 7, c. 2.

fasting-spittle is poisonous to serpents and venomous creatures?

One single solution may serve for all your problems, gentlemen, answer'd Pantagruel, and one single medicine for all such symptoms and accidents. My answer shall be short, not to tire you with a long needless train of pedantick cant. (6) The belly has no ears, nor is it to be fill'd with fair words: you shall be answer'd to content by signs and gestures. As formerly at Rome, Tarquin the proud, its last king, sent an answer by signs to his son Sextus, who was among the Gabii, [at Gabii.] (Saying this, he pulled the string of a little bell, and friar John hurried away to the cook-room.) The son having sent his father a messenger, to know how he might bring the Gabii [Gabini] under a close subjection; the king, mistrusting the messenger, made him no answer, and only took him into his privy garden, and in his presence, with his sword, lopt off the heads of the tall poppies that were there. The express return'd without any other dispatch; yet having related to the prince what he had seen his father do, he easily understood that by those signs he advis'd him to cut off the heads of the chief men in the town, the better to keep under the rest of the people.

(6) The belly] L'estomach affamé. A hungry stomach has no ears, said Cato the censor, in one of his speeches to the Roman people. See his life in Plutarch.



CHAP. LXIV.

How Pantagruel gave no answer to the problems.

Pantagruel then ask'd, what sorts of people dwell'd in (1) that damn'd island? They are, answer'd Xenomanes, all (2) hypocrites, holy mountebanks, tumblers of beads, mumblers of Ave Marias, spiritual comedians, sham saints, hermits, all of them poor rogues, who, like the hermit of Lormont between Blaye and Bourdeaux, live wholly on alms given them by passengers. Catch me there if you can, cry'd Panurge; may the devil's head cook conjure my bum-gut into a pair of bellows, if ever you find me among them. Hermits, sham saints, living forms of mortification, holy mountebanks, avaunt, in the name of your father Satan, get out of my sight: when the devil's a hog, you shall eat bacon. I shall not forget yet a while our fat (3) Concilipetes of Chefil. O that Beelzebub and Astaroth had counselled them to hang themselves out of the way, and they had done't! we had not then suffer'd so much by devilish storms as we did for having seen them.

(1) That damn'd island] *Isle de chien*, in Rabelais. On which M. du Chat says *Chienne d'Isle* (Bitchington island, if you will,) island of people who bark at and bite all the world, as curst curs do.

(2) Hypocrites] Add *hydropics*, puffed up with a false opinion of their own sanctity.

(3) Concilipetes of Chefil] Fathers of the council of Trent. See before ch. 18.

Hark'ee me, dear rogue, Xenomanes, my friend, I prithee are these hermits, hypocrites, and eves-droppers, maids or married? Is there any thing of the feminine gender among them? Could a body hypocritically take there a small hypocritical touch? Will they lie backwards, and let out their fore-rooms? There's a fine question to be ask'd, cry'd Pantagruel! Yes, yes, answer'd Xenomanes; you may find there many goodly hypocriteesses, jolly spiritual actresses, kind hermitesses, women that have a plaguy deal of religion: then there's the copies of 'em, little hypocrittillens, sham-sanctitos, and hermitillons. Foh! away with them, cry'd friar John; a young saint, an old devil! (Mark this, an old saying, and as true a one, as, a young whore, an old saint.) Were there not such, continued Xenomanes, the isle of Caneph, for want of a multiplication of progeny, had long 'ere this been desert and desolate.

Pantagruel sent them by Gymnast, in the pinnace, seventy-eight thousand fine pretty little (4) gold half-crowns, of those that are mark'd with a lantern. After this he ask'd, What's o'clock? Past nine, an-

(4) Gold half-crowns] Cyrus, being reduc'd to beggary in the other world, begg'd Epictetus to bestow a penny upon him in charity. I give no pennies said that philosopher, who was become a great lord in that country; here firrah, here's a crown for you. (Rab. l. 2. c. xxx.) The reason of this proceeding of Epictetus is, that when great men bestow their favours, they ought to have more regard to their own grandeur than to the meanness and indispensable occasions of the necessitous. Upon this footing, though it is a common saying, A pauvre gens menue monoye, (small money to poor people); yet we find Pantagruel's alms to the poor hermits, &c. of Chaneph, consists in half-crowns, &c. See Du Chat more at large here,

swer'd

swer'd Epistemon. 'Tis then the best time to go to dinner, said Pantagruel: for the sacred line, so celebrated by (5) Aristophanes in his play call'd Concionatores, is at hand, never failing when the shadow is decempedal.

Formerly, among the Persians, dinner time was at a set hour (6) only for kings: as for all others, their appetite and their belly was their clock; when that chim'd, they thought it time to go to dinner. So we find in Plautus a certain parasite making a heavy do, and sadly railing at the inventors of hour-glasses and dials, as being unnecessary things, there being no clock more regular than the belly.

(7) Diogenes, being ask'd at what times a man ought to eat, answer'd, The rich when he is hungry, the poor when he has any thing to eat. Physicians more properly say, that the canonical hours are,

To rise at five, to dine at nine,

To sup at five, to sleep at nine,

The famous king (8) Petosiris's magick was different.----Here the officers for the gut came in, and

(5) Aristophanes] See Erasmus's adages, chil. 3. cent. 4. ch. 70.

(6) Only for kings] John de la Bruyere Champier, l. 2. c. 3. of his de re cibaria: Marcellinus, Persas, munditias conviviorum, & luxum, maximeque potandi aviditatem vitasse, ut luem, prodit: nec apud eos, extra regales menfas, horam esse præstitutam prandendi. Sed ventrem esse cuique solarium, eoque monente, quod incidisset edisse.

(7) Diogenes, &c.] See this Cynic's life in Diogenes Laertius.

(8) Petosiris] Juvenal Sat. 6.

got ready the tables and cupboards; laid the cloth, whose sight and pleasant smell were very comfortable; and brought plates, napkins, salts, tankards, flaggons, tall-boys, ewers, tumblers, cups, goblets, basons, and cisterns.

Friar John, at the head of the stewards, sewers, yeomen of the pantry, and of the mouth, tasters, carvers, cup-bearers, and cupboard-keepers, brought four stately pasties, so huge, that they put me in mind of the four bastions at Turin. Odsfish, how manfully did they storm them! What havock did they make with the long train of dishes that came after them! How bravely did they stand to their pan-puddings, and pay'd off their dust! How merrily did they soak their noses!

The fruit was not yet brought in, when a fresh gale at west and by north began to fill the main-course, misen-sail, fore-sail, tops, and top-gallants: for which blessing they all sung divers hymns of thanks and praise.

When the fruit was on the table, Pantagruel ask'd; Now tell me, gentlemen, are your doubts fully resolv'd or no? I gape and yawn no more, answer'd Rhizotomus. I sleep no longer like a dog, said Ponocrates. I have clear'd my eyesight, said Gymnast. I have broke my fast, said Eusthenes: so that for this whole day I shall be secure from the danger of my spittle.

(9) Aspes.

Ægra licet jaceat, capiendo nulla videtur

Aptior hora cibo, nisi quam dederit Petosiris.

The pretended magic of Petosiris, as also that of the physician Cnidas in Pliny, l. 29. c. 1, was properly not more than an inordinate fondness for the mathematics, which persuaded those two men that the knowledge of the

(9) Aspes.	Crocodiles.
Amphisbenes.	Toads.
Anerudutes.	Night-mares.
Abedissimons.	Mad dogs.
Alhatrafs.	Colotes.
Ammobâtes.	Cychriodes.
Apimaos.	Cafezates.
Alhatabans.	Cauhares.
Araâtes.	Snakes.
Asterions.	Cuherks, two-tongu'd
Alcharates.	adders.
Arges.	Amphibious serpents.
Spiders.	Cenchres.
Starry Lizards.	Cockatrices.
Attelabes.	Dipsades.
Afcalabotes.	Domeses.
Hæmorrhoids.	Dryinades.
Basilisks.	Dragons.
Fitches.	Elopes.
Sucking water-snakes.	Enhydrides.
Black wag legflies.	Falvifes.
Spanish flies.	Galeotes.
Catoblepes.	Harmenes.
Horn'd snakes.	Handons.
Caterpillars.	Icles.

the stars was so extensive, that therein might be discover'd whether a sick person had best take a new-laid egg or broth.

(9) Asps, &c.] A great part of these different names of serpents, and other venomous creatures, dispos'd here in alphabetical order, is to be found in Pliny: and this order is imitated from the same Pliny, l. 37. c. 10, which treats of the various kinds of precious stones. The names are mostly corrupted; and therefore 'twill be best to consult thereupon Albertus Magnus, Bartholomeus Anglicanus, Aldrovand and Redi.

Jarraries.
 Illicines.
 Pharao's mice.
 Kedufudures.
 Sea-hares.
 Chalcidic newts.
 Footed serpents.
 Manticores.
 Mulures.
 Mouse-serpents.
 Shrew-mice.
 Miliars.
 Megalaunes.
 Spitting asps.
 Porphyri.
 Parcades.
 Phalangs.
 Pemphedrons.
 Pine-tree-worms.
 Rutulæ.
 Worms.
 Rhagia.
 Rhaganes.

Salamanders.
 Sloe-worms.
 Stellions.
 Scorpones.
 Scorpions.
 Horn-worms.
 Scalavotins.
 Solofruidars.
 Deaf asps.
 Horse-leeches.
 Salt-haters.
 Rot serpents.
 Stink-fish.
 Stuphes.
 Sabrins.
 Blood-sucking-flies.
 Hornfretters.
 Scolopendres.
 Tarantulas.
 Blind-worms.
 Tetragnathias.
 Teristals.
 Vipers, &c.

CHAP.



C H A P. LXV.

How Pantagruel pass the time with his servants.

IN what hierarchy of such venomous creatures do you place Panurge's future spouse, ask'd friar John? Art thou speaking ill of women, cry'd Panurge, thou mangy scoundrel, thou sorry, noddypeak'd, shaveling monk? By the cenomanic paunch and gixie, said Epistemon, Euripides has written, and makes Andromache say it, that by industry, and the help of the gods, men had found remedies against all poisonous creatures; but none was yet found against a bad wife.

But this flaunting Euripides, cry'd Panurge, was gabbling against women every foot, and therefore was devour'd by dogs, as a judgment from above; as Aristophanes observes,---Let's go on. Let him speak that's next. I can leak now like any stone-horse, said then Epistemon. I am, said Xenomanes, full as an egg and round as a hoop: my ship's hold can hold no more, and will now make shift to bear a steady sail. Said Carpalim, a truce with thirst, a truce with hunger; they're strong, but wine and meat are stronger. I'm no more in the dumps, cry'd Panurge; my heart's a pound lighter. I'm in the right cue now, as brisk as a body-louse, and as merry as a beggar. For my part, I know what I do when I drink; and 'tis a true thing (though 'tis in your Euripides) that is said by that jolly toper Silenus of blessed memory, that

The man's emphatically mad,
Who drinks the best, yet can be sad.

We must not fail to return our humble and hearty thanks to the Being, who, with this good bread, this cool delicious wine, these good meats and rare dainties, removes from our bodies and minds those pains and perturbations, and at the same time, fills us with pleasure and with food.

But methinks, sir, you did not give an answer to friar John's question; which, as I take it, was, how to raise good weather? Since you ask no more than this easy question, answer'd Pantagruel, I'll strive to give you satisfaction; and some other time we'll talk of the rest of the problems, if you will.

Well then, friar John ask'd how good weather might be rais'd. Have we not rais'd it? Look up and see our full top-sails; Hark! how the wind whistles through the shrouds, what a stiff gale it blows; observe the rattling of the tacklings, and see the sheets, that fasten the main-sail behind; the force of the wind puts them upon the stretch. While we pass'd our time merrily, the dull weather also pass'd away; and while we rais'd the glasses to our mouths, we also rais'd the wind by a secret sympathy in nature.

Thus (1) Atlas and Hercules club'd to raise and underprop the falling sky, if you'll believe the wife

(1) Atlas and Hercules, &c.] The poets feign'd that Atlas supported the heavens on his shoulders; but that, in order to ease him, Hercules, who was not to be conquer'd by labour, one day lent him his back. See Lucian in his dialogue intitled Caron, or the contemplators, and Seneca's tragedy of Hercules furens. Rabelais, l. 5. c. 22. speaks of this labour of Atlas and Hercules.

wife mythologists; but they rais'd it some half an inch too high; Atlas, to entertain his guest Hercules more pleasantly, and Hercules, to make himself amends for the thirst which sometime before had tormented him in the desarts of Africa.----Your good father, said friar John, interrupting him, takes care to free many people from such an inconveniency: for I have been told by many venerable doctors, that his chief butler, Turelupin, saves above eighteen hundred pipes of wine yearly, to make servants, and all comers and goers, drink before they are a-dry.----As the camels and dromedaries of a caravan, continued Pantagruel, use to drink for the thirst that's past, for the present, and for that to come; so did Hercules: and being thus excessively rais'd, this gave new motion to the sky, which is that of (2) titubation and trepidation, about which our crack-brain'd astrologers make such a pothor.----This, said Panurge, makes the saying good,

(3) While jolly companions carouse it together,
A fig for the storm; it gives way to good weather.
Nay,

Hercules. According to him, they made a debauch together, which he calls hauffer le tems, raising the weather, hoisting away the clouds; because by sitting long a tippling, the weather, which was cloudy at their first sitting down to table, is become clear and serene, when they are going to break up. It is in the same sense that l. i. c. 5. it is said, Long tippling breaks the thunder.

(2) Titubation and trepidation] See Agrippa, de vanitate scientiarum, ch. of astronomy.

(3) While jolly companions, &c.] Read these two lines thus;

Nay, continued Pantagruel, some will tell you, that we have not only shortened the time of the calm, but also much disburthen'd the ship; not like *Æsop's* basket, by easing it of the provision, but by breaking our fasts; and that a man is more terrestrial and heavy when fasting, than when he has eaten and drank, even as they pretend that he weighs more dead than living. However it is, you'll grant they are in the right, who take their morning's draught, and breakfast before a long journey; then say that the horses will perform the better, and that a spur in the head, is worth two in the flank; or, in the same horse dialect,

That a cup in the pate
Is a mile in the gate.

Don't you know that formerly the *Amycleans* worshipped the noble father *Bacchus* above all other gods, and gave him the name of (4) *Pfīla*, which in the *Dorick* dialect signifies wings: for, as the birds raise themselves by a towering flight with their wings above the clouds; so with the help of soaring *Bacchus*, the powerful juice of the grape, our spirits are exalted to a pitch above themselves, our bodies are more sprightly, and their earthy parts become soft and pliant.

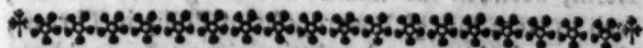
While round a fat ham we carouse it together,
The storm spends itself, and gives way to fair weather.

Le mal temps passe, & retourne le bon,
Pendant qu'on trinque autour du gras jambon.

In those times, a ham was a principal and a standing dish, at all repasts of pleasure. See tales of *Eutrapel*, ch. 21.

(4) *Pfīla*] See *Pausanias's* laconics.

CHAP.



C H A P. LXVI.

How by Pantagruel's order, the muses
were saluted near the isle of Ganabim.

THIS fair wind and as fine talk brought us in the sight of a high land, which Pantagruel discovering afar off, shew'd it Xenomanes, and ask'd him, Do you see yonder to the leeward a high rock, with two tops much like mount Parnassus in Phocis? I do plainly, answer'd Xenomanes; 'tis the isle of (1) Ganabim. Have you a mind to go ashore there? No, return'd Pantagruel. You do well indeed, said Xenomanes; for there is nothing worth seeing in the place. The people are all thieves; yet there is the finest fountain in the world, and a very large forest towards the right top of the mountain. Your fleet may take in wood and water there.

He that spoke last, spoke well, quoth Panurge; let us not by any means be so mad as to go among a parcel of thieves and sharpers. You may take my word for't, this place is just such another, as, to my knowledge, formerly were the islands of (2) Sark and Herm,

(1) Ganabim] A Hebrew word for a thief, says the Dutch scholiast. Mot Hebreu qui signifie larron. He should have said larrons, thieves, for ganabim is the plural of ganab, a thief. See Camb. dict. It is an island of our author's own creating.

(2) Sark and Herm] These are two small islands, or rather

Herm, between the smaller and the greater Britain ; such as were the (3) Poneropolis of Philip in Thrace ; islands of thieves, banditti, picaroons, robbers, ruffians, and murtherers, worse than raw-head and bloody bones, and full as honest as the senior fellows of the college of iniquity, the very out-casts of the county-goals common-side. As you love yourself, do not go among 'em : if you go, you'll come off but bluely, if you come off at all. If you will not believe me, at least believe what the good and wise Xenomanes tells you : for may I never stir if they are not worse than the very canibals : they would certainly eat us alive. Do not go among 'em, I pray you ; 'twere safer to take a journey to hell. Hark, by cod's body, I hear 'em ringing the alarm bell most dreadfully, as the Gascons about Bourdeaux us'd formerly to do against the commissaries and officers for the tax on salt, or my ears tingle. Let's shear off.

Believe me, sir, said friar John, let's rather land ; we'll rid the world of that vermin, and inn there for nothing. Old Nick go with thee for me, quoth Pannurge. This rash hair-brain'd devil of a friar fears nothing, but ventures and runs on like a mad devil as he is, and cares not a rush what becomes of others ; as if every one was a monk, like his friar-

rather two whitish rocks, between Guernsey and Jersey, anciently dependent on Normandy, but united to England by William the conqueror. As, in all probability, it was customary in Rabelais's time, for such of his nation as were forced to quit their country for any crime, to retire to those two places ; our author, for that reason, makes these two small islands a receptacle of thieves and sharpers.

(3) Poneropolis, &c.] See Plutarch, in his treatise of curiosity ; and Suidas, at the word *Δυλὶς πόλις*, where he quotes to this purpose the historian Theopompus in 13 of his Philippics.

ship,

ship. A pox on grinning honour, say I. Go to, return'd the friar, * thou mangy noddie-peak! thou forlorn druggie-headed sneaksby! and may a million of black devils anatomize thy cockle brain. The hen-hearted rascal is so cowardly, that he bewrays himself for fear every day. If thou art so afraid, dunghill, don't go, stay here and be hang'd, or go and hide thy loggerhead under madam Proserpine's † petticoat.

Panurge hearing this, his breech began to make buttons: so he slunk in in an instant, and went to hide his head down in the bread-room among the musty bisouits, and the orts and scraps of broken bread.

Pantagruel in the mean time said to the rest, I feel a pressing retraction in my soul, which like a voice admonishes me not to land there. Whenever I have felt such a motion within me, I have found myself happy in avoiding what it directed me to shun, or in undertaking what it prompted me to do; and (6) never had occasion to repent following its dictates.

As much, said Epistemon, is related of the dæmon of Socrates, so celebrated among the academics. Well then, sir, said friar John, while the ship's crew wa-

* Thou mangy noddie-peak.] In the original, Ladreverd; which M. du Chat interprets, A man without courage, insensible to the spurrings of honour. The like says Cotgrave: A coward; one that's unsensible and cannot, or fearful and will not, feel the wrongs done to him.

† Petticoat.] Cottardie, an old word for a petticoat: used here, because it equivocates to couhardie, (the cowardice of Panurge.)

(6) Never had occasion to repent, &c.] The queen of Navarre, in her memoirs, says much the same of herself, and of Catharine de Medicis her mother.

ter, have you a mind to have good sport? Panurge is got down somewhere in the hold, where he is crept into some corner, and lurks like a mouse in a cranny: let 'em give the word for the gunner to fire yon gun over the round-house on the poop: this will serve to salute the muses of this Antiparnassus: besides, the powder does but decay in it. You are i'th' right, said Pantagruel: here, give the word for the gunner.

The gunner immediately came, and was order'd by Pantagruel to fire that gun, and then charge it with fresh powder; which was soon done. The gunners of the other ships, frigats, gallions, and gallees of the fleet, hearing us fire, gave every one a gun to the island: which made such a horrid noise, that you'd have sworn heaven had been tumbling about our ears.

CHAP. LXVII.

How Panurge bewray'd himself for fear; and of the huge cat Rodilardus, which he took for a puny devil.

PAnurge, like a wild, addle-pated, giddy goat, sallies out of the bread-room in his shirt, with nothing else about him but one of his stockings, half on half off, about his heel, like a rough-footed pigeon; his hair and beard all bepowder'd with crumbs of bread, in which he had been over head and ears, and a huge and mighty puff partly wrapt up in his other stocking. In this equipage, his chops moving like a monkey's who's a lause-hunting, his eyes staring like a dead pig's, his teeth chattering, and his bum

bum quivering, the poor dog fled to friar John, who was then sitting by the chain-wales of the starboard-side of the ship, and pray'd him heartily to take pity on him, and keep him in the safeguard of his trusty bilbo; swearing by his share of Papimany, that he had seen all hell broke loose.

Woe's me, my Jacky, cry'd he, my dear Johny, my old crony, my brother, my ghostly father! all the devils keep holiday, all the devils keep their feast to day, man: pork and pease choke me, if ever thou sawest such preparations in thy life for an infernal feast. Dost thou see the smoke of hell's kitchens? (This he said, showing him the smoke of the gun-powder above the ships.) Thou never sawest so many damn'd souls since thou wast born; and so fair, so bewitching they seem, that one would swear they are stygian ambrosia. I thought at first (God forgive me) that they had been English souls; and I don't know, but that this morning the isle of Horfes, near Scotland, was sack'd, with all the English who had surpriz'd it, by (1) the lords of Termes and Essay.

Friar

(1) The lords of Termes and Essay] This happened about the month of July 1548. Henry II, king of France, had sent six thousand men to the assistance of the Scots, who, for some years, had been at war with England. The English having by surprize taken from the Scots the isle of Keith, (otherwise call'd the isle of Horfes,) Andrew de Montalambert sieur de Desse, who commanded the body of French auxiliaries, so rightly took his measures for re-entering the island, that, making a descent on it not above three weeks after the English had possess'd themselves of it, he made himself master of the island, after an engagement wherein the English lost 400 men, and all their baggage. See Thuanus, l. 5. in the year 1548. It was the souls of these English, which Panurge thought he perceiv'd in hell, tho'

Friar John, at the approach of Panurge, was entertain'd with a kind of smell that was not like that of gun-powder, nor altogether so sweet as musk; which made him turn Panurge about, and then he saw that his shirt was dismally bepaw'd, and bewray'd with fresh fir-revence. The retentive faculty of the nerve, which restrains the muscle call'd sphincter ('tis the arse-hole, an't please you) was relaxed by the violence of the (2) fear which he had been in during his fantastic visions. Add to this, the thundering noise of the shooting, which seems more dreadful between decks than above. Nor ought you to wonder at such a mishap; for one of the symptoms and accidents of fear is, that it often opens the wicket of the cupboard wherein second-hand meat is kept for a time. Let's illustrate this noble theme with some examples.

Meſſer Pantolfe de la Caſſina, of Sienna, riding poſt from Rome, came to Chamberry, and alighting at honeſt Vinet's, took one of the pitchforks in the ſtable; then turning to the inn-keeper, ſaid to him, *Da Roma in qua io non ſon andato del corpo. Di gratia piglia in mano queſta forcha, & fa mi paura*, I have not

tho' he had only a glimpse of them, his fear hindering him from ſeeing them perfectly: and they appear'd to him tant douillettes, tant blondelettes, tant delicates, ſo ſoft, ſo fair, ſo nice and tender, that one would have taken ſem for ſtygian ambroſia, as he tells friar John: and indeed the Engliſh are naturally fairer, and more tender than any other nation of the North.

(2) Fear, &c.] Macrobius, l. 7, c. 11, of his ſaturnalia: hinc & laxamentum ventris comitatur timorem; quia muſcoli, quibus clauderentur reſtitutorum meatus, fugientis introſum anime virtute deſerti, laxant vincula, quibus reſtituta uſque ad diſſolutionis opportunitatem continebantur.

had

had a stool since I left Rome. I pray thee take this pitch-fork, and fright me. Vinet took it, and made several offers, as if he would in good earnest have hit the signor; but did not: so the Sieneſe ſaid to him, *Si tu non fai altramente, tu non fai nulla: pero ſforzati di adoperarli più guagliardamente.* If thou doſt not go another way to work, thou haſt as good do nothing: therefore try to beſtir thyſelf more briskly. With this, Vinet lent him ſuch a ſwinging ſtoater with the pitch-fork ſouce between the neck and the collar of his jerkin, that down fell ſignore on the ground arſyverſy, with his ſpindle ſhanks wide ſtraggling over his pole. Then mine hoſt ſputtering, with a full mouth'd laugh, ſaid to his gueſt, *By Belzebub's bum-gut, much good may do you, ſignore Italiano. Take notice this is datum Camberiaci, given at Cham- berry.* 'Twas well the Sieneſe had untruſs'd his points, and let down his drawers: for this phyſick work'd with him as ſoon as he took it; and as copious was the evacuation, as that of nine buffaloes and fourteen (3) miſſificating arch-lubbers. Which operation being over, the mannerly Sieneſe courteouſly gave mine hoſt a whole buſhel of thanks, ſaying to him, *Io ti ringratio, bel meſſere; coſi facendo tu m'ai eſparmiata la ſpeza d'un ſervitiale.* I thank

(3) Miſſificating arch-lubbers] Archipreſb'tres d'Aoſtie, ſays Rabelais, arch-prieſts of Aoſtia. The buffalo, or buſſe, is a kind of wild ox, commonly in Italy, and probably more ſo at Oſtia than in other parts of that country. Which, belike, gave occaſion to Rabelais, always an enemy to eccleſiaſticks, to couple together the buffaloes and arch-prieſts of Oſtia, as ſuppos'd to be greater eaters than your ordinary oxen and plain prieſts. Before, in l. 1, c. 21, the author uſed a proverb importing that arch-deacons noſes run more copiouſly than ſimple deacons.

thee,

thee, good land-lord ; by this thou hast e'en sav'd me the expence of a clyster.

I'll give you another example of Edward the fifth, king of England. Master Francis Villon, being banish'd France, (4) fled to him, and got so far into his favour, as to be privy to all his household affairs. One day the king, being on his close-stool, shew'd Villon the arms of France, and said to him, Dost thou see what respect I have for thy French kings ? I have none of their arms any where but in this back-side, near my close-stool. Odd's life, said the buffoon, how wise, prudent and careful of your health, your highness is ! How carefully your learned doctor (5) Thomas Linacer looks after you ! He saw that, now you grow old, you are inclin'd to be somewhat costive, and every day were fain to have an apothecary ; I mean, a suppository or clyster thrust into royal nockandroe : so he has, much to the purpose, induc'd you to place here the arms of France ; for the very sight of them puts you into such a dreadful

(4) Fled to him] Francis Corbueil, surnamed Villon, had committed several villainies, for which, in 1461, he was condemn'd by the chatelet to be hang'd. But the parliament having chang'd the punishment of death into that of banishment, Villon, who at first retir'd to St. Maixant in Poitou, went from thence into England, being then but thirty years old, as he says himself, in the beginning of his (larger) will and testament.

(5) Thomas Linacer] He dy'd in 1524, aged three-score and four ; and if we may believe Konigius in his bibliotheque, he was physician only to Henry VII, and Henry VIII. Besides, Edward V. began his reign but in 1483, full eighteen years after Villon's banishment. Thus, as it is not at all likely that this banishment lasted so long, so it is more than probable, that what is here said by Rabelais concerning Edward V and the poet Villon, is a mere fable from one end to the other.

fright,

fright, that you immediately let fly, as much as would come from eighteen squattering (6) bonasi of Pæonia. And if they were (7) painted in other parts of your house, by jingo, you would presently conskite yourself wherever you saw them. Nay, had you but here a picture of the great orisflamb of France, odds bodikins, your tripes and bowels would be in no small danger of dropping out at the orifice of your posteriors. -----But henh, henh, atque iterum henh.

A filly cockney am I not,

As ever did from Paris come?

And with a rope and sliding knot

My neck shall know what weighs my bum.

A cockney of short reach, I say, shallow of judgment, and judging shallowly, to wonder, that you should cause your points to be untrussed in your chamber before you came into this closet. By'r lady, at first I thought your close-stool had stood behind the hangings, or your bed: otherwise it seem'd very odd to me you should untruss so far from the place of

(6) Bonasi of Pæonia] *Bovæos*. Cambridge dictionary, quoting Pliny, 8, 15. A wild beast like a bull, only hath the mane of a horse: when he is hunted, he saveth himself by his ordure, which he throws out in that abundance, and is so noisome, that the hunters are fain to leave the pursuit. The remarks, said to be made by Rabelais himself on the fourth book, say, that when the bonasus finds itself press'd by the dogs, he squirts his dung at them almost five paces off; and that it is so hot, it fetches off not only the hair, but the very skin.

(7) Painted in other parts of your house] The original says, painted in your bed chamber, in your guard-room, in your hall, in your chapel, in your galleries, or in any other parts of your house.

evacuation.

evacuation. But now I find I was a gull, a wittal, a woodcock, a mere ninny, a jolt-head, a noddy, a changeling, a calf-lolly, a doddipole. You do wisely, by the mass, you do wisely: for had not you been ready to clap your hind face on the mustard-pot as soon as you came within sight of these arms, mark ye me, cop's body, the bottom of your breeches had supply'd the office of a close-stool.

Friar John, stopping the handle of his face with his left hand, did, with the fore finger of the right, point out out Panurge's shirt to Pantagruel; who, seeing him in this pickle, scar'd, appall'd, shivering, raving, staring, bewray'd, and torn with the claws of the famous cat (8) Rodilardus, could not chuse but laugh, and said to him; Pr'ythee what wouldst thou do with this cat? With this cat, quoth Panurge, the devil scratch me, if I did not think it had been a young soft-chin'd devil, which, with this same stocking instead of mittain, I had snatch'd up in the great hutch of hell, as thievishly as any fizar of Montague college could ha'done. The devil take Tybert: I feel it has all bepink'd my poor hide, and drawn on it to the life I don't know how many lobster whiskers. With this he threw his boar-cat down.

Go, go, said Pantagruel, be bath'd and clean'd, calm your fears, put on a clean shift, and then your cloaths. What! do you think I am afraid, cry'd Panurge? Not I, I protest: by the testicles of Hercules, I am more hearty, bold, and (9) stout, tho'

(8) Rodilardus] Latin for: bacon-gnawer. *Rodere* and *lardum*. The inventor of this name was Eliseus Calentius, one of Paul Jovius's eminent men.

(9) Stout, &c.] The fly is a symbol of temerity, inasmuch as that insect falls upon any thing, to the hazard of its life. Thence the proverb,

I say

I say it that should not, than if I had swallowed as many flies as are put into plumb-cakes, and other paste at Paris, from Midsummer to (10) Christmas. -----But what's this? hah! oh, ho! how the devil came I by this? Do you call this what the cat left in the malt, filth, dirt, dung, dejection, faecal matter, excrement, (11) stercoration, fir-reverence, (12) ordure, secondhand-meat, fewmets, stronts, (13) scybal or (14) syparathe? 'Tis (15) Hibernian saffron, I protest. Hah, hah, hah! it

(10) Christmas] Read all saints day, or all hallowstide: tousfaints, in the original.

(11) Stercoration] Laisse in the original. Lesses, i. e. wolf's or wild boars dung.

(12) Ordure] Repaire in French: i. e. crotels or hares dung.

(13) Scybal] The Dutch scholiast says, is un estron endurcy, a hard t——d. M. du Chat says nothing of it. Robertson's lexicon, *Σκύβαλον*, sterco fecus, quisquilæ. q. τοῖς κυσὶ βαλλόμενον; thrown to the dogs: which definition implies dogs meat, I should think: tho' other dictionaries says, schybalum means dung, ordure.

(14) Syparathe] It should be spyrathe, not syparathe, as in the new editions. It means the dung of sheep or goats. *Σπύραθος*, caprarum sterco. [See Robertson's lexicon.] *Σπύραθος μία*; apud Diosc. dicitur sterco caprini una pilula; una bacca, & unus globulus: apud quem etiam tegitur *αἰγὸς*, vel *αἰγῶν σπύραθος*; sed & de ovillo quoque stercore usurpari docet Hesych.

(15) Hibernian saffron] Hibernian partly equivocates to bren, a t——d.

is Irish saffron, by shaint Pautrick, and so much for this time. (16) Selah. Let us drink,

(16) Selah. Let us drink] Sela, is much as to say, most certainly. 'Tis certainly saffron. The new editions have it cela; but Rabelais writ it sela, a Hebrew word denoting a serious and vehement affirmation. Here it alludes to the sela which concludes several lessons of the choir, after which every one betakes himself to drinking.

The End of the FOURTH BOOK.

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